

AMERICAN



HERITAGE



April 1965

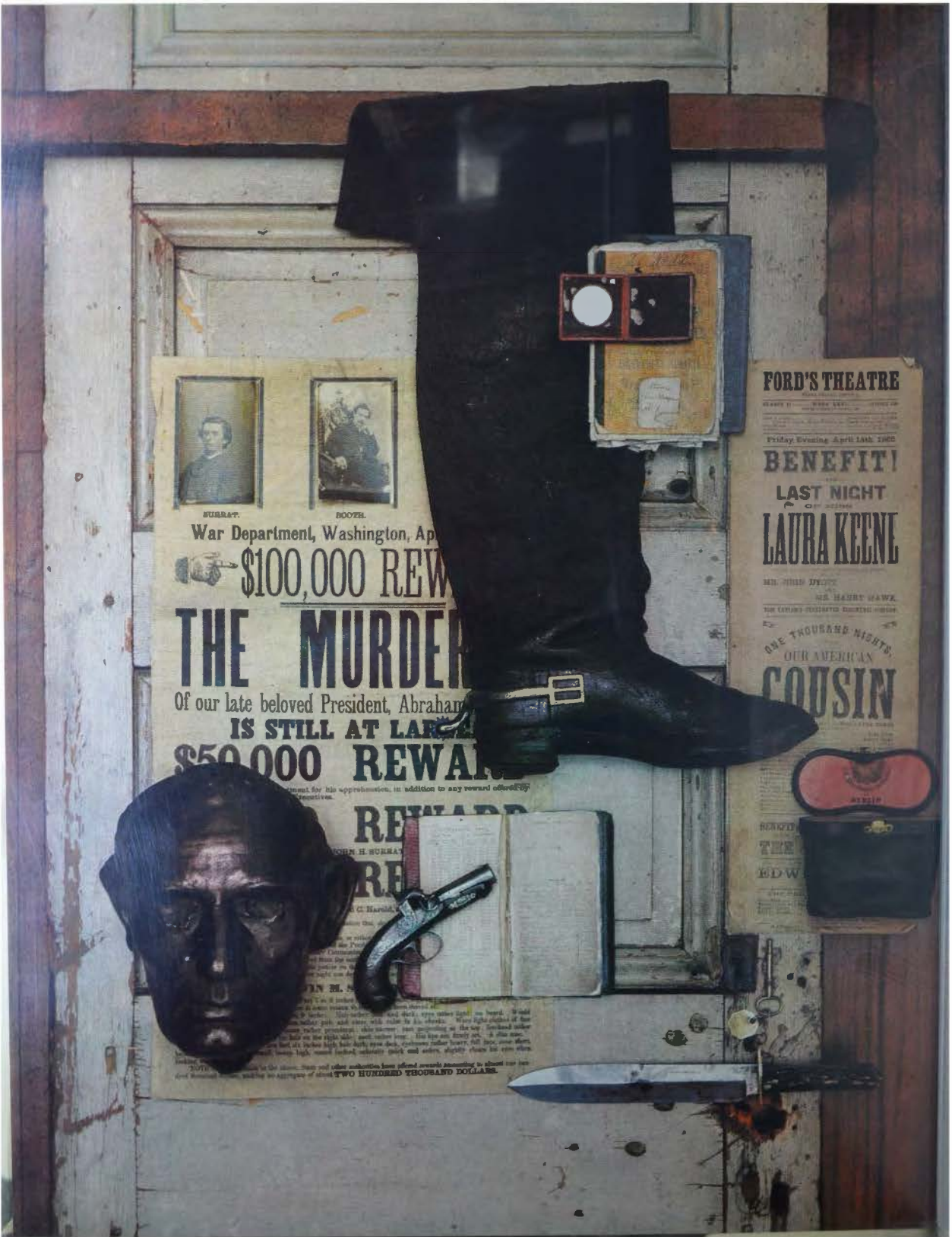
Four days before the tragedy:
Abraham Lincoln in victory, April 10, 1865
Photographed by Alexander Gardner

AMERICAN HERITAGE



April 1965 • Volume XVI, Number 3

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SURRAT.



BOOTH.

War Department, Washington, April 1900



\$100,000 REWARD

THE MURDER

Of our late beloved President, Abraham Lincoln

IS STILL AT LARGE

\$50,000 REWARD

REWARD

JOHN H. SURRAT

REWARD

C. H. HARRIS

REWARD

REWARD

REWARD

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REWARD

FORD'S THEATRE

Friday Evening April 1900

BENEFIT!

LAST NIGHT

OF 22294

LAURA KEENE

MR. JOHN H. SURRAT

MR. HARRY HAWK

THE LARKINS' THEATRE

ONE THOUSAND NIGHTS

OUR AMERICAN

COUSIN

REWARD

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FRONTISPIECE: This still life, which recalls the tragedy that took place one hundred years ago April 14, groups against the actual door of Lincoln's box such grim mementos as Booth's fatal derringer, his diary, dagger, compass, and boot. Behind Volk's life mask, executed in 1860, is the reward poster; between the boot and the playbill is the peephole carved out by the assassin. Arnold Newman made his composition from relics at the Lincoln Museum in Ford's Theatre.

AMERICAN HERITAGE

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AUTHORS' NOTE: The opening article on the death of Mr. Lincoln is unusual not only for its length and importance but because it is our first contribution from a three-generation team. Our picture shows the late Frederick Hill Meserve, the outstanding scholar and collector of Lincoln photographs, whose vast assemblage of 200,000 pictures (including 10,000 Brady negatives) made possible this article and the book—*Twenty Days*—from which it is taken; with him are the book's co-authors: his daughter, Dorothy Meserve Kunhardt, author of many articles and children's books, who inherited her father's interest; and her son, Philip B. Kunhardt, Jr., an assistant managing editor of *Life Magazine* who took up the family avocation ten years ago. In 1865 Mr. Meserve's parents, Major William Neal Meserve and his young bride, who were expecting their first child in the fall, were at Fort Barnard across the Potomac from Washington when word reached them of the President's assassination. Hence Frederick, the infant born the following November, was a historical link with Lincoln—a link unbroken until Mr. Meserve's death in 1962 at the age of 96.



ASSASSINATION!

By DOROTHY MESERVE KUNHARDT *and* PHILIP B. KUNHARDT, JR.



Had there been a Warren Commission exactly a century ago, when Abraham Lincoln was shot, its report might have read like the somber, moving, and impressively researched book from which the following narrative is taken



At about ten thirty on the black night of April 14, 1865, a man signalled with a lighted candle from the stoop of Petersen's boardinghouse in Washington, D.C., and shouted four ordinary words, "Bring him in here!" Opposite, across the street, something far out of the ordinary began to move. Monstrous and many-legged like a centipede, it had just squeezed itself out through the doorway of Ford's Theatre and now began to crawl in agonizingly slow motion toward the candle's flame, its many feet moving in weirdly unrelated, out-of-time steps, all struggling for stances in the wheel-rutted and hoof-chopped dirt.

Viewed close up, its true nature became apparent and even more horrifying, for it represented twenty-five soldiers and doctors and bystanders carrying the body of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States and the first ever to be struck down by an assassin, to the nearest bed. An officer's sword had opened a path in the crowd that stood transfixed with shock, eyes straining beyond the short flare of three gas jets to glimpse the familiar face. They saw it, wax pale. The President was naked to the waist, but flung lopsidedly over his chest was his overcoat, its collar sticky with new blood.

Twice in Mr. Lincoln's journey across Tenth Street there was a halt while the surgeon in charge plucked blood clots from down near the roots of hair at the back of the head, opening the mouth of the wound for free bleeding. Whenever the hole became plugged and the red trickle stopped, so did the breathing, almost.

At last, clumsily inching their way by multiple finicky steps up the Petersen stoop, humping their burden and narrowing file to flow through the tight entrance, the bearers vanished from the crowd's view.

Even as fifty mud-caked boots moved over the oil-cloth floor-covering toward the end of the hall where the candle led—entering and filling the modest living quarters of the young soldier who kept them in such apple-pie order—twenty-five stories were born. Twenty-five men would describe and redescribe throughout their days this high point in all their existences—they had helped bear the Union's martyr from the place

Lincoln Borne by Loving Hands was painted by Carl Bersch from on-the-spot sketches drawn moments after the shooting. "All Washington was celebrating, delicious with joy," the artist remembered; earlier in the evening he himself, from the balcony of his house opposite Ford's Theatre, had been making sketches of a victory parade (lower right corner) proceeding down Tenth Street. Suddenly someone in the crowd shouted, "The President has been shot!" As the body was carried toward the Petersen house next door, Bersch hurriedly made new sketches; his final painting—now owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. E. A. Fey, and here reproduced in color for the first time—combined both sets of sketches.

of assassination to his deathbed. Out of a life's ending came the beginnings of a host of conflicting stories, unimportant but persistent, of remembrances both strange and muddled, and of events impressive and much stranger.

The knowledge that he might very easily be assassinated was something Lincoln had lived with for four years before the night he was finally murdered. By the beginning of his second term the threats to his life had increased, and so had the warnings from his friends to be more prudent, not to go about alone.

In 1861 his Secretary of State, William Henry Seward, had declared confidently, "Assassination is not an American habit or practice," but with Lee's final defeat he changed his mind, pointed out to Attorney General James Speed that certain individuals among the Southern people would be in a mood of absolute madness and that the President might indeed be killed. He advised Speed to go to City Point, where Lincoln was visiting Grant's army, and warn him to be careful.

When the Attorney General arrived, the President had already walked several miles through the still-burning city of Richmond; its white residents were invisible inside their houses and only a crowd of Negroes followed Lincoln, trying to kneel in his path and bless him for their emancipation. He made an inviting target, but no one even called out a bad name.

Lincoln was saying in one breath, of his excursion, "I was not scared about myself one bit," and in another, that it had occurred to him as he walked that a gun could have been aimed from any window along the route. But then, he had said the same of his daily situation back in Washington. "If anyone wanted to kill me, he could shoot me from a window on Seventh Street any day when I am riding out to the Soldiers' Home. I do not believe it is my fate to die in this way."

Speed tried to talk to the President about Seward's fear for him, but reported, "He stopped me at once, saying he had rather be dead than live in continual dread. Any precautions against assassination would be to him perpetual reminders of danger."

It was not just the Attorney General, it was every caller. No one ever let him forget the subject, and though the President sometimes met it with light banter, at other times his eyes showed his deep depression and betrayed the fact that the continual talk about his possible sudden death had become a torture.

The Secret Service detective La Fayette C. Baker said that whenever he began to bring Lincoln up to date on the latest plots and threats, the President's manner became playful. "Well, Baker," he would say, "what do they want to kill me for? If they kill me, they will run the risk of getting a worse man."

It was the same with his best friend and self-appointed bodyguard, Ward Hill Lamon, who had gone off to Richmond on a mission three days before the tragedy at Ford's Theatre. He tried to make Lincoln promise not to expose himself in crowds and especially not to go to the theatre while Lamon was away.

The President just laughed and remarked to Secretary of the Interior Usher, "This boy is a monomaniac on the subject of my safety." Lamon was crazy, he said. He wanted Lincoln to sit in his lap all day.

He kept giving people his answers on the touchy subject. "I have received a great many threatening letters but I have no fear of them." "If they kill me, I shall never die another death." "I determined when I first came here I should not be dying all the while." "If anyone is willing to give his life for mine, there is nothing that can prevent it."

He didn't believe the knife was yet made or the bullet run that would end his life. "I shall live till my work is done and no earthly power can prevent it. And then, it doesn't matter, so that I am ready, and that I ever mean to be."

A black mood could fall upon him without warning and bring remarks like, "I shall never live out the four years of my term. When the rebellion is crushed, my work is done." In a cubbyhole of his office desk, in fact, Lincoln had two letters which he had tied together and labelled "Assassination." One purported to be written to a man who had drawn the lot to kill "the monster" and was meant to bolster the killer's courage. The assassin was to get into the monster's office, "congratulate him, listen to his stories. . . ." "Ah, he must die and now. You can choose your weapons—the cup, the knife, the bullet."

The President had already barely escaped a bullet. During the summer of 1864, just as he entered the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, riding alone and at night, a hidden marksman had fired at him, but the ball had whizzed through his high hat. He asked that no mention of it be made. "It was probably an accident and might worry my family."

There was talk around Washington that the cup had been tried too—that castor oil ordered from a pharmacy had arrived deadly with poison, but had had too queer a taste to be swallowed.

In the same category of whispered rumor was the trunk of old clothes taken from yellow-fever victims in Cuba that had been delivered to the White House in the hope that the Lincolns would come down with the disease and that it would be fatal.

A man kept coming to see the President to say he positively knew that a small, square package was being mailed to Mr. Lincoln which would explode when it was unwrapped. Lincoln told him each time, "No

package yet, and I promise never to open any small square packages."

Though the mailed bomb proved a myth, the President regularly received photographs and drawings of himself spattered suggestively with red ink. Usually there was a rope around the neck, stretching up to the branch of a tree. These he minded chiefly because they upset Mrs. Lincoln. She worried constantly over his safety, and he agreed, if it would comfort her, to carry a particularly sturdy cane. But even if he wore a shirt of mail, it would do no good: there were a thousand ways, he remarked, to get at a man if you wanted to assassinate him. He would have to shut himself up in an iron box if he wanted to be really safe.

Explosives had always been prominent in the Lincoln plot scares. Right now, at the war's end, it was known that an infernal machine was ready to be fastened on crossbars under the presidential carriage—the same one in which Lincoln rode to Ford's Theatre on the night of the assassination. The train carrying him from Springfield to his first inauguration was to have been blown up as it travelled over a bridge. If by any chance Lincoln was still alive, hand grenades were to have been tossed into his carriage at Baltimore. The President-elect made the last lap of his journey secretly, ahead of schedule, and arrived safely.

On March 4, 1861, came the first swearing-in of an American President under heavy military protection. There were sharpshooters stationed in every window of the two Capitol wings, with their guns trained on the small temporary platform on the steps of the east front. There had been a report that a bomb was set to go off under this platform, but a search revealed nothing, and Lincoln rose and made his appeal that the country choose peace instead of war.

All the side streets were full of troops, and old General Winfield Scott, who had worked out the plan to guard the President-elect, was only a block away as Lincoln took the oath and kissed the Bible. Scott had expressed himself as determined that Abraham Lincoln should live to be inaugurated, and he considered this the most momentous hour of his long career.

Cavalry officers who escorted the carriage taking Lincoln and Buchanan to the Capitol and afterward to the White House were ordered to spur their animals with pretended clumsiness so that there would be constant unpredictable movement and any bullet fired at the head of the new Chief Magistrate would be apt merely to drill a hole in a horse's stomach.

No horse was injured on that first inauguration day, but finally, after four interminable years of threats that would have left most mortals raw-nerved, there had been a hole drilled in the head of the man who was, as he had promised to be, ready.



To a generation in whose memory the murder of a President is still tragically vivid, an account of the assassination of President Lincoln reads like a bit of current history. We know from our own experience the shock and horror such an act of madness evokes, and the story of what happened in Washington on the night of April 14, 1865, has a new impact when it is read in the living awareness of what happened in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

The story has been told many times, but never with the wealth of detail contained in *Twenty Days*, a book by Dorothy Meserve Kunhardt and her son, Philip B. Kunhardt, Jr., which is being prepared by Harper & Row for publication later this year. In the pages that follow, *AMERICAN HERITAGE* presents a long excerpt from the first half of *Twenty Days*.

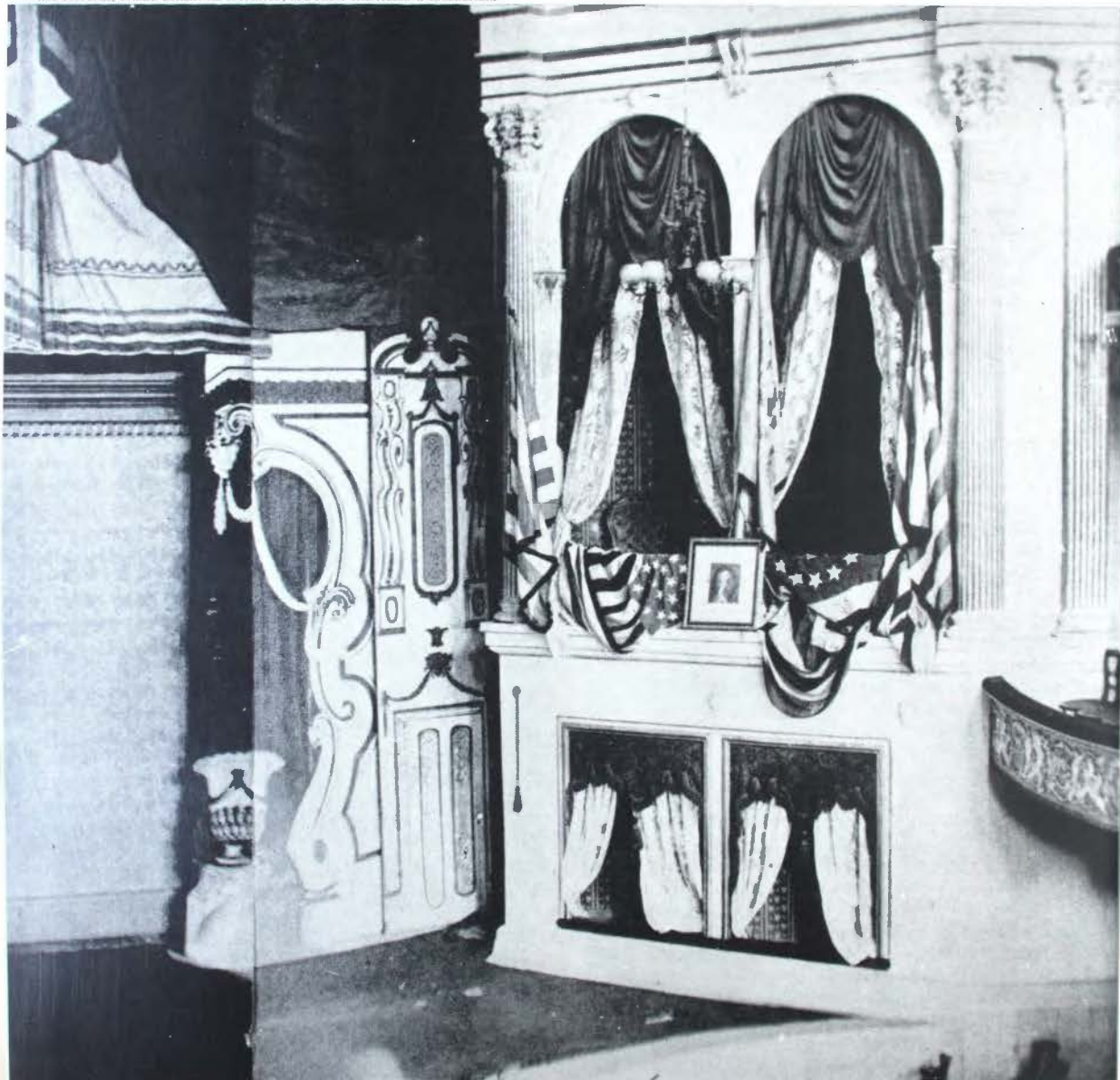
Working in a field made familiar by the extensive researches of her father, the late Frederick Hill Meserve, who compiled and left in her care the greatest private collection of Lincoln and Civil War photographs in existence, Mrs. Kunhardt, with her son, spent years gathering firsthand accounts of that terrible evening. Here are Lincoln's last hours, described by the people who played the important parts in them—a presentation of the true stories, the garbled stories, the maybe-so stories, and the outright legends that grew out of the greatest single tragedy in American history. In a sense, the Kunhardts' book does what a Warren Commission would have done if the dazed government in 1865 had set up such a group. Here is the deeply moving record, as far as a record can be established at this late date.

To this presentation, *AMERICAN HERITAGE* devotes much more space than it ordinarily gives to any single subject—both because the record is fascinating in its own right and because today's reader is especially and unhappily fitted to understand it. We have all seen how an event of this kind brings a wealth of stories that just do not add up to anything very coherent. One bit of evidence contradicts another, the weight of it all seems at first to prove one thing and ends by proving something different, and in the end the tragedy is all the more terrible because it does not fit into any orderly historic pattern. The story told in *Twenty Days* is hauntingly like the story that came out of Dallas.

—Bruce Catton

"I've never been so happy in my life"

ALL PICTURES, UNLESS OTHERWISE INDICATED, ARE FROM THE MESERVE COLLECTION.



Twelve feet above the Ford's Theatre stage, set for Act III, Scene 2 of *Our American Cousin*, is Lincoln's box. In this photograph, taken later by Mathew Brady, the Treasury Guards flag—on which Booth caught his spur—hangs from a staff against the center pillar. On the fatal night the flag, staffless, was draped below the framed portrait of George Washington.

Lee had surrendered at Appomattox on Palm Sunday, April 9. In the five days of the week of peace, the President relaxed and watched the shooting fireworks, laughing when mischievous Tad took time out to wave a Rebel flag behind his father's back. At meals in the White House Mr. Lincoln was the cordial host to the guests whom his wife delighted to summon with her meticulously written invitations.

A circumspect ordained minister, the Reverend George Buzelle from Bangor, Maine, summed up everyone's feelings when he wrote his family a letter postmarked City Point, Virginia, April 9, 1865:

"Evening

Great News!! Lee's army of Northern Virginia is surrendered—Lee has surrendered—so goes the news. Guns—drums—yells—cheers—shaking hands, general confusion and wildness—hip! hip! hurrah! Bully! Yi! Ge whoop! Kee-eh! Then—just then—our dog Jack came into the tent and I told him to holler but he wouldn't and I grabbed him by the throat and choked him until he gave a half strangled Yakerwakrrr and I threw him off and knocked the table and upset the lamp and smashed the chimney and set the table in a blaze—whowray!! Yi keeoo Yeep! Keweeew!!

Good! Well good night and thank God.

George"

The President's reaction was more sedate, but his joy was no less real. "I've never been so happy in my life," Abraham Lincoln said in that first week of peace. Long careworn under the burden of the war, suddenly he was erect and buoyant—the President looked grand, absolutely grand, people said. Those who knew him best said that he was not merely happy, he was transfigured with joy over the ending of the war. There were those who looked at Lincoln and looked again and swore they could see a radiance shining from him that was almost physical.

That week after the surrender, Lincoln asked every band he met parading the avenues to play "Dixie" for him: it was, he said, a wonderful song rightfully captured. Now Lincoln could let himself start thinking again of Springfield, of his little brown house out West—there was a good chance he would be going home in four years.

Mrs. Lincoln said his very happiness frightened her, that the only other time he had said, "I have never been so happy in my life," they had lost their three-year-old Eddie the next day. Besides, Mary Lincoln had examined the verses in the Bible which had been used at her husband's second swearing-in on March 4 and studied the words at the exact spot where he had kissed the page on taking the oath. It was in Isaiah 5, and the prophet was speaking of the enemies of Israel: "None shall be weary nor stumble among them . . . Whose arrows are sharp, and all their bows bent, their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint, and their wheels like a whirlwind . . ."

To Mary Lincoln the words were clearly a warning of danger—she must be vigilant and on guard to protect the President; how cruel it was, with all the care she had taken of him, to have this worry now, in peacetime.

The President was anxious for her to get over her nervousness. He felt that close involvement in war was probably too great a strain for any woman. "We must both," he told Mary, "be more cheerful in the future . . . we have both been very miserable."

She would try. She would begin by dwelling on the blessed word *peace*. That Bible warning might have been helpful five weeks ago, but who would want to commit an act of violence now?

At eleven thirty that Good Friday morning of April 14, 1865, less than eight hours before curtain time, a White House messenger arrived at Ford's Theatre with the welcome news that the President accepted the management's invitation to attend that evening's performance of *Our American Cousin*. The news was received by James Ford, the business manager. His twenty-one-year-old brother Harry, realizing that a presidential visit during the week of national victory was an occasion, personally set about furnishing and decorating the ample space provided by throwing boxes seven and eight together. He used flags, a framed engraving of George Washington, and a set of furniture—a sofa, two stuffed chairs on casters, and a rocking chair that he thought the President would find comfortable. He added six straight-legged chairs for extra guests. The rocking chair (lower right) was placed where its long rockers exactly fitted, in the left-hand corner.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln had a hard time assembling guests for their theatre party. That very morning their oldest son, twenty-one-year-old Captain Robert Todd Lincoln, had arrived home from the war, and even at breakfast he was so sleepy he could barely keep his eyes open. After dinner, his father sought him out in his room and said the few words that Robert would never forget all his life.

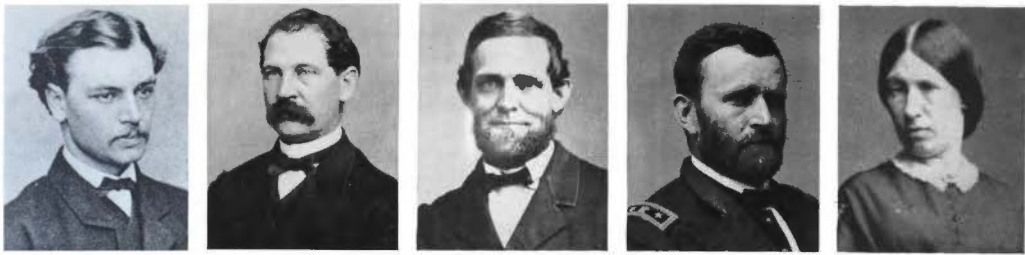
"Son," he said, "we want for you to come to the theatre with us tonight."

Robert explained that he was too sleepy, that he was longing to lie down in a real bed between sheets.

"All right, son," said the President, "run along to bed."

Besides Robert, the Lincolns had invited at least twelve people to go with them, including General and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton and his wife, Speaker of the House Schuyler Colfax, Illinois Governor Richard Oglesby, and Senator Richard Yates (who had been Illinois' wartime governor). Almost everyone had begged off, for one reason or another, and at the end there were just two ac-





Theatre guests who didn't come (from left): Robert Lincoln, just home from the front, told his father he was tired and went to bed. Major Thomas T. Eckert, head of the military telegraph and a physically powerful man, had reason to be suspicious of Booth and would have recognized him at once, but the Secretary of War said he had other duties for Eckert that evening. Spraker Schuyler Colfax was leaving the next day for California, he explained, and wanted to retire early. General Grant and his wife also declined the President's invitation: Julia Grant could not abide Mary Lincoln's haughty airs.

ceptances. The Lincolns picked up their guests—Major Henry Reed Rathbone and his stepsister and fiancée, Clara Harris, daughter of a New York senator—at the Harris home and drove them in their carriage to the theatre. Major Rathbone was twenty-eight years old and had only recently been appointed by the President as assistant adjutant general of Volunteers. Obviously he had not had it impressed upon him that he was to watch out for the President's safety, for he sat on the sofa in the far front of the box, slightly behind Clara but nowhere near Mr. Lincoln.

The presidential party was so late that evening that the curtain had to go up without the Lincolns and their guests. In about half an hour they were seen in the dress circle approaching their box; the play stopped, the audience rose and applauded, and the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief." The First Lady was all smiles, but Mr. Lincoln seemed weary and his face was serious. The audience had settled down for an evening of laughter at a silly play, and now the President's melancholy mood would be a poor match for the high spirits of the crowd.

It was true that Lincoln had experienced one of his swift changes from confident hope to depression. Late that afternoon he had walked to the War Department with his guard William Crook, as he had done so many times before, and had said something that he had never said before.

"Crook, do you know," he said, "I believe there are men who want to take my life." Then he lowered his voice, as though talking to himself. "And I have no doubt they will do it."

"Why do you think so, Mr. President?" asked Crook.

"Other men have been assassinated," Lincoln answered. "I know no one could do it and escape alive. But if it is to be done, it is impossible to prevent it."

And the guard remembered afterward that a little later, when the President left for the theatre in his carriage, Lincoln had said, for the first time, "Good-by, Crook," instead of the usual "Good night."

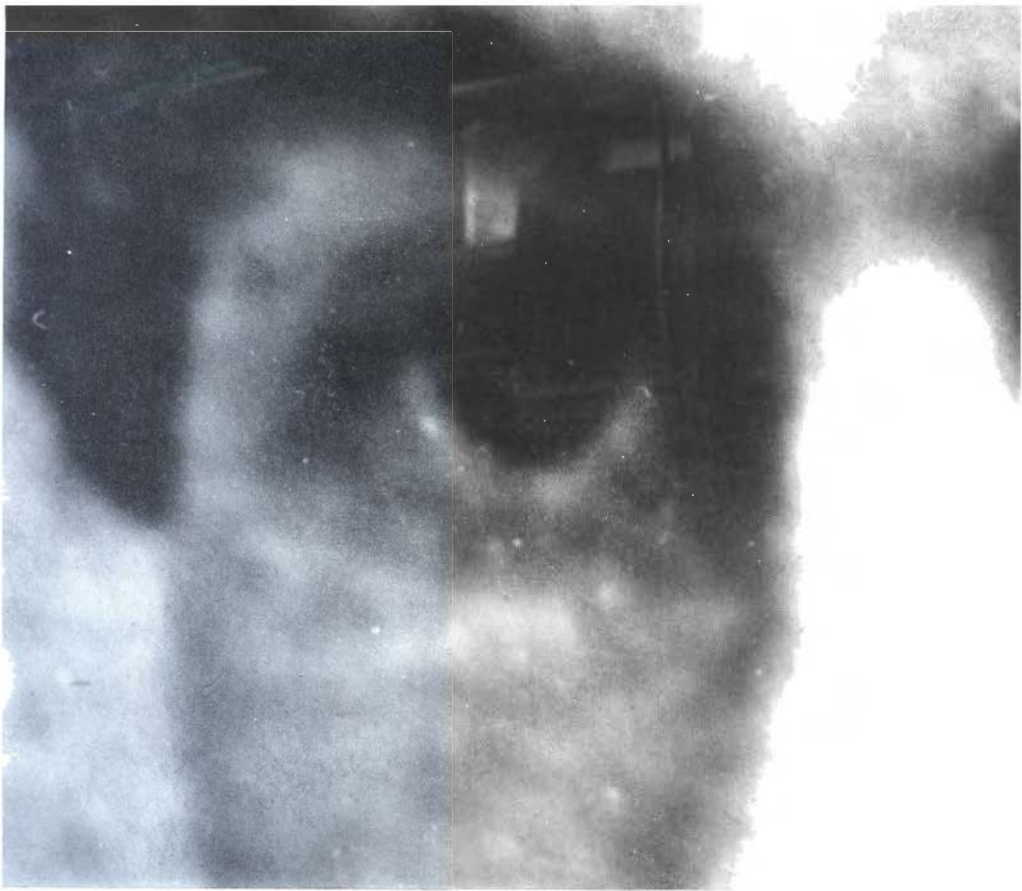
As the performance of *Our American Cousin* resumed, Mrs. Lincoln laughed openly and heartily at every joke; but her husband frequently leaned forward and rested his chin in one hand, seemingly thinking of something not present. The First Lady was oblivious to the fact that the President's thoughts were straying from the performance. She was to be questioned closely as to what Mr. Lincoln's exact last words had been, and she would ultimately take refuge in remembering two completely opposite versions, which she told alternately.

First, she recalled that her hand had been on Mr. Lincoln's knee and that she had been leaning across the arm of his chair, over very close to him, so close that she had asked rather apologetically, with a look at the engaged couple in the front of the box, "What will Miss Harris think of my hanging on to you so?" The President's last words were, "She won't think anything about it."

But then later Mrs. Lincoln was sure the President had turned to her just before Booth's shot and remarked earnestly. "How I should like to visit Jerusalem some time!" This was an odd sequence of thought, as the play had been following a less than spiritual course, convulsing the audience as a wildly caricatured American backwoodsman arrived to visit his English cousins. The Lincolns had heard Binny the butler ask the backwoodsman, Asa Trenchard, if he would like to have a "baath," heard Asa tell Binny to "absquatulate—vamose!"—that he was a "tarnal fat critter, swelling out his bosom like an old turkey cock in laying time." The actual last speech before the assassination was by the American cousin in answer to the scheming English mother who had just found out he was not a rich catch for her daughter and called out angrily that Asa did not know the manners of good society. Harry Hawk, playing Asa, was alone on the stage, and for the final time Mr. Lincoln heard the sound of a human voice. "Don't know the manners of good society, eh? Well, I guess I know enough to turn you inside out, old gal—you sockdologizing old man-trap."

Only Mary Lincoln and two young guests went to the theatre with the President. During the play the First Lady laughed at the old jokes and rested her hand on Lincoln's knee. This fine likeness is from an original Mathew Brady negative.



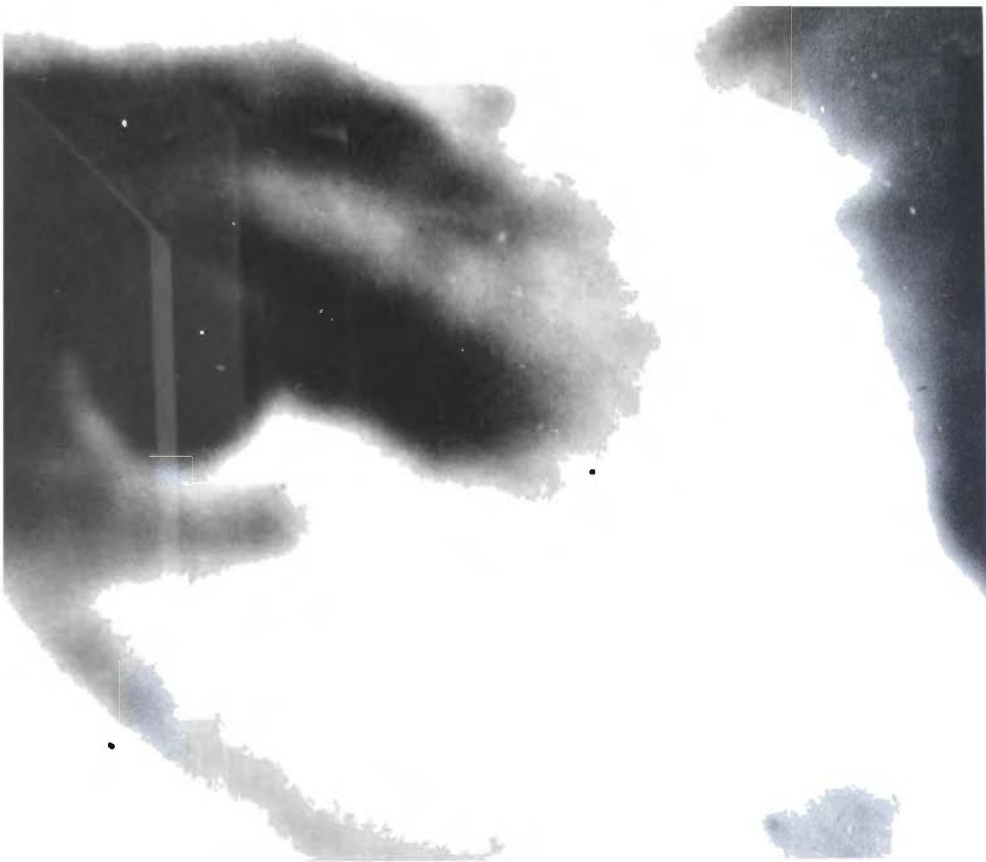


The eyes of an assassin, filled with a strange, wild fire

If Abraham Lincoln had been given time to turn around in his rocking chair, he would have recognized his assassin instantly. Twenty-six-year-old John Wilkes Booth was one of the country's promising actors, though no one expected him to come near the genius of his father, Junius Brutus Booth, or his incomparable brother, Edwin. Lincoln had seen him perform, seen that handsome, pale face, the thick raven hair, the deep-set eyes, black as ink and filled with a strange, wild fire. Only a few months before, the President had been at Ford's Theatre in his usual box watching Booth play the part of a villain: whenever the Maryland actor had had anything ugly and threatening to say, he had stepped up near the presidential box, shaken his finger toward Lincoln, and said the lines directly to him. "He looks as if he meant that for you," the President's companion said, and Lincoln replied, "Well, he does look pretty sharp at me, doesn't he?"

For six months Booth had been working on plans to kid-

nap Lincoln with the band of conspirators he had gathered together—among them a Maryland coach painter and blockade-runner, an unstable twenty-three-year-old drugstore clerk, and a former Confederate soldier. At first they had planned to spirit Lincoln away to Richmond and demand that all Southern prisoners be freed and the war ended. One scheme was to throw Lincoln from a theatre box to the stage below, rush him out the back door, and drive him away, tied up, before the audience knew what had happened. On March 4, during Lincoln's second inauguration, Booth and his men had been in the crowd quite close to the President, and had had a perfect opportunity to strike. Later in March the conspirators had surrounded and stopped the President's carriage, only to find another man inside. By April, Booth had decided that kidnapping would not do, that Lincoln must die. "Our country owed all her troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of His punishment," Booth wrote in his diary.



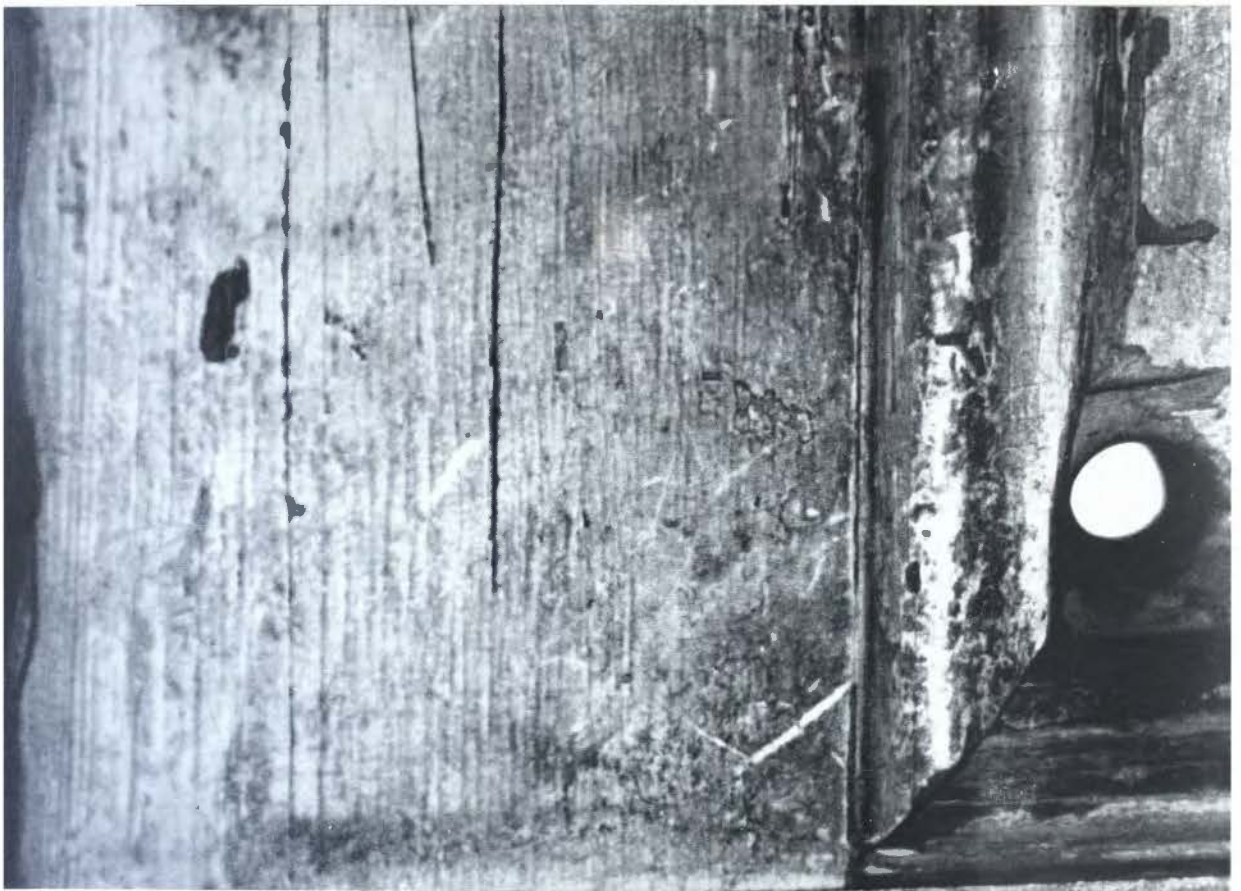
Only a year earlier, John Wilkes Booth had remarked: "What a glorious opportunity there is for a man to immortalize himself by killing Lincoln." The photograph above and below is by Mathew Brady.

At eleven thirty on the morning of April 14 the actor arrived at Ford's Theatre to pick up his mail, and learned of the President's planned attendance that evening. He seemed casual as he sat down on the theatre steps to read his letter, but everyone who saw him from that moment on noticed that he was deathly pale—thought he looked sick. He left soon to begin a day of frenzied preparation.

No one has ever pinpointed the hour at which Booth stole back into the theatre, made a hole in the wall for a bar to jam the door in the corridor leading to the President's box, and bored a peephole in the door to the box itself, grinding through the wood with a large iron-handled gimlet, then using a penknife to enlarge the hole to the size of a finger. Through it he had a deadeye view of the back of the rocking chair.

Dressed in high silk hat and dark suit, he went straight from the theatre to Pumphrey's Livery Stable. There he hired a swift little bay mare with a white star on her fore-





Here, in a much enlarged photograph, is the peephole which Booth, sometime during an earlier visit to Ford's Theatre on the day,

head and black tail and mane, saying he would call for her about four. At the appointed time Booth returned, now wearing a soft dark hat and high riding boots. Pumphrey warned him not to tie the mare if he left her; he must get someone to hold her, for she was high-spirited and would break her halter. Booth mentioned that he was going to Grover's Theatre to write a letter, that he intended stopping for a drink somewhere, and indicated that he might take a pleasure ride.

Instead of going to Grover's, Booth went to the National Hotel, where he was staying, to do his writing and walked into the office there, looking for privacy it seemed. He appeared dazed and asked the clerk in charge, Mr. Merrick, what year it was. Merrick said surely he was joking, and Booth said no, he wasn't. On Pennsylvania Avenue at about four thirty Booth met John Matthews, a fellow actor who

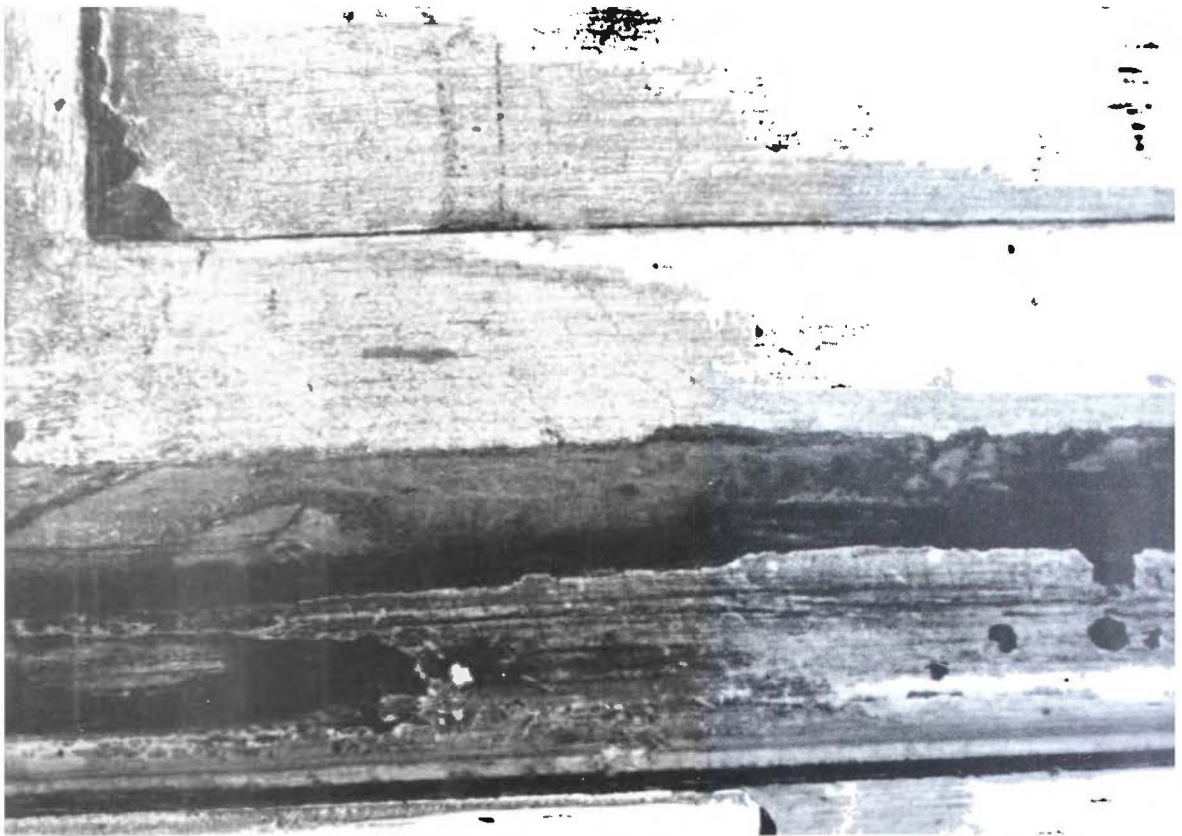
was playing the part of an attorney in *Our American Cousin*, handed Matthews the letter he had just written, and asked him to give it to the editor of the *National Intelligencer* the following day. Ten minutes later he spotted a carriage with General and Mrs. Grant in it proceeding to the station on their way to New Jersey. Booth galloped after the carriage and made them uncomfortable by peering into it.

Sometime that afternoon—the clerk did not remember exactly when—Booth appeared at the desk of the Kirkwood House with a card, addressed to no one, on which was written, "Don't wish to disturb you. Are you at home? J. Wilkes Booth." The clerk thought he heard Booth say the name Johnson, and he put the card into the box of Vice President Andrew Johnson's private secretary.

At six thirty that evening Booth had supper at the National Hotel. At about eight he met his accomplices at the

This is the wooden bar, prepared in advance, with which Booth blocked the outer door to the box after he entered. A convenient hunter took it home, later sawed off a piece for a man who asked for a relic, then decided he didn't want it.





at the assassination, bored in the inner door to Lincoln's box. It gave him a perfect view of the back of the President's head.

Herndon House and went over the plans for them to kill Secretary of State Seward and Vice President Johnson that evening.

It was about nine thirty when Booth rode into the alley behind Ford's Theatre. With "Peanuts," a messenger boy, holding his mare's bridle and the horse already stamping in protest, he entered the back door and asked if he could cross the stage. He was told no, the dairy scene was playing, which took the full depth. In a few moments he went down under the stage and through a special stage door to another alley that led to the front of the theatre. The ticket seller, John Buckingham, saw him leaving and entering the theatre lobby five times. Booth seemed very nervous. He took hold of two of Buckingham's fingers and asked him the time. Buckingham told him there was a clock in the lobby. It was after ten. When Buckingham went into the saloon next

door for a drink, Booth was there drinking brandy. At about ten fifteen Booth went into the back of the house and stood looking at the audience. Then he walked up the stairs leading to the dress circle, humming a tune. He was still wearing his dark slouch hat and riding clothes—high boots and spurs. He approached John Parker, the special policeman who was supposed to be sitting outside the door of the President's box but who had gone down into one of the dress circle seats to watch the play. Booth tapped a card out from his card case, showed it to Parker, and a moment later entered the outer door of the little hall leading to the presidential box and closed it behind him. He barred the door so that no one could follow. In the narrow darkness between the doors he drew his pistol. Then he opened the second door and stepped into the box directly behind President Lincoln.

LINCOLN MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D.C.



"The President has been shot!"

It was an instant in history the world would never forget. Lincoln was leaning forward, looking over the rail down into the audience, when the tiny derringer pistol was fired just behind his head. The enormous handmade lead bullet struck the President behind the left ear, flattened out as it drove through his skull, tunnelled into the brain, and came to rest behind the right eye.

For a split second no one spoke, no one moved. Mrs. Lincoln and Clara Harris sat frozen in their seats. A dense smoke enveloped the President and curled upward: suddenly the assassin appeared within the smoke, as though materialized by some demon magician.

President Lincoln threw up his right arm at the impact of the shot and Mrs. Lincoln instinctively caught him around the neck, struggling to keep him upright. Now Rathbone

lunged out of his seat and grabbed at Booth's arm. Booth had dropped the pistol and was brandishing a dagger which he tried to plunge into Rathbone's chest. The Major knocked the knife upward with his arm, and received a two-inch-deep slash just above the elbow.

Now, as Booth vaulted over the railing of the box, Rathbone clutched at him again and felt clothes tear as Booth wrenched himself free and leapt the twelve feet down to the stage. As he dropped, his spur caught in the Treasury flag draped on the railing of the box, and the off-balance landing shattered a small bone above his left ankle. "Stop that man!" Rathbone cried. Clara Harris screamed, "Stop

that man, won't somebody stop that man!" Then Mrs. Lincoln was leaning over the box and shrieking, "Help! Help!" followed by a series of words that made no sense at all—gibberish, insane sounds that filled the stunned theatre. Standing on the stage all alone, Harry Hawk saw Booth coming for him, brandishing a large knife and calling out "*Sic semper tyrannis!*"—"Thus shall it ever be for tyrants!" Hawk turned and fled terrified into the wings and up a flight of stairs. Booth charged backstage and toward the back door. There was orchestra leader William Withers, and Booth slashed out at him and cut his clothes. A moment later Booth was outside, knocking over "Peanuts," who was still patiently holding the reins of his horse, kicking the

boy to the ground, clumsily throwing himself onto the horse, which for a moment circled crazily in the alleyway, and then setting off at a gallop into the night.

"Hang him!" The shouts began from the audience. "Hang him!" Up in the box Clara Harris was screaming down for someone to bring water, and now there was pounding on the outer door, which Booth had barred shut. Rathbone, dripping blood from his arm, rushed to open it, to admit the world to the tragedy.

Dr. Charles Augustus Leale, twenty-three, by coincidence an avid student of gunshot wounds, was seated in the dress circle only forty feet away from the President's box. For a moment after the shot he sat transfixed as a man jumped from the box onto the stage, the knife in his hand shining like a diamond in the gaslight. Then, gathering his wits, Leale hurtled over the seats and got to the door of the box just as the bar was being removed inside by Rathbone, who showed Leale his bleeding arm and begged for help. The Doctor quickly saw that the real help was needed by the President. He was being supported now in his chair by Mrs. Lincoln, who cried, "Oh, Doctor, do what you can for my dear husband! Is he dead? Can he recover?"

The President was indeed almost dead—he was paralyzed, there was no pulse in his wrists, and he drew breaths only at long intervals. Leale laid him on the floor and with a penknife cut his collar and coat away around the shoulders and neck. He ran his fingers through the hair until he came upon a clot of blood behind the left ear. He removed the clot and inserted the little finger of his left hand into the smooth opening as far as it would go. With the hole open for blood to ooze from, the breathing became better.

At this moment a second doctor, Charles Sabin Taft, also twenty-three years old, arrived. Through the confusion that reigned in the theatre—the cries of "Kill him!" "Lynch him!" "Water!" "A surgeon!"—Taft had bounded out of his seat in the orchestra, leapt onto the stage, and half scrambled, half was lifted up over the railing into the box, where he joined Leale. Desperate, realizing he had perhaps only seconds now, Leale straddled the long, lean body, his knees on the floor on each side of the hips. He bent forward, opened the mouth, and firmly pressed down and forward the back of the tongue, which was blocking air from getting down the windpipe. He directed Dr. Taft to raise and lower the arms while he himself pushed upward with his hands against the diaphragm, putting all the strength of his fingers into massaging the chest above the silent heart. There was a sucking in of air, three gulps, then stillness again. Now Dr. Leale leaned down with his mouth sealed lip to lip against the President's. Again and again he drew in his own breath to the bursting point and forced it with all his might down into the paralyzed lungs. After mouth-to-mouth resuscitation, he tried mouth-to-nostrils and, working on



The Petersen house

like a straining athlete, aching and stubborn, once more mouth-to-mouth. All at once he realized that Mr. Lincoln was inhaling by himself. The heart was stirring, just barely, but there was a faint, irregular flutter.

Leale stood up. "His wound is mortal," he said. "It is impossible for him to recover." Then he added: "We must get him to the nearest bed." Now, before the move was attempted, a diluted spoonful of brandy was poured between the President's lips, and it was swallowed. This would be done three times more during the evening; thus it happened that the last sustenance that passed into Lincoln's stomach was alcohol, which he had avoided all his life, saying it made him feel flabby and undone. He was beyond any feelings now, nor could he see or hear in the slightest degree as Laura Keane, the play's leading lady, arrived in the box with a pitcher of water and begged emotionally to be allowed to hold the President's head in her lap and bathe his temples. Mrs. Lincoln, who was usually so jealous that she disliked seeing another woman engage her husband in conversation, was now so absorbed in her loud sobs that she made no objection. The actress sat on the floor, bending intimately over Lincoln's upturned face as, oblivious to the red stains spreading on the skirt of her elaborate satin dress, she tenderly and uselessly sprinkled and patted.

Two other doctors had been in the audience and had joined Leale and Taft in the box. They were Dr. Africanus F. A. King, twenty-four, so named because of his father's admiration for the Dark Continent, and Dr. Charles A. Gatch, who had served through the war with the armies of General Rosecrans. Now Dr. Leale directed Dr. King to lift the President's left shoulder, others raised the rest of the body, and Leale himself supported the head. Thus Abraham Lincoln began his final journey in life. Slowly, struggling, the group edged out of the never-to-be-forgotten box, past the dress circle, down the stairs, into the lobby of the theatre, and out onto Tenth Street. Now a passage through the stunned and staring crowd was being cleared by soldiers.

Young Henry Safford, who headed the property returns division in the War Department, had been out celebrating the war's end for five wild nights in a row, and to-night he was tired enough to stay home and doze in his stuffed chair over a good book. The nap turned out to be a short one. At about ten thirty a sudden noisiness across the street exploded into the angry yells of a riot. Jolted awake, Safford saw people streaming from the theatre doors, and it seemed to him they were acting peculiarly, hitting and even kicking each other. "Are they all mad?" he wondered. He threw open his window. He shouted, "What's the matter?" and got the immediate answer: "The President has been shot!"

Safford hurled himself down the narrow stairway, lighted a candle, and went to the front doorway. Halfway across the street a knot of men moved directly toward him. He

heard a voice asking, "Where shall we take him?" and then heard what he realized was his own voice crying, "Bring him in here!"

He watched the bearers struggle to negotiate the stoop's abrupt right angle by giving the President a quick hoist to a higher level. The man in the lead climbed backward, reaching out with both hands to grasp his particular share of the attenuated, endlessly mounting figure—the head, it proved to be, by the candle's flicker. Obviously in authority, this first hunched climber gave the command, "Take me to your best room!" Henry Safford led the way to a small sleeping apartment straight back at the end of the first-floor hall and stood holding his candle up near the ceiling. It would be much harder in the dark, the trying not to let the President's arms dangle, the trying not to land him with a bump, the fumbling and feeling with so many fingers to get the overcoat spread quilted-satin-side down over the bare chest. Somehow, Henry Safford's tiny glow held, and he used it to light the single gas jet which was to provide not only the greenish illumination that intensified every horror of the night, but for good measure a furious hissing, maddening in its persistence.

The best room was a sort of shedlike extension with a roof that sloped from a high right-hand wall to a low window on the left. It was shabby, but Safford knew that the carpet was swept and that there were clean sheets on the low walnut cottage bed. William T. Clark, the young boarder whose modest room this was, took meticulous care of his few possessions.

The four doctors in the room dismissed the other twenty-one bearers, and again led by Safford, the men left with their lungs full of air almost druggingly sweet from lilacs blooming in the yard outside the window.

Once again Dr. Leale, the young surgeon who had carried Mr. Lincoln's head, spoke urgently to Safford, telling him to get wash boilers of water boiling on the cookstove in the kitchen and to search for bottles, any kind of bottles he could find that could be filled with hot water and put next to the President's legs.

The doctors now stood helpless beside the rumpled figure on the bed, gaining time to think by murmuring that they must let the President rest after the exertion of being carried across the street. They knew he had lost both blood and brain matter on the way; how much could never be measured, for the red dribble had been churned into the mud of Tenth Street by the half-hundred boots of his bearers. Their patient lay ominously still and out of kilter, exactly as he had been set down, knees bent and the soles of his high boots pressing hard against the footboard. Nothing was going to do any good, but it was unthinkable to do nothing, even while waiting for the messengers sent earlier from the theatre by horseback and on foot to nearby hospitals for mustard plasters, hot-water bottles, army blankets, and brandy.



Suddenly Dr. Leale had an unreasonable desire. He was a high-strung young man, and by virtue of having been the first to enter the theatre box after John Wilkes Booth's shot, he could give the orders now. He had just had the sickening experience of wiping from palms and fingers with a towel the blood and seeping brain matter that had stained his hands as they supported Lincoln's head, with its bullet wound down behind the left ear, in the interminable crossing of Tenth Street. Now, though he knew his patient was totally unconscious, like a fussy nurse he wanted to make everything nice, to get the President into a comfortable position lying exactly in the middle of the mattress, under sheets with no wrinkles. "Break off the end of that bed," he ordered, and the other doctors wrestled with the sturdily built spool-turned rungs. The walnut held like cast iron. The only alternative was to arrange the six-foot-four-inch body diagonally, with the feet sticking out over near the wall. The head was moved over next to the door and settled on two overhanging pillows which would soak up blood for several hours at least before they could take no more. Then the red puddle would begin to form on the worn Brussels carpet below, but right now the room was still immaculate.

The next step was obvious. Perhaps there was a stab wound somewhere on Mr. Lincoln's body, in addition to

the hole made by the bullet. Everyone in the theatre had seen the shining dagger that Booth had flourished back there on the stage. It was imperative that the doctors make an examination, immediately. But the four men seemed suggestible to the paralysis of their charge. They moved with such sluggish deliberation that they were still agreeing that they must act quickly when there was a burst of excitement at the front of the house.

Mrs. Lincoln was making the journey across Tenth Street, almost unrecognizable as the First Lady who had curtsied so happily two hours before at her husband's side when the audience rose, cheering and waving handkerchiefs, to the thrilling sound of "Hail to the Chief." All her delicate southern-belle femininity gone, she dug the heels of her evening slippers into the manure-spattered soil in exaggerated paces, whirled and pulled along her escort, Major Rathbone, as though he were weightless.

Once in the hallway she slouched away from hands outstretched to help her and cried wildly, "Where is my dear husband? Where is he?" She walked past two locked rooms on the left, to the bed where she saw him lying with his boots still on. The doctors asked her to leave while they made an examination, and she allowed herself to be led back toward the entrance.

Young, red-haired Major Rathbone was unexpectedly



Mr. Lincoln's trousers (with a thirty-two-inch waist), frock coat, and Brooks Brothers overcoat—slit by doctors' penknives—were sent to the White House, but his high boots were kept by Willie Clark, the young soldier in whose room the President died. His tall beaver hat, left at the theatre, was taken to police headquarters.

taking up most of the hallway space, extended full length on the floor and unconscious from loss of blood. The messy wound in his left arm had bled in livelier spurts after the punishment of being wrenched this way and that during the street crossing with Mrs. Lincoln. While Clara Harris made arrangements for a carriage to be brought through the crowd to drive her betrothed back to the Harris home, strenuous efforts were made to find somewhere for the First Lady to sit down.

There was no time to search for keys to the locked rooms, so their doors were broken open with heavy kicks and an onslaught of ramming shoulders. The front room that looked across at the theatre was chosen as Mary Lincoln's refuge during the long night. It was an exceptionally prim parlor, furnished with black horsehair-covered chairs and sofa, a slippery, unyielding sofa on which the wife—when morning came, the widow—lay and gave herself up to spasms of sobbing that reverted unpredictably to deafening screams.

In about twenty minutes now the Lincolns' family doctor and the Surgeon General of the United States—as well as members of the Cabinet, who were being sought out all over the city of Washington—would arrive. Soon after, there would come tiptoeing into the President's nine-by-seventeen-foot room more doctors, making sixteen in all, and a changing parade not only of chiefs of departments but senators,

congressmen, army officers, personal friends, the four other boarders in the Petersen house and their landlord, Mr. Lincoln's son Robert and his mother's circle of comforters, actors from the interrupted *Our American Cousin*, and just plain people who had slipped in somehow to watch Abraham Lincoln die. More than ninety individuals would pass in and out of the death room during the night, filling it to the choking point, pressing against the bed, weeping, kneeling to pray. Uncounted others, nameless, would slip into the confusion of the hallway like restless sleepwalkers, every so often escaping the delirium to let those keeping vigil out on Tenth Street know it would not be long now.

This was all in the future, as, in comparative peace in the cramped space provided—with only Mrs. Lincoln's lamentations in the front room and the snoring, jerky breathing of the patient to unnerve them—the four medical men began their futile ritual.

They undressed the President, beginning by pulling off his high party-going boots, size fourteen. Mr. Lincoln's shirt had been slashed into strips of white cotton and its collar hacked away completely. There was a cuff button bearing the graven letter *L*. Its link had been broken as the button was wrenched with urgency from its lost mate.

When Mr. Lincoln lay naked on the bed, the physicians jointly examined every inch of him. There was one old scar





on his left thumb, two small scars in his scalp, well hidden among the black locks. He was unharmed except for that brutal thrust through his head.

There would be disagreements among the four doctors as to the right treatment to pursue, and their versions of what happened on the death night would vary startlingly. There was total agreement always on the astonishment they all felt at that first sight of Mr. Lincoln's extraordinary physique.

They were familiar with the dark, brown face, weather-worn and crisscrossed with lines, and they knew that Old Abe's neck, too, was leathery and wrinkled: the "old" in his nickname was apt. The stunning surprise was that the fifty-six-year-old President's body was that of a much younger man and was unbelievably perfect. The beautiful proportions, the magnificent muscular development, and the clear, firm flesh were all the more astounding because the visible man had given no clue. Charlie Taft pointed out that there was not one ounce of fat on the entire frame. Charles Leale was something of a student of classical sculpture, and he remarked immediately that the President could have been the model for Michelangelo's *Moses*: he had the same massive grandeur.

A steward arrived from the hospitals with the bottles, which had been filled with hot water downstairs, and the mustard plasters. Henry Safford trudged up from the basement kitchen with his collection of bottles. The hot-water bottles were laid along the sides of the President's legs, which had grown cold to a point above the knees. Outsized mustard plasters, like clammy pies, were placed over the entire upper surface of the body from ankles to neck. When in a few minutes Dr. Leale raised the corner of a sinapism—he disliked the layman's term, plaster—and saw no slightest pink tinge in the parchment skin, he ordered that a stronger paste of mustard and flour be mixed downstairs, and that the army blankets brought from the hospitals be heated. Soon Mr. Lincoln lay between walls of bottles and under steaming layers of wool, and clinging to him as though a death mold were being made of his form was that hot yellow dough, enfolded in an assortment of cloths. There was no reaching the cold within him, though: just as he had always said during the war years, there was no way of reaching the tired spot that was inside.

Here is the evidence of that agonized night of dying one hundred years ago: a torn, fading death-room photograph taken by a boarder named Julius Ulke only minutes after Lincoln's body was removed. Since Stanton had given stringent orders that no photographs be taken of the dead President, Ulke hid his bloody death scene lest it fall into the forbidden category. But his family preserved it, and here is the rumpled bed, here one of the pillows soaked with the President's blood, here the chair in which Mary Lincoln sat, begging, "Oh, shoot me, Doctor, why don't you shoot me, too!"

As Lincoln's life ebbs,



Stanton ran the country singlehanded after the assassination. As Lincoln lay dying, the Secretary of War questioned every witness he could find. He later arrested some who were innocent, like the Ford brothers. Yet he allowed John Parker, who had been the President's only bodyguard and had strayed from his post, to return to White House guard duty. Stanton was after bigger fish: announcing that Booth had been the tool of Confederate leaders, he offered \$200,000 reward for the capture of Jefferson Davis, thus helping turn the climate of mercy Lincoln had hoped to establish into the tragedy of hate again. Through that long night in the room next to Lincoln's, Stanton controlled himself only by a superhuman effort, for he had an unreasoning, morbid fear of death. In 1833, when a young girl in his boardinghouse died of cholera and was buried immediately, he went that evening to dig her up—he could not believe she was really dead, as she had served him lunch that very day. In 1841, when his little daughter Lucy died, he had her body exhumed and kept the coffin in his room for two years. When his first wife died in 1844, he dressed and redressed her in her wedding clothes, and after she was buried he walked about the house at night, asking, "Where is Mary?" This portrait and the one opposite are from Brady negatives.

That night the capital of the United States was completely stricken. Through it all the government was driven and directed by one man—Lincoln's dynamic, unpredictable, and emotionally unstable Secretary of War, Edwin McMasters Stanton.

Stanton had just begun to undress for bed when downstairs a frantic voice shouted the incredible—Secretary of State Seward had been murdered. "Humbug!" Stanton grunted. Hadn't he just left Seward a few minutes ago? But soon the night outside was filled with the terrible news, and Stanton was dressing and rushing across the square to Seward's house. The Secretary of State lay unconscious across his bed, his cheek laid back by a deep knife wound inflicted by Booth's confederate Lewis Paine. The President, they were saying, had been murdered, too, and who knew how many others. Now, through all the floundering and confusion and pain, Stanton assumed total power. And he did so swiftly, rushing by back to the Petersen house and setting up an office in the room next to where Lincoln lay. Along with his Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, Stanton began dictating orders and telegrams. The country had to be alerted, witnesses questioned, the assassins identified and captured. Road blocks were to be set up in Maryland, all passenger trains and ships heading south on the Potomac were to be stopped, the sixty-eight forts and batteries guarding Washington were to be alerted, any suspicious persons in Alexandria were to be arrested, the whole countryside round about the city was to be patrolled. The orders to all commanders: Find a man named John Wilkes Booth, "twenty-five years old [sic], five feet eight inches tall, dark hair and mustache. Use all efforts to secure him."

It was a frenzied night for Stanton, a pudgy, curt, rude, disobliging but dedicated man who worked with a kind of demon energy every day and far into the night in the crumbling old War Department building, just a short walk for Lincoln across the White House lawn.

Now, all night long, as Stanton issued his orders from the room next door, people moved endlessly in and out of the tiny chamber where the President lay dying. Here came Senator Charles Sumner, Boston Brahmin and impatient abolitionist, together with Robert Lincoln. Sumner sat down at the head of the bed and took the President's hand. A doctor said, "It's no use, Mr. Sumner. He can't hear you. He is dead." "No, he isn't dead," replied Sumner. "Look at his face, he's breathing." "It will never be anything more than this," came the answer. Then Robert broke down in tears and Sumner put his arm around Lincoln's eldest son and held him close and tried to comfort him.

Gideon Welles, Lincoln's efficient, garrulous Secretary of the Navy, had attended the Cabinet meeting held on the morning of the President's last day. Along with the others he had heard the President tell of his strange dream of the

Stanton takes command

night before—one that he always had before some important event—of being in a strange vessel, sailing rapidly toward a shadowy shore. Lincoln had turned to Welles and remarked, "It has to do with your element, Mr. Welles, the water."

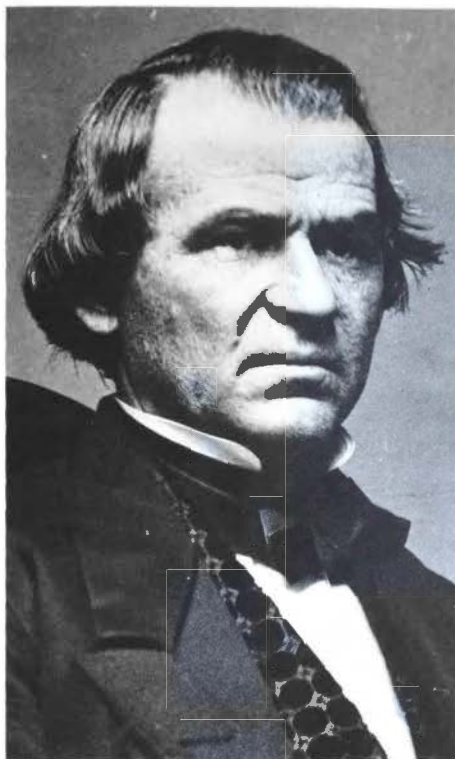
That evening Secretary Welles went up to bed about ten thirty, and soon afterward a Navy Department messenger called up to the window the news about Lincoln and Seward. While Welles was dressing he did an unprecedented thing: swearing in front of his wife. "Damn the Rebels," he said. "this is their work!"

Through the night Welles sat quietly beside Lincoln's bed; later he described the scene in his extraordinary diary. "The giant sufferer lay extended diagonally across the bed," Welles began. "... His slow, full respiration lifted the clothes with each breath that he took. His features were calm and striking. I had never seen them appear to better advantage than for the first hour, perhaps, that I was there. After that, his right eye began to swell and that part of his face became discolored."

On the night of the assassination, Andrew Johnson was staying at the Kirkwood House, at Twelfth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, and in the middle of the night Stanton sent for him because he thought the Vice President should make an appearance at the dying President's bedside. Johnson had been there only a very few minutes when word came from the front room that Mrs. Lincoln wanted to pay another visit to her husband. It was quickly agreed that Johnson must be got rid of first, as Mrs. Lincoln despised him so. The Vice President went back to his hotel with a guard and spent the rest of the night excitedly walking up and down his room saying, "They shall suffer for this! They shall suffer for this!" Mrs. Lincoln never stopped believing Johnson was somehow mixed up in the assassination plot. A year later she wrote in one of her violent letters: "... that miserable inebriate Johnson. He never wrote me a line of condolence and behaved in the most brutal way. ... As sure as you and I live, Johnson had some hand in all this."

Lincoln's gay, witty assistant private secretary, John Hay, was another of Mary Lincoln's pet dislikes. Once she had questioned the cost of the grain that Lincoln's secretaries' horses were eating in the White House stables, and when she economized by getting rid of an employee, she wanted Hay to turn over to her for her personal use the money the employee would have been paid. "The Hell-cat," Hay said of her, "is getting more Hell-cattical day by day." But when the terrible news reached him this April evening, he hurried to the Petersen house and several times during the night attempted to comfort the distraught First Lady.

Benjamin B. French, the Commissioner of Public Buildings, first incurred Mrs. Lincoln's wrath on the same subject over which she had fought with Hay—money. French re-



No one looked to Andrew Johnson to make decisions. Only a month had passed since he had misjudged the amount of brandy needed to carry him through his inauguration as Vice President, and many distrusted him. Now rumors flew that he had been drunk all night after Lincoln was shot, and that it had taken both a doctor and a barber, working feverishly, to get him ready to take the presidential oath, which was administered by Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase in Johnson's hotel just three hours after Lincoln died. But Secretary of the Treasury Hugh McCulloch, who was present at the ceremony, said Mr. Johnson handled himself very creditably, seemed properly grief-stricken, and in quiet and dignified tones begged the Cabinet members to remain in office and support him in his burdens. In the first days of his administration, since Stanton actually ran the country, Johnson merely received delegations in his temporary office in the Treasury Building, and assured his visitors he would punish treason. Later, as Johnson began to make bitter, spur-of-the-moment denunciations of the South, Secretary McCulloch remarked that it would have been better if Johnson had been stricken dumb on assuming the Presidency—his written speeches were fine, but whenever he spoke without preparation he became so wild he could easily be mistaken for a drunkard.



NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE

fused to manipulate the White House expense account and cover up for her when she overran her decorating allowance by thousands of dollars. At the Petersen house French controlled his true feelings, sought out Mrs. Lincoln in her front room, and took her hand. But privately, in his diary, he set down in verse what he really thought of her. She

*. . . moved in all the insolence of pride
As if the world beneath her feet she trod;
Her vulgar bearing, jewels could not hide,
And gold's base glitter was her only god!*

As the visitors came and went, the doctors kept up their frantic fight to do something, anything—probing the wound to keep it bleeding, trying to warm the President's cold body, trying to remember to put clean towels over the

blood-soaked pillows whenever Mrs. Lincoln appeared, to save her the horror that transfixed everyone else. At 11:30 P.M. a great protrusion of the President's right eye was noted, and for the next twenty minutes there was twitching on the left side of his face. At five minutes before one o'clock, Lincoln began making a struggling motion with his arms. His chest muscles stiffened, his breath held, and then finally exhaled as the spasm passed. Twice during the night the Lincolns' pastor, Dr. Phineas D. Gurley, prayed, and everyone in the room got down on his knees. At a quarter to two and again at three o'clock, Mrs. Lincoln made visits to the bedside. She wept piteously, throwing herself upon her husband's body, begging the doctors to kill her and let her join him. Putting her face close to Lin-



Hermann Faber, an artist who saw the death room just after the body was removed, made a fairly realistic sketch of it showing Robert Lincoln and Secretary Welles seated by the bed, and Stanton standing by Welles. Many ludicrous drawings soon appeared, however, typified by the tidy Currier and Ives below, in which Mary Lincoln behaves with dignity while the sorrowing statesmen (including Andrew Johnson) look on. It is all sadly false, even to little Tad, who was never there.



coln's, she pleaded, "Love, live but one moment to speak to our children—Oh, Oh that my little 'Taddy' might see his father before he died." A spell of loud, rattling breathing by the President frightened her, and with a piercing shriek she fell fainting to the floor. Stanton ordered: "Take that woman out and do not let her in again!" As she was led down the hall, Mrs. Lincoln cried, "Oh, my God, and have I given my husband to die!" It was the last time she would see him alive.

Finally dawn came. It was Saturday morning, the fifteenth of April. As the end drew near Dr. Africanus King—a young Englishman with a flare for telling words—made notes. At 6:25, Lincoln's breaths were "jerking." At 6:40, "the expirations prolonged and groaning,—a deep, softly sonorous cooing sound at the end of each expiration." At 6:45, "respiration uneasy and grunting, lower jaw relaxed." Then, "a minute without a breath, face growing dark." At seven, "still breathing at long pauses." Now Dr. Gurley left Mrs. Lincoln in the front parlor and entered the death room.

At twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock Dr. Taft's hand, pressed upon Abraham Lincoln's chest, felt that great heart throb one last time and then go still. The Surgeon General, Dr. Joseph Barnes, touching the carotid artery, felt the last thrust of blood, as did Dr. Leale, who held the right wrist pulse. All night long Leale had held Lincoln's hand "so that in his darkness he would know he had a friend." Now the darkness was absolute.

The fullest account of that terribly sad, historic moment was made by James Tanner, a legless corporal who lived next door and who had been summoned to take down testimony through the night for Stanton. ". . . His stertorous breathing subsided a couple of minutes after 7 o'clock. From then till the end only the gentle rise and fall of his bosom gave indication that life remained. The Surgeon General was near the head of the bed, sometimes sitting on the edge, his finger on the pulse of the dying man. Occasionally he put his ear down to catch the lessening beats of his heart. . . . Dr. Gurley stood a little to the left of the bed. Mr. Stanton sat in a chair near the foot on the left . . . I stood quite near the head of the bed and from that position had full view of Mr. Stanton, across the president's body. At my right Robert Lincoln sobbed on the shoulder of Charles Sumner. Stanton's gaze was fixed intently on the countenance of his dying chief. The first indication that the dreaded end had come was at twenty-two minutes past seven, when the surgeon general gently crossed the pulseless hands of Lincoln across the motionless breast and rose to his feet. Rev. Dr. Gurley stepped forward and lifting his hands began 'Our Father and our God' . . . As 'Thy will be done, Amen' in subdued and tremulous tones floated through the little chamber, Mr. Stanton raised his head, the tears streaming down his face. A more agonized expression I never saw on a human countenance as he sobbed out the words: 'He belongs to the angels now.' "

While rumors fly, an autopsy is performed

As Mrs. Lincoln left the Petersen house to be driven back to the Executive Mansion, she stood a moment beside her carriage and cried, "That dreadful house! That dreadful house!" A few minutes later the body of her husband was carried out and placed in a hearse, the coffin wrapped in a star-spangled flag. Then, with measured tread and arms reversed, the little procession moved away—a lieutenant and ten privates. Slowly up Tenth Street to G the horses pulled the dead President back to the White House.

Meanwhile, far from regarding it as an honor to have Abraham Lincoln die in his boardinghouse, landlord William Petersen was in a black temper. Even before Mr. Lincoln's body had been removed, Petersen had advanced to the bed, seized one of the bloodstained pillows from beneath the head of the recently expired President, and hurled it angrily through the window into the yard. He soon made loud explanation. His house was a mess: all that blood and mud underfoot, unwashed basins and bottles piled up, and dozens of old leaking mustard plasters littering the hall. What was worse, he had read in the paper that the President had died in a tenement. He would let that paper know, and soon, that his was one of the most respectable dwelling houses in Washington.

For a few days after the murder, people talked a lot about what they had seen, and blew up scraps of information and guesswork, for the thrill of dabbling in a real-life mystery. There had been nearly two thousand people in the theatre, more than ninety over in the death room, and twenty-five who had borne the body. From all these conflicting accounts the story of that terrible night was emerging crazily.

Eight of the bearers insisted that theirs had been the honor of carrying the head. One, a New York grocer on a sight-seeing trip in Washington, announced that he had run up and supported an elbow, had moved along with his other hand on Lincoln's pulse, and recalled giving the weeping crowd the news that the injury would be fatal. Another bearer remembered that the President had sagged in the middle until two men were assigned to reach beneath him and push upward—he had been a pusher. As a third told it, the victim had made the trip extended perfectly flat on a shutter wrenched from a theatre window. One of the most positive recollections had Lincoln transported sitting upright in the rocking chair in which he had failed to rock out of range of John Wilkes Booth's huge bullet.

The picture of Booth's escape from Ford's Theatre was given earnestly, and with bewildering variations.

Booth had put one hand on the box rail, vaulted over it, and sailed through the air the twelve feet to the stage. As he jumped, his right spur had turned the framed engraving of Washington completely over and had snagged the blue

Treasury Guards flag festooned around the front of the box: a shred of the blue material fluttered behind his heel all the way. Booth had risen, flourished his dagger, shouted "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and strode out of sight.

Some said that the blue flag had not been draped around the box, but had been on a staff that stood straight up against the box's central pillar, and that Booth managed to flip his spurred heel up there and make the tear, then grasped the flagpole, slid down its length, and dropped to the stage. In another version, Booth rode the rail first as though it were a saddle, and his gait as he crossed the stage was a slow limp. He also coasted down the front of the box as though he were sledding, ran at top speed to the exit opposite, and didn't say a word. He landed on his hands first, he was hurt dreadfully, he went by moaning with pain. He soared fifteen feet from a crouched position, sauntered slowly to the footlights as though he were part of the troupe, flashed his knife blade in the gaslight, hissed "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" with deathly pale face and eyes glittering, almost emitting fire, turned and with defiantly unhurried gait stalked off the stage.

There were two especially far-out variations. In one, Booth hopped across the stage like a toad and the blue cloth hopped along just out of time behind him. In the other, he was so completely paralyzed from the fall that his helpers had to throw a rope to him and he was pulled off into the wings.

A young girl eyewitness contributed the fact that Booth had asked her just the day before whether *tyrannis* was spelled with two *r*'s or two *n*'s. She agreed with the versions of Booth's swift escape, but added an extra morsel—the maddened crowd had heaved her up on the stage, and in a half faint she realized the actor who played Lord Dunderbary was fanning her with his wig.

The stories of the President's last moments in the death room over at the Petersen house were just as baffling and fuzzy. To some in the room Lincoln's breathing was a frightening thing—a deep snoring, a wild gurgling. To others, it had a musical quality—Stanton likened it to an Aeolian harp.

There were watchers by the bedside who heard not a sound of any kind: the President left the world after long, agonizing minutes of utter silence. The only way of knowing it was all over was to watch the doctors with their fingers over the heart, the big artery in the neck, and the two wrist pulses. When they darted looks at each other of question and then agreement, Dr. Barnes made the announcement.

Some said that Stanton rose from his knees, smoothed Lincoln's eyelids, and pulled down the window shades. Maunsell B. Field, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, said convincingly that right at that time he noticed that Mr.

Lincoln's eyes were not quite closed, so he smoothed and closed them.

Now comes a real and fascinating conflict. Dr. Leale recounted, "Then I gently smoothed the President's contracted facial muscles, took two coins from my pocket, placed them over his eyelids, and drew a white cloth over the martyr's face."

Thomas McCurdy Vincent of the War Department claimed it was he who smoothed Lincoln's eyelids and placed the coins. He wrote, "Soon after eight the devoted War Minister had ordered all to be arranged for the removal of the body to the Executive Mansion and left me as his representative until the transfer should take place. It was about this time that pressing and smoothing the eyes of the dead President, I placed coins on them to close them for a last long slumber."

These two statements made Colonel George V. Rutherford angrily indignant, because it was he and he alone who had placed the coins on Lincoln's eyes. He resolved to produce as evidence something a little more convincing than the mere words of honorable men. He would get up an exhibit of the very coins themselves that he had placed, silver half dollars dated 1854 and 1861, and he would use sealing wax and impressive ribbon and get the signed certification of a man no one could question. The man was General Daniel H. Rucker of the Quartermaster's Department, whose soldiers escorted Lincoln's body home from the Petersen house; General Rucker officially received it into the White House, and ordered it placed for the autopsy.

As the claims and counterclaims flew, as the stories of that terrible night were told and retold, the President's body lay in the Guest Room at the northeast corner of the second floor of the White House, resting upon two boards laid across trestles. There, at eleven o'clock on Saturday morning, the autopsy was begun.

First, the top of the President's skull was sawed straight around on a line above his ears so that the top could be lifted off. Two pathologists from the Army Medical Museum did the actual work—Assistant Surgeon J. Janvier Woodward and Assistant Surgeon Edward Curtis. Young Curtis movingly described the scene.

"... Dr. Woodward and I proceeded to open the head and remove the brain down to the track of the ball. The latter had entered a little to the left of the median line at the back of the head, had passed almost directly forwards through the center of the brain and lodged. Not finding it readily, we proceeded to remove the entire brain, when, as I was lifting the latter from the cavity of the skull, suddenly the bullet dropped out through my fingers and fell, breaking the solemn silence of the room with its clatter, into an empty basin that was standing beneath. There it lay

upon the white china, a little black mass no bigger than the end of my finger—dull, motionless and harmless, yet the cause of such mighty changes in the world's history as we may perhaps never realize."

Now, the autopsy done, undertaker Dr. Charles D. Brown of Brown and Alexander took over. (Three years before, Brown had prepared the body of little Willie Lincoln, doing such a handsome job that Lincoln twice had the coffin opened to look upon his son's face.) Andrew Johnson, who had just been sworn in as the new President of the United States by Chief Justice Chase at the Kirkwood House, entered the room and watched briefly. Brown and his assistant drained Lincoln's blood through the jugular vein. Then they made a cut on the inside of the thigh and through it force-pumped a chemical preparation which soon hardened the body like marble. The face was shaved except for a short tuft left at the chin. The eyes were closed, the eyebrows arched, the mouth reset in the slight smile that had been on the President's face when he died.

As the undertakers worked, Dr. Curtis suggested to Surgeon General Barnes, who was also in the room, that Lincoln's brain be weighed. Again Dr. Curtis describes the scene: "... silently, in one corner of the room, I prepared

the brain for weighing. As I looked at the mass of soft gray and white substance that I was carefully washing, it was impossible to realize that it was that mere clay upon whose workings, but the day before, rested the hopes of the nation. I felt more profoundly impressed than ever with the mystery of that unknown something which may be named 'vital spark' as well as anything else, whose absence or presence makes all the immeasurable difference between an inert mass of matter owing obedience to no laws but those governing the physical and chemical forces of the universe, and on the other hand, a living

brain by whose silent, subtle machinery a world may be ruled. The weighing of the brain ... gave approximate results only, since there had been some loss of brain substance, in consequence of the wound, during the hours of life after the shooting. But the figures, as they were, seemed to show that the brain weight was not above the ordinary for a man of Lincoln's size."

Now Lincoln's body was covered with a white cloth, and a fine cambric handkerchief was spread over his face. Upon the pillow and over the breast were scattered white flowers and green leaves. Guards were posted at the door, and the doctors began to pack up and leave.

Later in the day Stanton supervised the clothing of the body—from the black suit Lincoln had worn at his second inauguration to a low collar and small bow tie and white kid gloves. Stanton decided that the dark putty color under Lincoln's eyes and down his cheeks would be left there for posterity. It was, he said, "part of the history of the event."



The fatal bullet—shown here slightly enlarged—was a half-inch lead ball that flattened on impact.

The mantle of grief

While *Our American Cousin* was being performed at Ford's, a gala production of *Aladdin! or His Wonderful Lamp* was under way a few blocks away at Grover's Theatre. Just before a moment in the *Aladdin* extravaganza where a man was supposed to tumble to the stage from a balloon, the manager stepped to the footlights to announce that President Lincoln had been shot. For a moment there was silence, then a voice called out that it was a trick of pickpockets to set the audience in a panic. But suddenly a boy sprang from his seat and went shrieking—"like a wounded deer," the papers later said—to the theatre's door and out.

Twelve-year-old Tad Lincoln had been taken to Grover's Theatre that evening by White House doorkeeper Alphonso Donn, a great favorite with the Lincoln family. Now he was driven home, where his other doorman friend, Tom Pendel, tried to calm his fears and comfort him. About midnight Pendel got the boy up to his father's room, undressed him, and lay down on the trundle bed beside him till he dropped off to sleep.

When she returned to the White House the next morning, Mrs. Lincoln refused to enter either her own bedroom, in the southwest corner of the second floor, or Mr. Lincoln's, next to it. She finally chose a room with no memories which she had fitted up for the President so that he could do some writing there during the summer. The shades were lowered, and Mary Lincoln got into bed and began an endless tossing and sobbing. Tad had run weeping to meet her as she got out of the carriage and buried his face in the folds of her dress, and he now stood terrified at the foot of his mother's bed, watching her as she lay very near convulsions.

"Don't cry so, Mama, or you will make me cry too," said Tad. That was the only thing that stopped Mrs. Lincoln's hysterics: she could not bear to see little Tad cry.

No one could be hardhearted enough not to feel sorry for Mary Lincoln now. Her desolation was complete because she did not have the character to meet her grief with any dignity and fortitude. She had hidden herself away to rail against her fate, while the country prepared to bury her husband. All during the war years it had been a kind of sport to make fun of the President's wife from the West and let her read in print that she was a dumpy woman with no taste who wore overgorgeous, too-low-necked dresses, that she carried whole flower gardens on her head, that she didn't know any better than to wear her rings over her gloves. Now that kind of criticism was silenced, but pity could not bring liking.

The news that President Lincoln was dead spread like a prairie fire across the nation. The people heard the news and were stunned, and each in his own heart suffered alone and in his own way. The mantle of grief was like a bond, so that all of a sudden friends felt a terrible closeness and strangers passing in the street knew what was in each other's eyes and hearts and were brothers.



Her husband's murder was not the first grief Mary Lincoln had had to bear. She and the President had already lost two children. Eddie, the second son, who followed Robert, had died at three of consumption in 1850, while the Lincolns were still in Springfield. Sorrowfully his father ordered a marble slab (left above) carved with the name and date, a dove with outstretched wings, and the words, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Then, eleven months later, appeared William Wallace Lincoln (right), a perfect, beautiful boy to be rocked in Eddie's cradle and dressed in Eddie's first clothes. Always, through Willie's twelve years of life, he was to be bound up in his parents' thoughts and love with the child they had lost, and when Willie had to die they felt they were losing Eddie all over again. Willie was a quiet, thoughtful boy who wanted to be good as much as Tad wanted to be naughty. Whereas Tad had no interest in learning, Willie studied faithfully, memorized long portions of the Bible for Sunday school, and told his mother and father he was going to be a preacher when he grew up. During the last days of January, 1862, he caught cold after riding his pony in a slushy half-snow. He got no better, and though one or the other of his parents was always at his bedside, and though consulting doctors were called in, he died on February 20. For a long time the President was inconsolable. "My poor boy," he said, "he was too good for this earth. God has called him home. I know that he is much better off in heaven, but then we loved him so. It is hard, hard to have him die!" The minister's eulogy revealed that the dying boy had given his savings—six dollars—to a missionary society. Father and son were to be reunited in death. After her husband's funeral, Mary Lincoln had Willie's little metal coffin removed from its resting place in Georgetown's Oak Hill Cemetery, enclosed in a new black walnut one, and taken to the depot where the presidential funeral train stood waiting. His father would join Willie soon for the long, slow trip back to Springfield.

Washington says good-by to Mr. Lincoln

The business of saying good-by to the President was to take the city of Washington almost a full week. The plan was for Lincoln to be carried downstairs to the East Room in his huge coffin on Monday night; there, starting Tuesday morning, he would be on view to the public and there, on Wednesday, his official funeral would be held. Afterward his body was to be taken in procession from the White House to the Capitol, where he would lie in state in the Rotunda until Friday morning. Finally, a special train would take him slowly north, then west through a country of sorrow toward Springfield, on almost the same route he had taken east four years before.

George A. Harrington, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, was put in charge of the funeral preparations, and now he issued orders for the building of a catafalque in the East Room. Upstairs in her room Mrs. Lincoln was wracked day and night by the sound of nails being hammered as carpenters worked on the huge structure. She cowered and put her fingers to her ears, saying every blow sounded like a pistol shot. She sent a request to Secretary Harrington, begging him not to dismantle the catafalque until she had moved out of the White House, which meant it would stand there—the “Temple of Death” it came to be called—for five whole weeks, while souvenir-hunting citizens snipped away at it.

On Tuesday, Lincoln belonged to the people. Early that morning the line began forming outside the White House and was soon a mile long, six and seven abreast. Promptly at nine-thirty the west driveway gate was opened, and the crowds silently filed in through the heavily draped south portico. In the center of the East Room stood the catafalque. Since it reached up as high as eleven feet from the floor, the middle one of the three enormous, low-hanging crystal chandeliers had had to be removed and its gas pipe capped; the other two were completely shrouded in black bags, like giant bunches of grapes. The eight tall mirrors over the eight marble mantelpieces were swathed from top to bottom with black cloth over their frames and white cloth stretching the length of their glasses. From all the room's cornices hung black streamers, but it had been impossible to cover the blood-red and gold velvet wallpaper which Mrs. Lincoln had so extravagantly sent to France for—had actually dispatched a decorator on an ocean steamer to bring home.

The catafalque which bore Abraham Lincoln's coffin had been built at top speed and with no regard for economy. It had been designed by Benjamin B. French, Commissioner of Public Buildings, who was in charge of everything in the funeral that had directly to do with Lincoln's body. From the tops of four seven-foot-high posts rose an arched canopy to the height of eleven feet from the floor. Its upper side was made of black alpaca and the finest black velvet, which, in turn, was decorated with swooping festoons of black crape. The underside of the canopy was white fluted satin which

caught and reflected a little of what light there was in the room down on the face below.

The \$1,500 coffin had been ready since late Sunday afternoon, after marathon work by the undertaker for more than twenty-four hours. It was the last glorious word in funeral trappings. The wood was walnut, but not an inch of it showed, for it was entirely covered with the finest black broadcloth. It was six feet six inches long on the outside and must have been a tight fit on the inside for its six-foot, four-inch tenant, for the white satin lining was quilted and lavishly stuffed to make the resting place a soft one.

Inside the walnut case was an extra heavy lining of lead. On each side were four massive silver handles, and on the center of the lid there was a shield outlined in silver tacks in the center of which was a silver plate with the inscription

Abraham Lincoln

16th President of the United States

Born February 12, 1809

Died April 15, 1865

The lid was hinged to fold back a third of the way down, so as to expose the President's face and shoulders. In the gloom of the great East Room the people who came to pay their last respects to **Lincoln** were directed by officers to the foot of the catafalque: there they divided into single lines on each side, mounted the step, and walked along beside the coffin, pausing to look down at the face for an average of one second each.

At 5:30 P.M. the public was shut out, and for the next two hours special privileged groups were admitted to the East Room. Then carpenters entered in force; they had a big job



to do before the funeral the next morning. They began to build a series of steps arranged like an amphitheatre, beginning low about five feet away from the catafalque and growing higher back to the East Room walls, so that everyone invited could have a clear view of the dead President and the clergymen conducting the funeral.

Extra trains, crowded to the platforms, had been running into the city of Washington for the last two days, and people had been driving in from towns and villages in carriages or buggies or even hay wagons—the authorities figured that 6,000 people slept Tuesday night on floors of houses or hotels (Willard's Hotel turned away 400 applicants) or in their vehicles or on blankets spread on whatever grass plots they could find. Washington was bursting—there were 100,000 human beings in the city, and 60,000 of them were prepared to watch a procession of 40,000 following the White House services on Wednesday.

At sunrise on the morning of the funeral the people who had been sleeping were waked by the booming of cannon in all the forts encircling the city, with a counterpoint of tolling bells in church towers and firehouses. It was a radiantly beautiful day—warm, cloudless, with a bright sun—and as early as eight o'clock there were throngs on Pennsylvania Avenue outside the White House and under the trees of Lafayette Square Park across the way. The heavy black draping all across the great front of the mansion contrasted with the spring gaiety of the bright green lawns and all the trees in blossom.

Every house and store in Washington was shut tight for the day. The rich had sent messengers to other cities to buy mourning decorations when the supply in the capital gave out, but even the poorest shanties had their bits of black

cloth tacked up, and it was these humble, fluttering shreds that made people choke up. The big displays only filled them with awe.

By eleven o'clock, tickets were being presented and the majority of those invited entered the funeral chamber through the Green Room. In the Blue Room, the adjoining oval parlor, appeared the great names. It was crowded almost full with the late President's personal cavalry guard from Ohio, who had ridden their matched black horses wherever Mr. Lincoln went. A path two and a half feet wide was opened in their midst, and along this path and through the Green Room passed General Grant, Admiral Farragut, the Supreme Court justices, and the diplomatic corps. At two minutes to twelve President Johnson and his friend Preston King entered, followed by former Vice President Hamlin and the Cabinet; for everyone, there was the shock of Seward's absence and the thought of how near they had come to standing beside two coffins today.

Lincoln's complexion had always been dark, but now, instead of being even darker, it was unpleasantly lighter, a grayish putty color. Around his mouth he still had the faintly happy expression that those who watched him die saw come over his face a few minutes after he stopped breathing. They said it resembled "an effort of life," as though he really had found peace. The trouble was that the smile was frozen on a face that was unfamiliar in its unresponsive stoniness. Gone was the mobility that so entranced anyone who had watched him in life: the magic lighting-up of the features that had made a plain man handsome when his mind struck sparks.

At each corner of the catafalque was an officer of a special guard of honor. At the foot of the coffin sat Robert Lincoln, along with Ninian W. Edwards and Clark M. Smith of Springfield, the husbands of his mother's two sisters, and two of his mother's first cousins, Dr. Lyman Beecher Todd and General John B. S. Todd, Lincoln's two young secretaries, John Nicolay and John Hay, stood beside Robert. Mrs. Lincoln would have been at the foot of the coffin, too, had she been there at all. Instead, she remained upstairs in bed the entire day.

General Grant, with tears in his eyes, sat alone at the President's head, facing a cross of lilies. Just a little over a year before, on March 8, 1861, he had paid his first visit to the White House after being made lieutenant general. It was the evening of a weekly reception, and Mr. Lincoln, surrounded by citizens in the oval Blue Room, spied the shy soldier and recognized him immediately from his photographs. The President stepped up the line to greet his new



No photograph exists of the catafalque built in the East Room for the President's funeral. Harper's Weekly's engraving showed the family minister offering a benediction. The artist included a heavily veiled Mrs. Lincoln; actually she did not attend, but remained prostrated upstairs.

head of the armies, took hold of him and moved him along to Mrs. Lincoln, saying, "Here is General Grant. What a surprise! What a delight!"

President Johnson stood at the east side of the coffin and behind him, the Cabinet. Standing neatly in their appointed squares were the clergy, the Supreme Court justices, governors of states, officers of the Army and Navy, a tremendous New York delegation, members of the Senate and House, members of the boards of the Christian and sanitary commissions, forty mourners from Kentucky and Illinois, the pallbearers, heads of bureaus, assistant secretaries, the diplomatic corps, and many others, such as the nurse who had taken care of Willie Lincoln in his last illness. At the time of the assassination she herself was ill in a hospital, of typhoid fever. But she was determined to look for a last time on Mr. Lincoln's face, and she was carried down the hospital stairs and brought to the White House.

Just before the first of the four ministers who were to conduct the service began speaking, Johnson and Preston King stepped up to the coffin, mounted the foot-high ledge at its side, looked down intently at the face for a moment, then retired to their places a few feet back. Johnson had been visited by many delegations in his office in the Treasury Building since Lincoln's death, and he was trying to show everyone that he was going to be a strong President. He began all his interviews by praising Lincoln, lamenting his loss, and saying that all his own efforts would go to carrying on the great work his predecessor had begun—Lincoln's policies would be his policies. This he invariably followed up by a statement that treason was the most vicious of all crimes, and those guilty of it must be punished. "Very vigorous," said some. "Vindictive," said others. "We will have no trouble now," said all those who had opposed Mr. Lincoln's gentle and forgiving attitude toward those who had rebelled.

At exactly ten minutes past twelve Dr. Hall began the Episcopal burial service: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Episcopal Church delivered a prayer in which he likened Lincoln to Moses, who brought his people to the edge of the Promised Land but was not permitted to enter it. When he was done, all six hundred listeners were in tears.

Lincoln's pastor, Dr. Gurley, gave the funeral sermon, speaking of the "cruel, cruel hand, that dark hand of the assassin, which smote our honored, wise and noble President, and filled the land with sorrow. . . ."

While the funeral was going on, twenty-five million people all across the nation and even in Canada were hearing similar sermons and prayers in their churches, hearing that Lincoln's work on earth was finished and that God had removed him purposefully; hearing how regrettable it was



that Lincoln had died in such low surroundings: hearing him likened to Washington, the savior of his country; to Moses, deprived of his reward; even to Christ—for Lincoln had been murdered on the anniversary of the Crucifixion.

After the White House services the six hundred people went outside, blinking in the sudden strong sunlight. Twelve Veteran Reserve Corps sergeants, who were to be the only ones ever to lift the coffin until it reached the Springfield tomb, now carried it, lid closed, outdoors and placed it on the funeral car waiting behind its six white horses at the mansion's front door. The platform on which the coffin rested was eleven feet off the ground, high enough so that everyone in the crowd along the streets would see the object of greatest interest. Much of the height was accounted for by the wheels of the car (right), which were



A contemporary photograph shows the funeral procession moving down Pennsylvania Avenue toward its goal (top right): the Capitol. Not visible is the ornate, high-wheeled funeral car (below), drawn by six white horses.



LINCOLN MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D.C.

enormous though seemingly frail, with spokes that looked too spindly for the important journey they were to make.

As the procession began to move, the minute guns took up their regular booming, and again the church and firehouse bells began to toll. Lincoln's old friend and bodyguard, Ward Hill Lamon, had made the arrangements for the great procession, and he had done it well. Some of the units had been waiting for hours on side streets, and they joined the marching lines just as had been planned. Leading the procession and preceding the coffin on its high black car along Pennsylvania Avenue—full of ruts and potholes made from dragging heavy war supplies over it for four years—was a detachment of Negro troops. They had been the second unit to enter Richmond at its surrender. Officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps followed. Then came the marshals, the clergymen who had conducted the funeral, the doctors who had attended the President on his deathbed, the twenty-two pallbearers, General Grant and Admiral Farragut, and finally the civilian mourners.

Just behind the hearse walked Mr. Lincoln's favorite horse, branded *U.S.*, bearing his master's boots reversed in the stirrups. Many people who had seen the President riding this horse now remembered the tall figure with the plug hat slipped back on his head, his feet in the long stirrups. Behind the hearse Robert Lincoln and Tad rode in a carriage together, with doorkeeper Tom Pendel up behind. The two brothers rode close enough to their father's body to see the men's hats in the crowds along the sidewalks being removed by the hundreds as the colossal coffin with all its silver ornaments shining in the bright sunlight passed by.

Many convalescent soldiers had left their beds in the Washington hospitals to march out of respect to their late Commander in Chief, and though some were too weak to go far, there were those on crutches who actually hobbled all the way to the Capitol. The colored citizens of Washington made one of the most impressive sights of all. They walked in lines of forty, straight across the avenue from curb to curb, four thousand of them. They wore high silk hats and white gloves and marched in dignified silence, holding hands.

The scene was solemn and impressive as the procession swept around into Pennsylvania Avenue from Fifteenth Street—and suddenly, movingly, the whole mile-and-a-half distance leading to the Capitol came into view. Every window, housetop, and tree was weighted down with silent watchers, the sidewalks were crowded, and there were many colored people with very young children. The grandeur and sadness of it all was indescribable. Every face in line was solemn—and most were streaked with tears. The measured tread of the marchers, the slow rolling of the wheels of the gun carriages over the cobblestones, the dirges of the thirty bands, the beat, beat, beat of the muffled drums—the sounds as well as the sights—made the day unforgettable.

"I knowed they'd kill him"

Amid the solemn pageantry of the funeral in Washington, one family was not represented—Mr. Lincoln's own people, those who had raised him and grown up with him. But they had received the heartbreaking news. Dennis Hanks, the cousin who had lived with Abe in a cabin in Indiana, took the news out to an old woman on the Illinois prairie. This was Sarah Bush Lincoln (opposite page), Abe's stepmother, born December 13, 1788, and twice a widow. No one knew the origins of the boy from the wilderness the way Sarah did, and his yearnings. And no one was more responsible for the paths he had taken. A widow with three children of her own, Sarah married Abe's father, Thomas Lincoln, after the boy's mother died of the "milk-sick"—drinking milk from cows that had eaten poison snakeroot.

When their new stepmother arrived, Abe and his sister Sarah liked her immediately. She was tall, slim, and curly-haired, with lovely white skin, blue-gray eyes, and a beautiful nature. She scrubbed Abe and his sister, made one family of all five children—six, with Dennis Hanks—cooked the good game with which the forest was filled, and made Thomas clear more land and raise vegetables. She also got him to put a wood floor in the cabin and stop the roof from leaking. Although she could not read or even sign her own name, Sarah brought with her three books—Webster's Speller, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *The Arabian Nights*. Abe already owned *Aesop's Fables* and *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and there was the family Bible which his own mother had read daily to him. The boy, "raised to farmwork," as he said of himself, spent long hours reading—borrowing every neighbor's book within walking distance. Sarah's greatest contribution to her stepson's life was persuading her husband not to disturb this reading time or force Abe to turn wholly to physical labor. She had felt immediate kinship with

this boy. "His mind and mine," she said proudly, "what little I had, seemed to run together, move in the same channel."

Later, when Thomas and Sarah lived in their cabin in Illinois, Lincoln came as often as he could when he was practicing law in Springfield or riding the circuit. Mary Lincoln never went the seventy miles to see her husband's parents, nor did she ever invite Sarah to Springfield or allow her sons to meet such humble relatives. A few days before he went east to be inaugurated President of the United States, Lincoln made the trip once more to see the woman he wrote and spoke to as "Mother." He brought her a woolen shawl and a black wool dress. He took her in his arms and she cried over him. She told him she would never see him again and that he would be killed.

So when Dennis Hanks set out for Sarah's cabin with the dread news, the old lady knew before he spoke. "Aunt Sairy," Dennis said, "Abe's dead."

"Yes, I know, Denny, I knowed they'd kill him. I ben awaiting fur it."

Several weeks before this mournful day, the President and his wife were driving by horse and buggy along the James River in Virginia when they came to an old country graveyard. It was far from the busy world and had tall trees, and on the graves the buds of spring flowers were opening in the sunlight. They both wanted to stop and walk through it, and they did. Mr. Lincoln, said his wife, seemed thoughtful and impressed. He said, "Mary, you are younger than I. You will survive me. When I am gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this."

Twenty days after the shooting at Ford's Theatre, the President got his wish. After twelve funerals in twelve cities as he was borne home to his prairie state, his long coffin was placed in a hillside tomb in Oak Ridge Cemetery in Springfield, Illinois,—with tender leaves of spring opening on all the trees and a little brook, brimming with April rains, dashing joyfully by.



Sarah Bush Lincoln (opposite page) heard the news of her stepson's assassination in the tiny Illinois cabin above, where she lived all during his Presidency. The sad tidings were brought by Dennis Hanks (left above), Lincoln's cousin, who had taught young Abe to write, using a buzzard's quill. In 1831 cousin John Hanks (right) had helped Abe build a flatboat on which they floated all the way down-river to New Orleans, with hogs to sell.



PRAIRIE WOODS and WILD FLOWERS

By RUTH SUCKOW

To most people, prairie country is farm country—big fields of corn and oats, rolling pastures with lone trees standing on the slopes. But when the virgin timber that originally covered the river valleys was slaughtered to make room for corn and cattle, homesteads and town sites, good bits of it were left, down along the creeks and river bottoms, under the crests of low hills. These are the prairie woods, where farmers turned loose their cattle and where country communities held Sunday-school picnics and Fourth of July celebrations. Every town had its woods close by—"Somebody's Grove," or "down by the creek." "Going to the woods" was an institution with which prairie children grew up.

Trees have their own significance on the prairie. When they stand solitary—a big oak outlined against the sunset or a wild plum in bloom on a pasture slope—or when they stand in groves, seen across the swell of plowed fields, a thick dark brushwork on the very rim of the world—always they gain meaning because of the prairie setting. To go from the prevailing big openness of air and sky and sunlight into the coolness, depth, and mystery of the woods, where all kinds of wild things grow haphazard instead of in the neat, planned rows of the worked land, is to savor the natural variety of the prairie country.

The woods of my own prairie state, Iowa, are as characteristic, in their way, as is the farm land. To my taste, there is a nice blend of the tame and the wild in the woods of Iowa. This is characteristic of Iowa woods: smooth, rounded slopes with fine, long green grass; open spaces through which the sunlight falls, gracious and wide; trees—white oaks, large and well spaced, bur oaks in clumps, elms standing apart, scatterings of nut trees—hickory, walnut, butternut—with their double leaves, casting a patterned shade; a brown creek that bites its way through banks which cave in on either side; a boy sitting on the bank above a pool, fishing for bullheads; whirring insects, calling birds, cattle cropping a hill slope; wild gooseberry bushes, bitter-smelling white yarrow, clumps of catnip, clover humming with bees; elderberry in bloom, with its creamy green-white tufts of flower-lace;



close by, a wet clayey place rank with weeds, nettles, vines, where one must "look out for snakes"; deeper still, a thicker woods, with high undergrowth and trees tangled with wild grape and cucumber vines.

In my girlhood, one could never forget the closeness of the woods. Around old-fashioned houses grew the transplanted wild flowers: bluebells, bloodroots, violets, spring beauties. (For prairie woods and wild flowers go together.) It was the women of my mother's generation who lived close to these things. In those days, some woman hitched up "a good safe horse" to the family buggy and drove out into the woods for wild flowers for her garden beds. I remember the whole scene—the mild and gentle horse with its fearful driver, the buggy splashed with the mud of those unworked country roads, the iron step with its little edging of hard dried gray mud; the two women, in old jackets and hats resurrected from attic boxes, cotton gloves on their hands, my small self squeezed in between them; in the back of the buggy, baskets lined with newspapers holding a knife and a trowel—one of them, however, holding a lunch. There was the feeling of a long, leisurely spring day ahead: the slow trot of the horse; and everything all ready, back home, to get supper in a hurry when the ladies returned.

"Going to the woods" began with the first day of spring, when pussy willows budded down by the "crick." A day came when people left the windows open in the bank and the doctor's office, even in the millinery store, where all winter the Misses Brady had huddled by the stove in fear of drafts. Farmers, on such a day, drove into town with their buffalo coats thrown open, the smell of spring mud on the wheels of their wagons. I remember such a day, in late March, when we went to the spring for water cress: a soft, dark rainy day after a mild winter, the pasture slopes still dead brown, trees bare, the creek narrow and brown and chill, and the mats of water cress that filled it green, cold, the leaf edge tinged with purple, chilling our reddened hands with an icy freshness. In school we children, dreamy-eyed, kept turning to see the maple branches spread out upon the blue sky, fringy with half-opened reddish buds. After school, we were out looking, first for the windflowers, then for the bird's-foot violets that grew in great patches on the old burned-off places along the railroad tracks. Offerings now appeared on teachers' desks: pussy-willow branches that kept tipping over the tumbler; bowls of furry, blue-purple windflowers opening out to show their yellow centers, the stems silky, glistening, gray-green under water, making little bubbles; then bunches of violets, Dutchman's-breeches, wilted and drooping from little hot clutching hands. Some country child brought in a bunch of rare and sought-for cowslips. You could pick up a limp violet here and there that a child had dropped.

As soon as school was over, all the little girls were off to the woods. A crowd of us together, in jackets and caps and rubbers, went flying down the cold, muddy road. We must go to the woods nearest town—a small oak grove, belonging to some mysterious farmer, hedged in with a rusted barbed-wire fence from a pasture where fierce cattle were popularly supposed to wander. Some of the most venturesome of us would lie down in the withered leaves and roll under this fence, careful of mud holes where the cattle had stepped, to find a bloodroot. All the little paths were buried deep in old brown leaves. The limestone rocks had a

**" . . . the coolness, depth, and mystery of the woods,
where all kinds of wild things grow haphazard"**



cold, wet smell. Moss was beginning to thicken on them; and in shallow holes were water, dead ferns, and new, bright leaves. There was something ancient and fresh at the same time, something that subdued our shrill voices as we poked about among the leaves and mould to find the first wake-robins.

It was different on those days when I drove out with my mother in the buggy. Then, while the two women found plants for their baskets, I went softly about alone, never out of call. They used to let me get a drink for them at the spring. It flowed out from under the limestone. The ground about it was trampled and wet. It made a dark, bright pool under the rock, with one long ripple in it, then flowed out bright and shallow into the creek. There were white clamshells under the water. I had to step gingerly upon the stones that lay half in the pool, brace myself against a rock, and lean perilously over. I drew out one of the shells from the sand where it was half embedded, held it to the ripple until it was washed clean. It was mysterious and wonderful to dip it into the water and drink, feeling the chipped edge of the shell against my lips, the cold, clear water. I always had one drink from the shell—a secret with myself—before I carried a cupful to my mother.

They always brought something good in the basket. Sandwiches and an apple, a piece of homemade cake. We found some dry place and ate them. I lay back on the sun-warmed grass, trying to make them forget that I was there, listening with a dreamy intentness to the grown-up talk.

All my memories of the spring woods come together in one May day when four of us went with baskets to gather flowers for the church—four, and a collie dog. We met at the little wooden bridge over the creek near a pasture. I remember waiting, leaning on the scarred, battered rail carved all over with initials. A cool air came up from the water. It swished the long grasses and gushed into silver over the rocks—shallow, rushing, making a clear springtime burble. . . . The little town lay off to the west, impersonal and strange, a picture I was looking upon—the white houses motionless among the trees, the brown road rising in the distance, a wagon rattling slowly along with an old man bowed over the reins on the high seat. . . . There was a sense of vastness in the way trees were set here and there on the sweep and slope of the great earth, their trunks so still, their upper branches blurred with buds moving against the blue. On the south, the soft, smooth swell of the rolling pastures, earth-brown, pale green, emerald, and from them, birds calling in long-drawn sighs of peace. . . .

There was a wooden fence-gate to open and fasten again with an old wire. A little trampled path led over the swell of the low hills. I followed it, after the others, feeling my face grow warm and damp under my hat. I saw how they stepped eagerly and softly, on the lookout for flowers. I stopped on the hilltop. My skirts stirred slightly, blew back. A joy strained at my heart, like a tree pulling at its roots in a spring wind. The air was divinely fresh, the sun warm over us, the earth sweet under us—the swelling fields, the bird song, the motionless, sun-drenched sweetness. . . .

I could see the other girls bending over, moving a little, kneeling as in the motions of some strange, slow dance. They beckoned. They were finding buttercups, short-stemmed, shining and yellow, making sudden happy patches of gold among

“Down below was the dark shine of the creek.”



the bright green grass. They aroused in us the lust of flower-getting. We stepped warily, wide awake, eager now.

Down one slope and up another—suddenly, on the hillside, a bird's-foot violet, another—oh, blue blue patches of them! We were down among the flowers, our fingers sinking into the petals as into pools of blue water, feeling the cool stems and the moist, secret touch of the cooler earth. "Come here! . . . Oh, I can't leave these!" We called rapturously to each other, with little sudden shrieks and sighing cries. Voices drifted back as if from great distances, as if across water. A mystic feeling seemed to set us far apart and yet drew us together with a joyous secret bond. At first we exclaimed over each pale blue flower face, with its fine black lines, its frosting of down, the faint red at its heart, but as we found more, and more, and more, we could only move from one of those blue pools to another, always finding one more perfect than the last.

Then there was the moment of getting surfeited with bloom, the secret, lonely moment when I rested on the spring grass, leaning on one hand so that it pressed down against the cool, damp grass roots. Blossoms lured me—one almost white, big and frosty pure, one of a deep purple-blue. Old thoughts came over me, but faintly, like a shadow—no more than the shadow of a cloud across the pasture.

It was a different feeling down in the woods beside the swimming rock: cool and shadowy after the fresh prairie openness of the pastures. A chill, fine breath came from the creek, from the limestone rocks fringed with new green ferns. It was almost tremulously still. Down below was the dark shine of the creek.

There were wood violets here, smaller, a deeper purple, half hidden in nests of dark heart-shaped leaves. There was a jack-in-the-pulpit. I felt guilt, a loneliness, when the others dug up the plants with little trowels, putting them, wrapped in moist black earth, in the basket. We wandered far from each other, led on from blossom to blossom. At each new discovery would come some faint far-off call.

There were bloodroot leaves in a cold, watery place. I leaned over to touch the snow-white blossom. The six white petals fell apart like great flakes. . . . In a little patch of bushy timber a whole nest of anemones, pinkish, delicate, clear as bells on their hairlike stems, blowing in the sunny air. . . . I held up the fence wire and crept into a little hollow where the cattle's hoofs had left watery circles in the black mud, and there, close to the bushes, were pointed dogtooth violets, frosty and white and crisp, just flushed with pink at the petal tips. . . .

When we met again, our baskets were filled with pale green crisscrossed stems, masses of pink and blue. We walked back, down the brown, dusty road. We went into our cool kitchen and sat there, eating fresh bread and honey like the queen in the nursery rhyme. Our flowers were in water, filling the house with spring. We were warm, tired, happy, satisfied, with a woods smell on our clothes and a fragrance in our hearts.

*Until her death in 1960, Ruth Suckow was a distinguished regional writer, and many of her plots and characters have their roots in her native Iowa. Her first novel was *Country People*, published in 1924, and over the next thirty-five years there followed *The Odyssey of a Nice Girl*, *The Bonney Family*, *The Folks*, and several collections of short stories. This article was recently discovered among her papers by her husband, Ferner Nuhn, and is published here for the first time.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. M. WETZEL

" . . . a bird's-foot violet, another—oh, blue blue patches of them!"



By LOIS BURKHALTER

“My real friend, Joe”



George Catlin's portrait of his friend Joe Chadwick became a treasured possession of the Chadwick family after Joe's death. It is here reproduced for the first time.

Death came early and violently to Joe Chadwick. He was barely twenty-four when he died at Goliad, Texas, in 1836. Only a few weeks before, he had sent his mother a portrait of himself just painted by his good friend George Catlin, the great artist of the early American West. Catlin was pleased with the picture, which he made in St. Louis late in 1835. "I rejoiced to find," he wrote, "that I had given to it all the fire and all the *game look* that had become so familiar and pleasing to me in our numerous rambles in the far distant wilds of our former campaigns."

One campaign, the basis of the almost fraternal fondness between Chadwick and Catlin, had narrowly missed disaster. It was the expedition under Colonel Henry Dodge, sent in the summer of 1834 from Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, into the lands of the Comanches, Kiowas, and Wichitas of Texas, to explore and to make peace treaties. Catlin went along as a civilian observer and pictorial reporter; Chadwick went as his assistant. They were in good standing with Colonel Dodge. General Henry Leavenworth (who accompanied the regiment of dragoons as far as the Texas border), and such young officers as Lieutenant Jefferson Davis. Everything went splendidly at first: there were exciting buffalo hunts, pleasant evenings around the campfire, and the extraordinary beauty of the unspoiled country.

The idyl did not long continue. A cholera epidemic suddenly hit both men and horses. General Leavenworth, himself mortally sick, ordered Colonel Dodge to move on into Texas with the 250 dragoons still unaffected; Catlin and Joe Chadwick went with them. In the days that followed occurred the friendly but sometimes nervous dealings with the rough-riding Comanches that resulted in Catlin's famous series of drawings and paintings of that little-known tribe.

But the expedition still had not escaped the cholera. It broke out among the Americans in their camp near a large Comanche village: and now Catlin, too, caught the germ. Another detachment of the healthy pushed farther west to seek out the Pawnees and the Kiowas, leaving the artist and dozens of sick soldiers in Comanche country. Catlin sent Chadwick as his substitute, and although soldiers continued to succumb along the way, Joe not only managed to keep a daily journal but even sketched a Pawnee village well enough so that Catlin later made the drawing into an illustration for his *North American Indians* (1841).

Quite aside from the cholera, it was a venturesome trip, and Chadwick was acutely aware of the danger should the Indians not feel inclined toward peace: ". . . two thousand or more of these wild and fearless-looking fellows were assembled, and all, from their horses' backs, with weapons in hand, were looking into our pitiful little encampment, of two hundred men. . . ." It was a situation he may have recalled just before he died, less than two years later. Instead of attacking, however, the Indians agreed to a treaty, and Joe and the soldiers who survived the sickness returned safely to the United States' border, whereupon the whole expedition began to limp back toward Fort Gibson.

Chadwick found Catlin far from recovered, and was obliged to nurse the painter on most of the return march. "My real friend, Joe," Catlin wrote, "has constantly rode by my side, dismounting and filling my canteen for me . . .

evincing . . . the most sincere and intense anxiety for my recovery; whilst he has administered, like a brother, every aid and every comfort that lay in his power to bring. Such tried friendship as this, I shall ever recollect. . . ." A year and a half later, when the two met again in St. Louis, they spent happy hours "talking over the many curious scenes we have passed together," while Catlin painted Joe's portrait.

But by that time Texas was in revolt against Mexico, and Joe Chadwick had volunteered to go and fight for Texan independence. He dispatched the Catlin portrait to his family in Exeter, New Hampshire, and in December, 1835, joined the command of Colonel James Walker Fannin at the mouth of the Brazos River, on the Texas coast. He had a commission as a captain; and although he was a New Englander in a company of Georgia volunteers, he very soon became popular. Fannin chose him as his adjutant shortly after the volunteer battalion arrived at the fortress town of Goliad, in February, 1836.

March came, and with it came Mexican armies. History was made at the Alamo, and the stand taken there by the beleaguered Texans was dramatically heightened by Fannin's failure to send them reinforcements from Goliad. His turn was not long in arriving. On March 19, having been ordered to abandon the town, he marched his four hundred volunteers out onto the Texas plain. After a few miles of progress he called a rest halt—and there, without access to drinking water, they were trapped by over two thousand Mexican soldiers under General José Urrea. Fannin's men fought hard for a day and a night, but on March 20, desperate from thirst, they surrendered to the enemy.

On Palm Sunday, March 27, 1836, over three hundred unarmed Americans filed out of Goliad under the illusion that they were starting for the United States to be paroled. Without warning, platoons of Mexican guards opened fire, and within minutes the prisoners had been slaughtered.

Amid the horror and confusion a very few managed to escape by breaking through the Mexican lines. Joe Chadwick was not one of them. A survivor told later how he had urged Joe, not yet hit, to make a run for it: "No! [Chadwick] said, his friend [Fannin's assistant adjutant, John Brooks] was lying wounded, and he would not desert him in his helpless situation to save his own life: but . . . he would remain and protect his friend, or share his fate!"

And so "my real friend, Joe" stayed on, and died with the others. Walt Whitman, in "Song of Myself," wrote of the men who were slain at Goliad:

*They were the glory of the race of rangers,
Matchless with horse, rifle, song, supper, courtship,
Large, turbulent, generous, handsome, proud, and
affectionate . . .*

Joe Chadwick probably would have found that rather romantic. But even Whitman's eulogy could hardly have exaggerated the flame of personal loyalty that burned within him—never to be forgotten by George Catlin, who kept Joe's face for history.

Mrs. Burkhalter is curator of the Marion Koogler McNay Art Institute in San Antonio. Her research on Joe Chadwick brought to light Catlin's unpublished portrait of Joe.

"Author! Author!"

*Or, How to Write a
Smash Hit the
First Time You Try*

By ELMER RICE

On a certain day in December, 1913, I went up to the ornate courthouse of the Appellate Division, on Madison Square, to join a numerous company of youths who, like myself, had survived the bar examinations and the scrutiny of the Character Committee of the Bar Association, and were now being admitted to the practice of law in the state of New York. Aged twenty-one, I had been employed for more than five years in a large law office. In the course of my employment I had worked my way through night law school, advanced by stages from file clerk to managing clerk, and had had my weekly wage increased, with all deliberate speed, from five dollars to fifteen.

I should have been elated by my attainment of the goal toward which I had been travelling for so long, but I was not. On the contrary, I was dismally depressed. I had grown to hate the law, and the prospect of devoting the rest of my life to its practice was a gloomy one indeed. For I wanted to be a writer, and I foresaw that once I embarked seriously upon a legal career, I would become more and more involved and,

finally, would find myself inextricably hooked. If I were to escape at all, the time to quit was now.

That is precisely what I did. Early in January, 1914, a few weeks after I was sworn in, I informed my employers that I was giving up my job. They were astounded, as well they might have been. From any common-sense point of view, my precipitate resignation was an act of folly. My future in the office was assured. By the exercise of reasonable diligence I was certain to progress and, in due course, to become a member of the firm. Yet here I was throwing away security and abandoning a steady professional career to devote myself to the most precarious of all activities.

My family too received the news with amazement and, I am sure, with consternation. We were far from destitute, but it was not easy to make ends meet. My father, a chronic invalid, could earn little. The chief source of income was the board paid by my grandfather and my uncle, who lived with us. Out of my fifteen dollars per week, I contributed nine to the family budget. It was tacitly understood that as my economic status improved, I would take over an increasingly larger share of the financial burden. My impulsive action and, even more, my determination to become a writer were incomprehensible to my elders. They had no conception of the literary life—in fact, no acquaintance whatever with the arts. But they were decent people and they were fond of me. They never reproached or questioned me: a forbearance that did much to ease my path.

But having made my decisive move, I began to question it myself. I had a passionate desire to be a writer, preferably a playwright, but very little except hope to go on with. My literary experience had been, to put it mildly, limited. I had sold an O. Henryish short story to *Argosy* Magazine for twenty dollars; and a play, written in collaboration with an officemate, had won honorable mention (no cash) in a contest conducted by a ladies' theatre club. The outlook was not only not promising: it was almost nonexistent.

Conscious of my obligations to my family, I set about seeking a stopgap job to keep me going while my literary career was developing. I took two examinations: one to qualify as a teacher of English to foreigners in the city's night schools; the other a competitive New York State examination for proofreader. I had no equipment for either post. I had never gone beyond the second year of high school; and my proofreading experience consisted of holding copy when briefs were read for correction. While I was awaiting the results of the examinations I continued to pay my nine dollars weekly out of some money I had accumulated in a savings bank. There was enough to last for six months or so; beyond that I did not look.

Since I was determined to be a writer, my immediate problem was to find something to write about. I threshed about for days and weeks, waiting for lightning to strike; but it failed to do so. Then one day I read a magazine article by the dramatic critic and lecturer Clayton Hamilton that captured my interest. Hamilton suggested the possibility of writing a play "backward," that is to say, a play in which each successive act antedates the preceding one. I found it an attractive notion and began exploring it. But it did not take me long to discover that Hamilton's ingenious idea was not practicable. A veteran theatregoer—I had begun at the age of eight—and an assiduous student of dramatic literature, I knew that any effective play must deal with the resolution of a situation, and must therefore move forward and not backward. But I saw too that if the story were set in a framework, the interior action could be inverted, so that the play *seemingly* moved backward.

The framework that immediately suggested itself to a newly admitted member of the bar was, of course, a court trial. With that established, progress was rapid. The setting is a courtroom. A man is on trial for murder. A witness for the prosecution is called. The scene changes, and the testimony of the witness is enacted: testimony that seems to leave no doubt of the defendant's guilt. Back to the courtroom, where it is now the defense's turn. The first witness testifies to events immediately *preceding* the murder, and the case takes on a different aspect. Again the courtroom, and again the enactment of still earlier events which tend to exonerate the accused. And finally the end of the trial and the inevitable acquittal. It will be seen at once that this device was nothing more nor less than the "flashback" technique, already employed in motion pictures but never before used on the stage.

All that was needed now was something with which to flesh out this sturdy skeleton: in other words, a story. So I invented one. It dealt with incidents arising out of a Kentucky feud. That is all I can remember about it, and I have been unable to locate a script. I had never been in Kentucky and knew nothing about feuds or the people who engaged in them. But that did not deter me. I had seen and read many melodramas, and what was required were melodramatic characters and situations. So without very much cogitation, I sat down at an old, battered typewriter I had acquired somewhere and began to write the play. It was titled *According to the Evidence*.

When I finished the play, early in May, I did not quite know what to do with it. I was not acquainted with anyone in the theatre and had no means of access. I did not even know that there were agents who specialized in the marketing of plays. So I could think



Boy playwright: Elmer Rice at twenty-one

only of taking the script around to the offices of the several producers with whose names I was familiar. As a beginning, I chose Selwyn & Company, who had recently produced a sensationally successful melodrama, *Within the Law*, in which the young Jane Cowl had appeared; and Arthur Hopkins, whose production of a fantasy, *The Poor Little Rich Girl*, had caught my fancy. On a Tuesday morning, I left scripts at both offices. I had been told that it took about six months for a producer to get around to reading a play. So I was prepared to turn my attention to something else: another play, perhaps. The economic pressure had eased a little. I had passed the teaching examination and had finished seventh in a list of two hundred who took the proofreading exam. (A sad commentary, by the way, on the standards of our civil service!) That meant the certainty of paid employment within a few months.

However, I did not have to wait six months to hear from my producers. On Thursday, two days after I submitted the scripts, I received a note from Hopkins and another from Crosby Gaige, then playreader for the Selwyns. Each curtly asked me to come in. I was

not only disheartened but enraged. It seemed that far from taking their time to read your plays, the producers simply flung them back at you unread. So I went glumly down to Times Square to pick up the scripts.

Gaige was out to lunch. I then went to Hopkins' office, which was located in the dilapidated Putnam Building, on the site of the present Paramount Theatre. (The building housed Shanley's Restaurant, the Sardi's of its day, which served an excellent sixty-five-cent lunch. Martinis were two for a quarter.) Hopkins' offices consisted of a small reception room and a somewhat larger private room, and his staff, of a young scenic designer who was receptionist, office boy, and secretary. I was shown in at once. Hopkins, a round-faced, double-chinned, benign man, had already gained a reputation for laconism. Our conversation was indeed brief. He asked me point-blank if the play I had submitted was original with me. I replied that it was. His next question was: "What are your terms?" Even if I had known what he meant by "terms," I would have been bowled over by this abrupt announcement of his intention to produce my play. I mumbled something or other, and, aware of my confusion and inexperience, Hopkins told me to come back in a few days to sign the contract he would have prepared. Then he rose to indicate that the interview was over.

I left in a state of bewilderment and disbelief. But when I went back early the next week, there was the contract, ready for my signature. This was long before the days of the Dramatists Guild and its minimum basic agreement. Contracts were usually drawn by the producers' attorneys. Unscrupulous producers often took advantage of beginning authors. But Hopkins was a man of great integrity. The contract he offered me was quite up to prevailing standards. What interested me most about it was that it called for an advance

of \$500. Half was paid to me on the signing of the contract; the balance was to be paid later. I did not expect that the play would ever be produced, but that \$250 was a real windfall.

My skepticism about the play's chances of production would have been even greater had I known more about the state of Hopkins' finances. Some weeks after the signing of the contract, he sent for me and told me that while he was enthusiastic about the play's format, he felt that the story should be improved, or that perhaps a new story should be devised. What he did not tell me was that he had no capital with which to produce the play, and that his efforts to obtain backing from more prosperous producers had been unsuccessful.

It was not hard for him to persuade me to rewrite the play. I had no allegiance to Kentucky and no interest in its feuds. As long as the device was kept intact, I did not care what went into it. I had high ideals about the theatre, and high aspirations, but this play did not represent them. I never thought of it as anything but a technical tour de force. So I set to work inventing new plot material. I wrote and rewrote, always in close consultation with Hopkins. In the course of a month or so, I must have written the equivalent of half a dozen plays. At length there emerged a script that satisfied us both. Except for the mechanics of the story's development, it contained no vestige of my original play. Locale, characters, situations, dialogue—all were wholly new.

Shortly afterward, Hopkins told me that Cohan & Harris was interested in coproducing the play. He asked me to consent to an assignment of the production contract. It was only much later that I learned that his attempt to interest them in the original script had failed. I had no objection to the assignment, for Cohan & Harris ranked with Charles Frohman, A. H. Woods, William A. Brady, and David Belasco as



On Trial takes place in a courtroom, and its suspense is based not on who dunnit but on why he dunnit, and on the jury's verdict. In the first act (left), by means of the then-novel device of a flashback scene, the audience sees two crimes committed—murder and theft. The succeeding acts reveal that the murderer, Strickland, acted in defense of his wife's honor, and that the victim, Trask, was a particularly unspeakable cad. The theft was the work of Trask's secretary, Glover, whose guilt is uncovered in the final scene (right).

Broadway's most active and successful producers. When the papers were signed, Hopkins gave me his check for \$150, the final installment of my advance royalty. I deposited it immediately, but it came back. I re-deposited it, for I had seen Hopkins receive a check for the advance from Cohan & Harris. Now his check to me cleared. But it was a bit of an eye opener to me to learn that a well-known producer had not had \$150 in his bank account.

Cohan & Harris not only undertook to finance the play but assumed all the details of production and management, for the firm had a large staff and owned two theatres besides, in one of which, the Candler in West Forty-second Street, my play, rechristened *On Trial*, was to open. George M. Cohan, the Yankee-Doodle Boy, was probably the most celebrated figure that the Broadway theatre has ever known. Actor, composer, lyric writer, playwright, stage director, producer, theatre owner, he was the Noel Coward of his day. At one time, too, he was the most beloved figure. But when, in 1919, he bitterly opposed the formation of the Actors' Equity Association and refused to join it, the actors who had idolized him turned against him, and he never recaptured their love. His philosophy, his mentality, and the secret of his success may be discerned in two of his aphorisms: "Always leave them laughing when you say goodbye," and "The American flag has saved many a bum show." At the time I met him he was about thirty-five, at the top of his form and at the height of his success. His hit plays are, I suppose, no longer performed (except perhaps *Seven Keys to Baldpate*), but his performances in *Ah, Wilderness* and *I'd Rather Be Right* will be remembered by anyone who saw them. Some twenty-five years after I became acquainted with him, I persuaded him to appear in the Playwrights Company production of Sidney Howard's

posthumous play, *Madam, Will You Walk?* But his old Broadway cronies, who came down to see the Washington tryout, talked him out of opening in New York. I think it was his last stage appearance.

With Cohan & Harris in the picture and rehearsals scheduled for October, I began to feel that the play might be produced after all. I had two job offers now: a night-school teaching assignment, and a post as proof-reader in the State Hospital for the Insane in Albany, at twenty-five dollars a week. The teaching job did not begin until September, so I did not have to decide immediately about that. But the Albany post had to be accepted or rejected at once. I did not hesitate long. The pay was attractive but, on the other hand, my expenses in Albany would have been greater than they were at home. Besides, I did not want to live in Albany. So I turned it down. I have never regretted that decision, though I must admit that I have never ceased to puzzle over the nature of a proofreader's duties in an insane asylum.

Things had been moving fast; but again the pace was accelerated. Word reached Cohan & Harris that A. H. Woods had in preparation a play called *Innocent*, which employed the flashback device that was the mainstay of *On Trial*. My producers felt that it was imperative to beat Woods to the gun. It was decided to put my play into rehearsal in mid-July, two months ahead of the planned date. Hardly six months had elapsed since I had quixotically abandoned a safe career, with no prospects and no visible asset except stubborn determination to become a writer. Yet here I was with a play on the way to Broadway. It was all so bewildering that my only reaction was one of numb incredulity.

Though Hopkins had retained a one-third interest in the production, he did not direct the play, as I had expected that he would. That task was entrusted to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84



BOTH PHOTOGRAPHS: CULVER PICTURES

“My God, it talks!” said the Emperor of Brazil. So the new invention did—but not until Alexander Graham Bell and his assistant had solved some brain-racking problems

The Voice Heard Round the World

By LINCOLN BARNETT



On the afternoon of June 2, 1875, two young men bent over work benches in the hot and stifling garret of a five-story brick building occupied by the electrical workshops of Charles Williams, at 109 Court Street, Boston. They did not speak to one another, for they were in separate rooms some sixty feet apart, at opposite ends of the floor. Between the rooms ran a length of wire.

The younger of the two men was Thomas A. Watson, twenty-one years old, a native of Salem who had left school at the age of thirteen but had become, during several years of employment at the workshop, an able and imaginative technician. His skill had been tested in the construction of virtually all the devices required by Williams' clients—call bells, telegraph keys, galvanometers, annunciators, relays, sounders. He had, moreover, read nearly all of the few books on electricity then available, in the morning of the electrical age. His fingers were deft, his intelligence keen.

The man at the other end of the wire was a tall, rather pale, dark-haired, brown-bearded amateur inventor named Alexander Graham Bell. He was twenty-eight years and three months old. Unlike his collaborator, he had no connection with the Williams workshop. He was, in fact, a teacher of the deaf and a specialist in training teachers of the deaf. He held the title of professor of vocal physiology at Boston University. But for more than a year he had been working with Watson on an invention that he called a “harmonic telegraph.” And he had been thinking about it for more than a decade.

The purpose of Bell's harmonic telegraph was to

make possible the transmission of several messages over a single telegraph wire at the same time without interference. Thirty-one years had elapsed since Samuel F. B. Morse sent his famous message, “What hath God wrought,” over the world's first telegraph circuit, between Washington and Baltimore. During that interval wires had spread like spider webs across the face of the land, and in 1866 the first successful submarine cable spanned the Atlantic Ocean. But as the demand for telegraph service soared, the capacity of each wire remained precisely the same: one message per wire per unit of time. Bell was well aware of the need for multiple telegraphy, and he had formed a notion as to how it could be achieved.

The germ of his idea had first incubated in his mind when, at the age of nineteen, he was teaching elocution and music at Weston House, a boys' school near his native Edinburgh, Scotland. As the son and grandson of teachers of elocution, Bell had already acquired a great deal of knowledge about acoustics and the anatomy of the human vocal apparatus. One day when he was alone it occurred to him to attempt some informal experiments to determine how vowel sounds are produced. Shaping his mouth and tongue into position to pronounce a given vowel, he tapped his teeth or cheeks with his fingernail or a pencil. His trained ear easily

Opposite: In 1892, only seventeen years after the first sentence was transmitted by telephone, Alexander Graham Bell helped dramatize the opening of the World's Columbian Exposition with the first words ever spoken in New York and heard in Chicago. A.T.&T. officials watched with satisfaction.



distinguished the varying resonance pitches of his mouth cavities as they changed form in the production of different vowel sounds. He concluded that every vowel sound is the product of resonances from the changing cavities of the mouth.

Believing that his findings were original, he set them down in an enthusiastic forty-page letter to his father, Alexander Melville Bell, who was then teaching elocution in London. Bell senior passed them on to a friend and professional colleague, Alexander James Ellis, a leader in British philological circles. Regrettably Ellis informed young Bell that his work had been anticipated three years earlier by the great German physicist and physiologist Hermann von Helmholtz, who had reached similar conclusions and described them in a work that has since become a classic, *On the Sensations of Tone*. Helmholtz's experiments had been vastly more elaborate than Bell's, for he had produced vowel sounds not with the human mouth but through combinations of electrically operated tuning forks and resonators. Owing to his limited knowledge of German, Bell could not follow the intricacies of Helmholtz's exposition. But from his study of the accompanying pictures and diagrams of apparatus he concluded that the German scientist had succeeded in transmitting vowel sounds from one point to another over a wire. His assumption was completely wrong; and Ellis, who was then at work translating Helmholtz's treatise into English, corrected him, explaining that the German had simply used electromagnets to keep his tuning forks in continuous vibration.

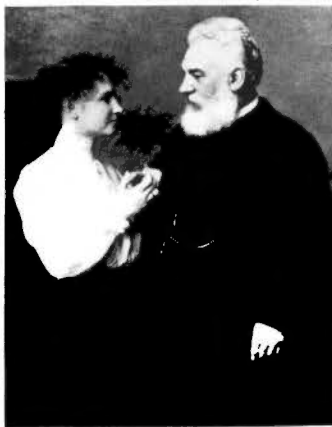
This episode left several important residuals in Bell's mind. First was his discovery that tuning forks could be made to vibrate continuously by the intermittent attraction of electromagnets. Second was the concept that had grown out of his misreading of the Helmholtz text. For even though he had leapt to an inaccurate conclusion and knew he had done so, his original error began leading a life of its own in his private meditations. If one imagined that vowel sounds *could* somehow be transmitted over a wire, why not the entire spectrum of the human voice? And finally, he had come to realize that he lacked the knowledge of electricity required to undertake the experiments that now began to clamor in his mind for execution. He resolved to repair this deficiency, and in the following year, 1867, while engaged in teaching elocution in the city of Bath, he started experimenting in his leisure moments with telegraph apparatus, electromagnets, and tuning forks. He continued his investigations in London, where, from 1868 until the spring of 1870, he assisted his father with elocution classes and completed his own education at University College.

Then tragedy struck the Bell family. Three years earlier, Graham's younger brother, Edward Charles, had died of tuberculosis. Now, in May of 1870, his older brother, Melville, who had been carrying on the original Bell elocution classes in Edinburgh since his father's move to London, died of the same disease. And Graham himself disclosed symptoms that led doctors to warn that he too was gravely threatened. His father did not delay. Determining to get his surviving son

PHOTOGRAPHS BELOW, AT&T PHOTO SERVICE; OTHER PICTURE, CREDITS ON PAGE 96



FAMILY: Four generations of Bells gathered at Beinn Bhreagh, their summer place in Nova Scotia, in 1903. Left to right: Bell's father; his mother; Bell, with grandson Melville Grosvenor (now National Geographic Society president); Bell's daughter, Elsie Grosvenor.



DEAFNESS: A lifetime concern with the problems of the deaf led Bell to a long and intimate friendship with Helen Keller, here shown at twenty-one in 1901.



FRESH WATER: Bell's wide-ranging mind conceived the idea of condensing fog to obtain fresh water for sailors lost at sea. Here he observes results at Beinn Bhreagh.

out of London into cleaner, drier air, he abandoned his career at its most prosperous peak, sold his house, and with his wife and Graham sailed for Canada in July. A few weeks later they moved into their new home, a modest, painted brick house perched on a height of land above the Grand River at Brantford, Ontario.*

Here young Bell quickly regained his health, and spent long days continuing to ponder the mysteries of electricity and sound. He also studied the language of the Mohawk Indians, which he mastered so fluently that the Mohawks, pleased, initiated him into their tribe with full ceremonial rites. Sometimes he reclined thoughtfully in a hammock strung between two birch trees on the bluff above the winding river. Sometimes he worked indoors with his tuning forks and electrical circuits, or experimented with the piano. Although he was an accomplished pianist, during this period he was less likely to play music than to strike single notes and listen intently as their harmonics rippled away in the quiet country air.

Gradually it dawned on him, ever more compellingly, that if a tuning fork could be made to vibrate by the intermittent attraction of an electromagnet, the process could be reversed—*i.e.*, a tuning fork vibrating at a certain frequency could, when connected to a circuit with make-and-break points like those of an electric bell, impose its frequency on an electric cur-

rent. Then if the intermittent current so created were transmitted along a wire to a second tuning fork, the second fork would vibrate in resonance with the transmitting fork. And thus—in accordance with the physical principle of sympathetic vibration—a given note or tone could be sent from one point to another over a telegraph wire.

Extrapolating further, Bell reasoned that if the transmitting fork were also connected to a telegrapher's key that could open and close the circuit, the fork would then become in effect a telegraphic sender, capable of transmitting a series of Morse code signals—dots and dashes—at its own particular frequency. Now suppose further that instead of just one sending fork, you had perhaps six, each with a different pitch, or frequency, and each one paired with a receiving fork of exactly the same frequency at the other end of the line. Then if all six forks began transmitting Morse signals along the same wire at the same time, a complex electrical current carrying six different frequencies would flow through the wire to the receiving end. There each of the six receiving forks, each with its electromagnet and each tuned exclusively to the pitch of its sending partner, would vibrate in resonance with its partner—and only with its partner. The complex signal would thus be unscrambled and each of the six messages sent simultaneously over the same wire would be clearly received. This train of thought led Bell to his conception of the harmonic telegraph.

It was this conception that Bell carried with him from Brantford to Boston in the spring of 1871 when,

* Since Bell evolved many of his fundamental concepts there, the house at Brantford is today maintained as a national monument by the government of Canada.

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

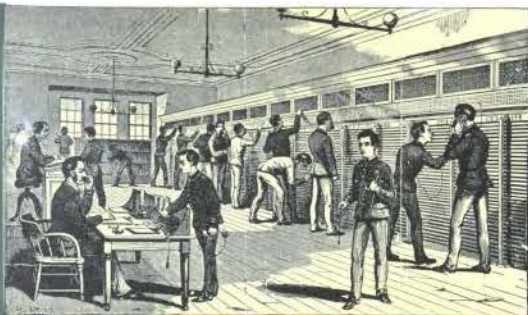
A PORTFOLIO OF ILLUSTRATIONS CONTINUES ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES



FLYING: Intensely interested in aviation, Bell spent many hours in the early 1900's designing and flying special kites to probe the secrets of aerodynamics. Above, he is seen at far right; in the photo at right, he and grandson Melville haul on a big man-lifting kite.



HYDROFOILS: In the last years before his death in 1922, Bell anticipated modern developments in hydrofoil boats. This one went seventy m.p.h.



GLEN TELEPHONE CO.

SECRECY OF TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATIONS.

Employees Shall Not Listen, Etc.

Secrecy of Telephonic Communications.--Employees shall not listen unnecessarily to messages, and are forbidden to divulge any information incidentally obtained under penalty of instant dismissal and possible prosecution.

The attention of operators is called to the following extract from the Penal Code of the State of New York:

Sec. 641. Divulging, etc., telegrams (telephone messages)

A misdemeanor.

A person who either--
1. Wrongfully obtains or attempts to obtain any knowledge of a telegraphic (telephonic) message by connivance with a clerk, operator or messenger, or other employe of a telegraph (telephone) company; or,
2. Being such a clerk, operator or messenger or other employe, wilfully divulges to any but the person to whom it was intended the contents of a telegraphic (telephonic) message or dispatch intrusted to him for transmission or delivery, or the nature thereof, or wilfully refuses or neglects duly to transmit the same,

is punishable by a fine of not more than one thousand dollars or by imprisonment for not more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

ALONG NEW LINES

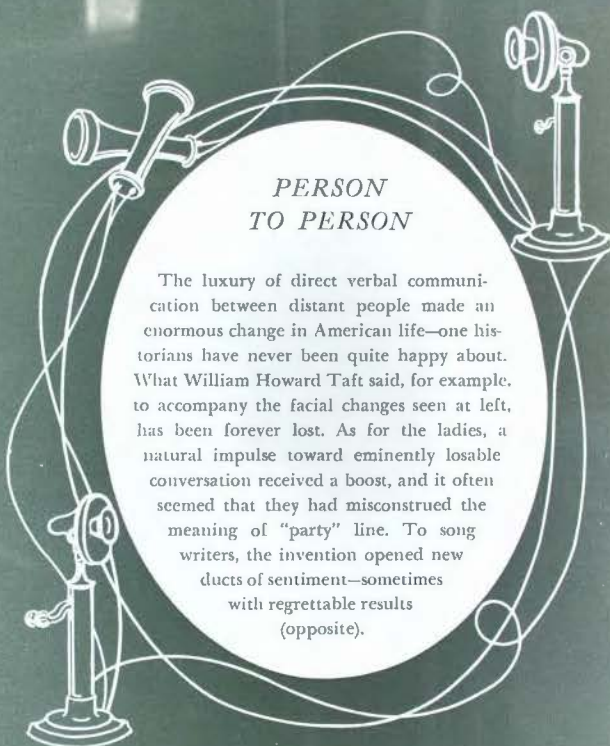
The telephone, still a novelty in 1877, caught on with amazing speed. By the 1880's, New York's Broadway (opposite) was already heavily webbed with phone wires. The first operators, boys, were steadily replaced by girls, since the female larynx and disposition proved better suited to the job. There was, of course, one feminine trait, suggested by the absorbed expression of the operator at left, that required stern regulation (left, below); for "Central," in the good old pre-dialling days, happily discovered that she was in a fine position to mind everybody else's business besides her own.





PERSON TO PERSON

The luxury of direct verbal communication between distant people made an enormous change in American life—one historians have never been quite happy about. What William Howard Taft said, for example, to accompany the facial changes seen at left, has been forever lost. As for the ladies, a natural impulse toward eminently lovable conversation received a boost, and it often seemed that they had misconstrued the meaning of "party" line. To song writers, the invention opened new ducts of sentiment—sometimes with regrettable results (opposite).



HELLO CENTRAL GIVE ME HEAVEN



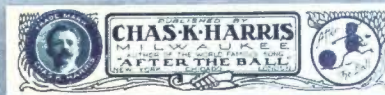
BY

CHAS. K. HARRIS

AUTHOR OF
"AFTER THE BALL"
SUNG WITH GREAT SUCCESS

BY
BABY LUND.

5



Fa - pa I'm so sad and lone - ly,
Sobbed a tear - ful lit - tle child.
Since dear ma - ma's gone to heav - en,
Fa - pa dar - ling you've not smiled;
I will speak to her and tell her,
That we want her to come home;
Just you list - en and I'll call her
Through the tel - e - phone:

When the girl re - ceived this mes - sage,
Com - ing o'er the tel - e - phone,
How her heart thrilled in that mo - ment,
And the wires seemed to moan;
I will an - swer just to please her,—
Yes, dear heart, I'll soon come home;
Kiss me, ma - ma, kiss your dar - ling,
Through the tel - e - phone:

CHORUS. Hel - lo Cen - tral, give me heav - en, For my ma - ma's there;
You can find her with the an - gels on the gold - en stair;
She'll be glad it's me who's speak - ing, call her, won't you please;
For I want to sure - ly tell her, We're so lone - ly here.



THE BELL TELEPHONE RELIEVES ANXIETY

B-12



A DOCTOR RUSHES BY BELL TELEPHONE

**HOW
DID WE EVER
GET ALONG...?**

Before we were well into the twentieth century, the telephone was in such common use that it was hard to imagine how we ever did without it. Happily concurring, the Bell System endeavored to show that a home without a phone would be seriously deprived in such domestic crises as those depicted above and below. Other commercial concerns also gladly promoted use of the phone (as at left); and, inevitably, the thing that makes the world go round became hopelessly wound up with telephone wires, as the cards opposite abundantly demonstrate.

Hello CENTRAL !!

AMC
PERFECTLY REAL

Please send me a Package
A. M. C.
ROLLED OATS
& one of
GRAHAM FARINA
& one of
GRAINS OF GOLD
& one of
or may as well send
one of EACH KIND
of the A. M. C.'s

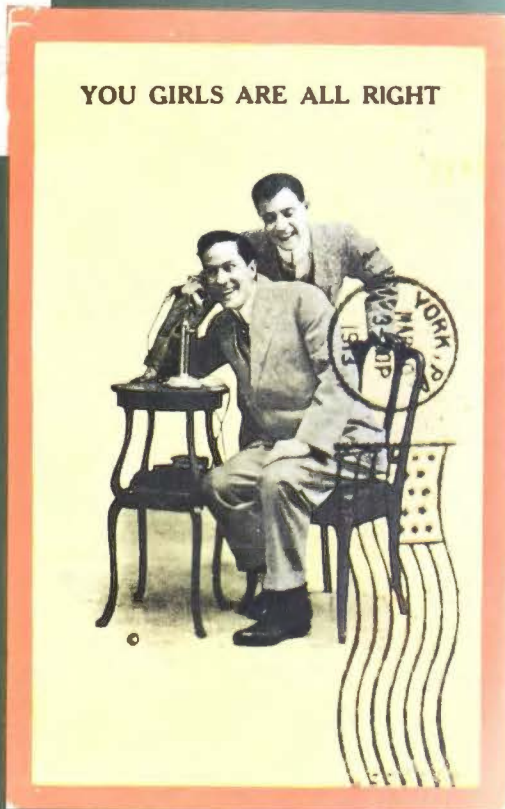
THEY ARE HANDY TO
HAVE IN THE HOUSE

**SHE GOT
THE BEST**



HAS THE BELL TELEPHONE IN HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCE

B-13





FACES FROM THE PAST—XVII

In a thousand tank towns and junctions across the land, he was a man boys wanted to be when they grew up. Wherever the railroad had come, depositing a lonely depot in its wake, he was a fixture—and a most important one: stationmaster, telegrapher, flagman, ticket salesman, and express agent rolled into one—a man who spent, it often seemed, an unconscious amount of time just sitting peacefully in the sun or jawing with anyone who happened by to pass the time of day, but who carried out his assorted tasks as efficiently as any responsible executive would. His hours, when he was working, were busy ones; when he was not—well, time was what people had most of in 1876 in the town where he lived.

The railroad and everything associated with it fascinated boys endlessly. At the very apex of their dream of glory and ambition was the engineer—that intrepid, keen-eyed man in overalls who leaned out of his cab to wave as the monstrous black engine thundered past in a violent swirl of hissing steam and clanging metal. Keeping one hand on the throttle (there was no problem of steering, of course, so a man could take in the sights that lay along his route), he raised the other in salute, his giggled, sooty face breaking into a grin at the moment he flashed by; then, focussing his eyes on the tracks ahead, he would release a stream of tobacco juice expertly to leeward and roll on toward the horizon, an imperial figure of never-to-be-forgotten splendor. Certainly, he was a man who had everything the world could offer.

Then there was the stationmaster—somewhat lacking in the heroic qualities, to be sure, but then not everyone could get to be an engineer. And the next best thing was to be in charge of a station: to know, before anybody else in town did, when the 9:44 would actually arrive, or what the news was down the line, just by listening to the click of the telegraph key. A boy could put his ear to the rail and wait for the faint, thin hum, gradually growing stronger, that meant a train was coming; but the stationmaster *knew*. And as custodian of all the engines and the freight and passenger cars that stopped off at his depot, he possessed all *other* kinds of important knowledge, too.

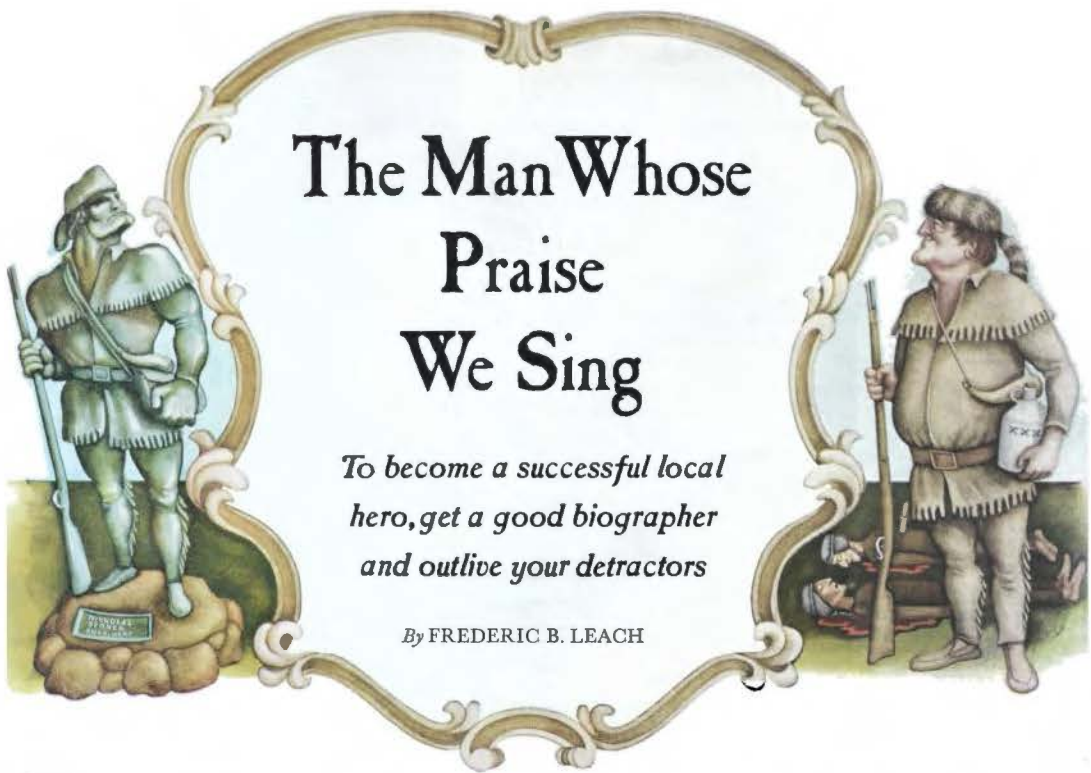
What this paragon had to be, whether or not small boys realized it, was a Jack of all the many trades related to his job. Ticket-selling does not seem an unduly onerous task, but few practitioners before or since performed the job more deliberately or with a keener eye for the bunco man passing a phony five-dollar bill than the small-town stationmaster who had to account for every penny received. It was

his studied conclusion that no one ever arrived at the station to buy a ticket until the long wail of the train whistle could be heard down the tracks; and this, of course, was the very time he had to move around like a one-armed paper hanger in a swinging door. Usually someone wanted baggage checked through; as like as not he would have to see to a widow woman's household effects—all of which had to be checked, weighed, tagged, and tied up. At least once a week a 200-pound trunk would appear on the platform, waiting to be moved; there would be a sewing machine that was certain to come loose from its stand unless he found a way of securing it before it was shipped; frequently he had to locate a freight car for a lot of pigs or cattle on the way to market and then help the farmer get them aboard. As agent for the express company, he must manhandle oyster kegs and chicken crates and barrels of beer between trains, and he had to keep all the records on these and other shipments. In some depots, he served also as switch tender and crossing flagman.

Inevitably, as a train chuffed into the station, the dispatcher's click would come over the wires with a telegram for the conductor. The stationmaster would write down the message with an almost invisible pencil stub and then, inclining his pear-shaped figure forward, extend an arm across the cluttered table on which the copper and brass telegraph key sat, shift his pipe in his mouth, and deftly and effortlessly—moving nothing but the first two fingers on his right hand—tap out a terse acknowledgment. After making out a ticket for the last anxious passenger he would jam a cap onto his head and hustle out to the platform to get his baggage and freight aboard. There he greeted the conductor with the telegram and a few wry words, waved to the engineer, and watched as the driving wheels started to spin. The engine would give off several long sighs, whoosh once or twice, then start to move, disappearing before long around a bend in the tracks and settling into a steady *puff-puff-puff-puff* that slowly receded out of earshot.

It was of such humdrum moments that the stationmaster's life was comprised, but as Henry David Thoreau observed, these events had a broader meaning for the whole community. "The startings and arrivals of the cars," he wrote, "are now the epochs of the village day. They go and come with such regularity and precision, and their whistle can be heard so far, that the farmers set their clocks by them, and thus one well-conducted institution regulates a whole country."

—Richard M. Ketchum



The Man Whose Praise We Sing

*To become a successful local
hero, get a good biographer
and outlive your detractors*

By FREDERIC B. LEACH

The good citizens of Fulton County, New York, have a historical hero all their own, one Major Nicholas Stoner. Although the country at large has never heard of him, in his own territory Nick Stoner is still revered, more than a century after his death. His name has been given to a lake, an island in another lake, an inn, and a golf course, which boasts a bronze statue of him near the first tee. State highway No. 10 is known locally as the "Nick Stoner Trail." What is perhaps most touching of all, the students of Gloversville High School have adopted Nick as a sort of familiar spirit and carol him lustily in a song of which all of the music and most of the words have been lifted from Amherst College's "Lord Jeffery Amherst."

*Oh, old Nicholas Stoner is the man whose praise we sing,
And he lived back in the eighteenth century-uRee-uREE,
And to the naughty Indians he didn't do a thing
In the wilds of this wild country.
Against the aborigines he fought with all his might,
For he was a soldier, scout, and trapper too,
And he conquered all the Indians that came within his sight
And he looked around for more when he was through.*

There follows a refrain and then another verse in which the Gloversvillians tell the students of nearby Schenectady, Amsterdam, and Johnstown high schools to prepare to see the Gloversville High football teams do to their teams what Nick did to the poor red men. Who was this Nick Stoner? Just what did he do to the Indians?

The author once put these questions to a number of Gloversville High School students. The answers he received were vague at best and contained no more information than there is in the verse quoted above, apparently the sole source of student information.

Fortunately for the curious there exists a biography of Stoner that gives his life in considerable detail; yet anyone who reads it will find himself wondering how Nick ever attained the status of hero, even locally. The biography is included in a rambling volume called *Trappers of New York*, by Jephtha R. Simms. The lives of several other trappers are also given in it, but Stoner is obviously Simms' greatest hero, and more than half of the book is devoted to him.

Simms writes in a stilted and florid style strongly

reminiscent of another upstate New Yorker, James Fenimore Cooper. The patient reader will be rewarded with a fairly authentic account of the life of Major Stoner. It may be called authentic because Simms, unlike those who wrote "true" lives of Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, and other western dreadfuls, is considered a reputable historian. Moreover, he wrote it in Stoner's lifetime, read it to his subject, and got his imprimatur. (Reading it to him was necessary; while Nick had been to school for a few terms, reading was not his forte.)

It is true that Simms is at times overcredulous of the exploits of his woodland heroes, most especially their prowess in marksmanship. He takes Nick at face value when the latter says of a fellow trapper: "Foster would have shot the Indian's eye out had he desired to! The truth is, either of us could send a bullet just about where we chose it." Apparently Simms' Leatherstockings had been shown in competition to be something less than infallible, so he goes on to say, "At an inanimate and fixed target they were not so remarkably celebrated as marksmen, but give them game moving sufficiently to excite their anxiety, and these two modern Nimrods may be said to have been a *dead shot*. At a reasonable distance they would have driven an apple every time from the head of some young Tell, and scarcely displaced a hair, provided the head was moving." But if Simms could swallow a lot, he has painted Nick with all the warts of his personality clearly visible, and even seems to find them pretty.

Nick Stoner was born in Maryland, about 1762. His family moved while he was still a boy to what was then the frontier at Fonda's Bush, now part of Broadalbin, New York, about ten miles from Johnstown. In 1777, though merely in his middle teens, he enlisted in the Continental Army as a fifer and served to the end of the war as a fifer-soldier. His father and younger brother also enlisted, and for the first part of the war all three were in the same regiment.

Nick saw action with General Benedict Arnold at the relief of Fort Stanwix in August, 1777, and at the battles of Saratoga a few weeks later. In the Bemis Heights section of the latter, Nick was a member of the small band of Americans whom Arnold led into the Hessian camp. It was there that Arnold received the leg wound that left him with a limp and Nick Stoner was severely wounded in the head. The hearing in his right ear was permanently impaired, and he was invalidated home to Johnstown for the winter.

The next summer found him serving in Rhode Island. One night when his company was on a patrol they were surprised by a larger British force and, after a skirmish, captured. They were held captive several months, but were finally exchanged. As the war drew to a close, Nick was present at the siege of Yorktown

and witnessed the surrender. After that he was in Colonel Marinus Willett's regiment as it marched into New York City after the British evacuation. And he was a member of the band that played Washington off on his barge when he left the Army at New York. By this time Nick was playing the clarinet instead of the fife.

Nick also played on a grimmer occasion. He was a fifer of the guard that conducted the spy Major John André to the gallows, which may or may not have eased that unhappy gentleman's departure from this world. The grisliness of the occasion does not seem to have dampened Nick's appetite, for he tells of buying a pie from a lady who was selling them nearby, paying for it one hundred dollars—Continental money, of course.

Military life was not without its lighter side. Simms wishes us to know that Nick was a waggish lad, always ready for a romp. But the samples he gives us of Nick's humor make one wonder just how recent an invention the "sick" joke is. Example: It seems that at one point there was a one-eyed boy who used to hang around the camp. Nick got hold of an eye from a slaughtered beef and roguishly offered it to the boy. When the boy's mother complained to the captain about Nick's impertinence, Nick was sentenced to a whipping. Outraged, not at the captain but at the boy's mother, Nick filled a hollow beef bone with gunpowder and set it off as close as he could to the offending lady. The explosion tore her dress and injured her arm. Result: Another whipping for Nick. Simms concedes that Nick deserved to be punished, but he just can't bring himself to get angry with Nick because he was so comical.

Other people's troubles were a steady source of merriment to many of Nick's contemporaries. For example, there was a Negro soldier in his camp who had lost several toes through frostbite while doing winter duty with the Army. The injury gave him, as Simms says, "such difficulty in walking that few could observe his peculiar gait, without having their risible faculties get the mastery." But it remained for Nick to josh the unfortunate fellow and call him a "stool pigeon." This almost earned Nick another whipping, but his colonel was so amused by the affair that he let him off with a reprimand. There was no meanness about Nick, you understand—he was just a fun-loving lad bubbling over with mischief.

Nick served in the Army until the end of the war and then returned home. But let Simms tell it: "When the war of the Revolution closed and the dove took the place of the eagle—when the prattling infant could nestle in its mother's bosom secure from midnight assassins—when the warrior once more laid aside his sword and musket to grasp the hoe and spade of thrift—when commerce again spread her white wings with-

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AMERICAN HERITAGE
BOOK SELECTION

BATTLE at HOMESTEAD

By LEON WOLFF



The blazing violence of the action as the Pinkertons attempted to land at Homestead was graphically caught by an artist for Leslie's Illustrated.

The furnaces were cooled, and Carnegie's great steel plant stood empty—but dawn would bring one of the bloodiest labor-management struggles in U.S. history



By 1892 Andrew Carnegie, so-called “angel of the workingman,” once a penniless lad from Scotland, had established himself as steel master of the world and majority shareholder in the all-powerful Carnegie Steel Company, focussed in western Pennsylvania. Of all the iron, steel, and coke works contained within his peerless semimonopolistic empire, none compared in magnitude and output with the unit at Homestead.

That grim borough lay near Pittsburgh on the south bank of the Monongahela River. Together, Homestead and the adjacent town of Munhall had a population of 12,000, and practically every able-bodied man and boy was employed by the mill. The unalleviated peril and harshness of their working conditions are hard to believe by modern standards. In and near Pittsburgh during 1891 alone, about three hundred men were killed and over two thousand injured while “working aside of hell ahead of time,” as one employee put it. Except for a few isolated acts of feeble generosity, the Carnegie company offered no financial compensation to the mutilated men or their survivors. On the other hand, wages were adequate and the men and their families by and large were satisfied with their way of life. The great majority worked twelve hours daily, seven days a week. Only Christmas and the Fourth of July were holidays.

Semiretired, Carnegie spent half of each year in Europe and left affairs to his lieutenant, Henry Clay Frick. A multimillionaire in his own right, general manager of the company and its second largest shareholder, this withdrawn, gelid individual detested the concept of labor organization and was determined to break the union's grip on Homestead. Of necessity this narrative must deal with superlatives; thus it should be noted that the American Federation of Labor, though only six years old, was already the world's largest and wealthiest union, and that its most powerful component—the world's mightiest single craft union, in fact—was the conservative Amalgamated As-

sociation of Iron and Steel Workers, almost twenty-five thousand strong. Its president was a huge, amiable former steelworker named William Weihe.

Although Amalgamated members at Homestead numbered only 325 out of the work force of 3,800, they ran the local show. This small, elite group of highly paid specialists, a bone in the throats of Carnegie and Frick, negotiated wage scales for all employees (except the thousand-odd illiterate Slavic day laborers, who earned fourteen cents per hour), fought incessantly over work rules, enforced the adjustment of complaints, and in general badgered the company into acceding to most of its demands. By the mere threat of a strike, the Amalgamated had won a moderate victory in 1889. A contract rather humiliating to management had been signed, to expire June 30, 1892. As the deadline neared, a battle of giants loomed. That spring Mr. Carnegie had left for Scotland. Now, in essence, it was Frick vs. the Amalgamated.

Suddenly it dawned upon the Homestead local that a showdown was imminent and that the union's very existence in all Carnegie plants was at stake. Hurried recruitments brought in four hundred new members. An advisory (strike) committee was formed, headed by an intense, quick-thinking young man named Hugh O'Donnell. Measures were taken to block ingress to the mill, should negotiations fail. A launch (the *Edna*) was chartered, arrangements were made for dozens of skiffs to patrol the river, especially near the mill's waterfront entrance, and an elaborate picketing system was drawn up.

Meanwhile Mr. Frick had not been idle. He had a twelve-foot board fence, topped by barbed wire, erected around the plant. It curved from the waterfront east and west and contained loopholes, shoulder high, every twenty-five feet. Sardonicly the workers termed the arrangement “Fort Frick.” He began preliminary correspondence with the Pinkerton Detective Agency to furnish guards for the purpose of taking over the mill.



Henry Clay Frick, Carnegie's general manager

Three conferences between union and company officials took place between March and late June; but despite compromises on both sides the talks collapsed. Frick then announced that he would no longer deal with the Amalgamated and that work would commence as usual on July 6, on management's terms and without recognition of the union.

In a mass meeting, all 3,800 workers voted to strike—a shock to Frick, who had expected to confront only the small minority of union members. He then contracted definitely with William and Robert Pinkerton for an armed force of three hundred men (at five dollars per day per man) to be towed up the river in two barges early on July 6 and placed inside the works. The stage was set for one of the most murderous and dramatic tragedies in U.S. labor-management annals.

During the last week of June, Frick (through his gun-happy superintendent, John Potter) began laying off Homestead employees in large numbers. When the July 1 deadline arrived, the plant was empty, the furnaces cooled, the machinery idle. An unearthly silence reigned.

In alarm William H. McCleary, the sheriff of Allegheny County, tried to form a posse. His efforts were ludicrously unsuccessful. Nobody cared to confront 3,800 strikers who were well armed and in an ugly mood. The lockout was now in effect. Both sides, in fact, were locked out. The company could not operate its mighty plant, surrounded by thousands of belligerent steelworkers who refused admittance to one and all, even Superintendent Potter. The advisory committee took over the borough. From its headquarters above a grocery store it enunciated *ad hoc* laws, operated the utilities, kept the peace, whipped the strikers into line, distributed cash strike benefits, caused all saloons to close, and administered justice.

The situation was, of course, legally unstable and likely to lead to intervention by the Pennsylvania State Guard. Despairingly, Sheriff McCleary wired Governor Robert E. Pattison in Harrisburg to that effect. The Governor did not respond, and five tense days passed. A flurry of cables between Carnegie and Frick indicated their determination to smash the Amalgamated local once and for all.

In Homestead the strikers issued badges to approved

newspapermen. All others, and sundry suspicious strangers, were bounced out of town. The Homestead and Munhall railroad depots were guarded intensively. Gradually the nation at large became aware that this was the most serious lockout-strike in its history. As yet, however, not a man had been physically harmed; and Governor Pattison stood pat while the final hours ticked by.

The opening phase of Mr. Frick's maneuver had proceeded like clockwork. The Pinkertons had collected a total of 316 men in New York and Chicago. Mostly unemployed or drifters, with a few college lads trying to earn a little money between semesters, a hard core of Pinkerton regulars, some hoodlums and out-and-out criminals on the run, they comprised a typical group of agency guards. The superintendent of the Chicago office had tried to be reassuring. "You men are hired to watch the property of a certain corporation, to protect it from harm," he told them. "The element of danger which is usually found in such expeditions will be here entirely lacking. . . . A few brickbats may be thrown at you, you may be called names, or sworn at, but that is no reason for you to shoot." He refused to answer the question, "Where are we going?"

John W. Holway, a twenty-three-year-old medical student, was one of many who began to feel qualms. Shoot whom? With what? No weapons were visible. But the papers were full of stories about the great Homestead lockout, and Holway had a feeling he was going there, and that there would be gun play. After dark he and the rest of the Chicago contingent were placed (smuggled, one might say) aboard a train standing at the Lake Shore depot. As it rolled east, Pinkerton detectives stood guard to prevent anyone from departing, particularly during stops at Toledo and Cleveland. The thought struck Holway, annoyingly, that he was a sort of prisoner. An identical procedure was meanwhile taking place on a train speeding westward from New York. Both journeys, no doubt, were sufficiently gloomy.

Ashtabula, Ohio, on Lake Erie, lies halfway between Chicago and New York and roughly a hundred miles north of Pittsburgh. The darkened trainloads of Pinkertons met there on July 5, were sidetracked, recoupled, and placed behind a different engine. Unlabelled crates of weapons and ammunition, which had been on the Chicago train, were transferred to the last car. Through gentle farm lands and harsh coal country the train clattered south, nonstop and at a good clip. Near Youngstown it crossed the Pennsylvania border. Not a man was armed—the letter of interstate commerce law was obeyed. The final destination was the town of Bellevue, five miles down the river from Pittsburgh. When

the men detained there after sunset they saw two barges, looming motionless in black waters that lapped at the wharf. The Carnegie company owned them and had long used them to move steel rails, supplies, and sundry equipment for short hauls. Both the *Iron Mountain* and the *Monongahela* were about a hundred feet long, and broad of beam; their only noticeable difference from others working the river was the heavy wooden housing that almost completely covered them. Hatches had been built into the superstructure, from which ladders led below.

It is not entirely clear what Frick planned to do with his Pinkertons after they were landed at the waterfront and deposited within "Fort Frick"; perhaps it was merely an instinctive desire to regain physical possession of his property, before using the men as escorts for strikebreakers. The elaborate efforts which had gone into reconstructing the interiors of the barges afford a clue to his long-range intentions, when we bear in mind that the trip from Bellevue to Homestead—even upstream—would consume four hours at most. Beyond question his plan was to use the scows repeatedly. Their hulls and decking were partially reinforced with metal plating. The *Iron Mountain* had been converted into a dormitory containing cots and tiers of bunks, the *Monongahela* into a huge dining hall supplied by a kitchen aft. She was intended to carry a cook and twenty waiters.

It had not been possible to keep these preparations secret. People in the vicinity had watched them with uncommon interest for over a week, and had asked questions which were answered with a simple explanation: the barges were being refitted to accommodate laborers for dam construction near the town of Beaver, on the Ohio River thirty miles to the northwest. At Amalgamated headquarters this statement had been received with skepticism, nor were the union men now pleased by a telegraph message announcing the sudden gathering of several hundred strangers at the Bellevue shoreline. Tentatively the strikers assumed that they were faced by a naval invasion. The river patrol was intensified, and an alert was sent to lookouts on Pittsburgh's Smithfield Street Bridge. Cautiously the union's launch, the *Edna*, headed downstream. The hour was ten. At the same time, the Pinkertons and the nailed-down crates—containing 250 Winchester rifles, 300 pistols, and ammunition—began to be put aboard the scows. By midnight they were ready to cast off.

Pinkerton Captain Frederick H. Heinde, forty-two, the head of the expedition, took his place on the *Iron Mountain* with the eastern contingent. His deputy, Charles Nordrum, a tough professional detective of long standing, aged thirty-five, commanded the Chicago men in the *Monongahela*. Nordrum was in a mo-

rose frame of mind, feeling that surprise was utterly impossible. Nor was he thrilled over the quality of his men. Most of them had never experienced a strike before, and, as he later remarked, "There were some of the worst cowards on that barge I ever saw in my life." Moreover, a good deal of squabbling had occurred during and after the boarding. The men wanted to know where they were going and what they were to do; but still, even at this late hour, they were officially kept in the dark. By now they all were fairly certain, however, that they were assigned to Homestead. They discussed the prospect glumly as they donned their Pinkerton uniforms, consisting of slouch hats with gaudy bands, blouses with metal buttons, and dark-blue trousers with lighter stripes running down the outside seams. On both barges some of the more sophisticated volunteers asked when they were to be deputized. Heinde and Nordrum ignored them.

If the men were to be sworn into the service of Allegheny County, Colonel Joseph H. Gray would have to do it; but he had not yet set foot on either barge. Nobody even knew where he was. Sheriff McCleary had deputized Gray to act as his representative—a vague title—and Knox & Reed, attorneys for the Carnegie company, had given him a communication to present to Superintendent Potter: "This will introduce Col. Joseph H. Gray, deputy sheriff. . . . You will understand that Col. Gray, as the representative of the sheriff, is to have control of all action in case of trouble." An aging war horse with a Civil War limp, armed with broad instructions, generally confused, uninterested in this tomfoolery about swearing in 316 potential gunmen, Gray was a perfect match for his somewhat imperfect superior.

It was all in the day's work to William Rodgers, who operated the Tide Coal Company—not actually a coal company but a tugboat service employed by Carnegie and by other industrial firms in the neighborhood. To Rodgers, the only novelty was that he was to haul men rather than merchandise; he had therefore taken out a passenger license for the occasion. Two tugs would handle the job: the *Tide* and the *Little Bill*. Each powerful little steamer took one barge in tow. From the pilothouse of the *Little Bill*, Captain Rodgers led the way, followed by the *Tide*. Colonel Gray finally made his appearance in another boat, which intercepted the *Little Bill*. Gray



Hugh O'Donnell, strike leader at Homestead

Review of Reviews, 1892

was taken aboard. Ready and anxious, Superintendent Potter in the *Tide* was already carrying his pistol in a holster.

Nothing unusual had yet taken place. Rodgers left the wheelhouse and walked around the deck, talking softly to his crew and to a Pinkerton officer named Anderson. At about 3 A.M., July 6, the fleet negotiated Lock No. 1 near the Baltimore & Ohio bridge. They were now nearing the mouth of the Monongahela. Lights from Pittsburgh spectrally illuminated the surface of the water, but the fog was quite dense. Haze and darkness veiled the river. As they approached the Smithfield Bridge in downtown Pittsburgh, a union lookout was struck by the sight of dim red and green running lights coming his way. He strained his eyes and hurried to a telegraph shack near the northern end of the bridge, where he wired: "Watch the river. Steamer with barges left here."

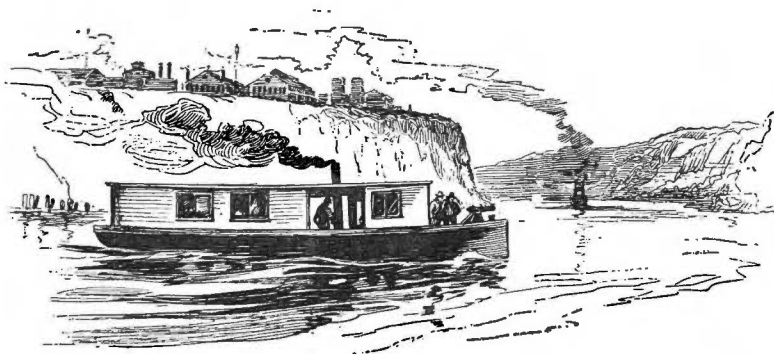
Off Glenwood, the last bend in the Monongahela before Homestead, the *Tide's* engine broke down. A few minutes were spent trying futilely to get her under way, but there was no time to waste. She dropped anchor while Potter and her crew climbed aboard the *Little Bill*, which took both barges in tow on short lines, the *Iron Mountain* to port. It was an awkward arrangement. The scows scraped and jostled against each other, awakening the men inside and jarring their nerves. What the hell was going on? they asked apprehensively.

In the pilothouse of the *Little Bill*, Rodgers applied full power. The three vessels struggled against the current, and several union lookouts in a skiff were almost run down by the tug. Startled, they reached for revolvers, fired blindly at the cabin, and missed. The enemy armada chugged ghostlike beyond their range and vision.

The time was nearly 4 A.M. when, at the Homestead Light Works, Hugh O'Donnell yanked the steam

whistle. The long, steady, moaning sound, indicating that a river landing was in progress, awakened and galvanized the town. In homes, shacks, tenements, and rooming houses a myriad of lights were turned on. Thousands of men, women, and children began to get dressed. A mounted sentry clattered across the bridge and burst into Homestead à la Paul Revere, shouting, "The Pinkertons are coming!" Within minutes the streets were a surging mass of yelling, cursing, laughing people. Some women carried babies in their arms. Stolidly, inexorably, the *Little Bill* pushed on. Captain Rodgers changed course slightly to starboard, to bring the scows into the landing area parallel with the shore line. As yet none of the vessels could be seen from land, and it would appear that the operation was proceeding almost according to Frick's plan.

But confusion was growing aboard the tug and within the barges. The shots fired from the skiff had indicated that a dangerous reception was likely, and Captain Heinde, disgusted at the turn of events, had already authorized (with Potter's consent) a dozen rifles to be distributed to Pinkerton regulars. Crates of weapons and cartridges were pried open. Suddenly the strikers' *Edna* spotted the enemy and emitted a series of piercing blasts. They were answered by the yowling of every steam whistle in Homestead and the crackle of firecrackers. A roar went up from the crowd when the *Little Bill* and her barges, running close to the shore, were detected less than a mile west of town. The strikers opened up with rifles, pistols, and shotguns, but the fusillade did little damage, except for one bullet which shattered windows in the tugboat's pilothouse. As the three vessels continued on their way, swarms of men followed them by running along the shore, firing from close range. The crack of small arms, the scream of sirens, the shouts of strikers and their families, could clearly be heard inside the barges, where morale was sinking fast.



All the Winchesters and pistols were distributed, and each man was given fifty rounds of ammunition. A few refused the weapons. They had not been hired to fight, they complained; they had signed up simply for guard duty. Pinkerton officers walked through the barges and tried to calm the inexperienced men, many of whom were bordering on panic. Nordrum cornered Colonel Gray and demanded that everyone be deputized. The Colonel was evasive, and Nordrum fumed. They were under heavy fire, he pointed out; wasn't it time for Gray to act? "If you are sheriff of this county, why don't you deputize us, give us authority?" Heinde also entered the argument, but the Colonel would not be budged. He had not been instructed specifically to swear anyone in, he said; furthermore, there would be plenty of time to do so when the Pinkertons were inside the company grounds. Nordrum remonstrated with Gray a few minutes later, and again Gray refused him: the Pinkertons would not be deputized now, and that was that.

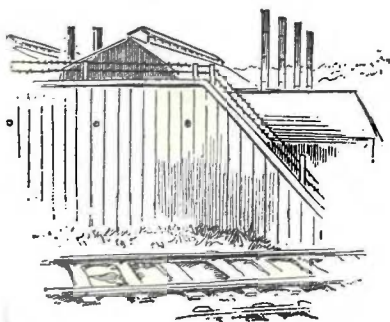
The point was fast becoming academic. Rodgers reduced power, brought the *Little Bill* in front of the mill entrance, and then deliberately ran both scows aground with a soft, crunching sound of gravel under their keels. It was journey's end for the Pinkertons.

Dawn was breaking when the barges hit the beach and Rodgers' crew, working fast, secured the inshore *Monongahela* (containing the Chicago men) against her sister ship. They were safe for the time being, but the matter of disembarking the Pinkertons was a race against time. They were within the mill grounds, adjacent to the company pumping station. Frick had assumed, or hoped, that his fence, which curved down to the low-water mark so as to block access to the entrance by land, would keep the mob away. They now numbered ten thousand, some of whom had taken positions on the opposite bank of the river; and they

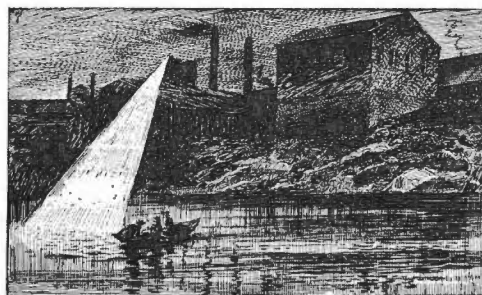
were heavily and strangely armed. The exact number of armed strikers will never be known, but several hundred of them carried weapons dating back to the Civil War: carbines and rifles, some shotguns, but mostly pistols and revolvers. Thousands more, including women and young boys, moved toward the excitement with sticks and stones and alarming-looking nailed clubs torn from fences.

The board-and-barbed-wire fence at the water's edge stopped them only for moments. It was knocked over like matchsticks. Wild with excitement, they swarmed into the mill grounds and came to a stop at the landing. They were met by a lone figure, Captain Nordrum, standing on the *Monongahela's* deck. There was a pause, a fragile moment of silence, broken by his commanding words, "We are coming up that hill anyway, and we don't want any more trouble from you men." He walked to the stern of the barge and helped his men throw out a gangplank to the shore. Again bedlam broke loose. Nordrum retired below and cautioned his men not to shoot. Nobody had been hit yet, he observed. "It's no use returning the fire until some of us are hurt." His advice was hardly inspiring. Meanwhile Captain Heinde, within the offshore barge, was recruiting some forty reluctant volunteers to walk the plank.

The crowd did not know who was coming ashore. Some thought correctly that the entire enemy force was composed of Pinkertons, some figured that they were almost all scabs, but the most widely held opinion was that one barge contained strikebreakers and the other their Pinkerton guards. In the event, these viewpoints were irrelevant. Amid the uproar, cries of "Don't let the black sheep land!" and threatening gestures, Heinde and Nordrum emerged, followed by Pinkertons carrying .45-70 Winchester magazine-fed repeaters. Tenseness, or desperation, was written on their faces as they walked toward the plank. Once



As the fatal moment of confrontation came closer, management and labor both made ominous preparations. Far left: a union launch patrols the river; left: a sentry box and a twelve-foot loop-holed fence guard the plant; right: a plant searchlight follows a skiff carrying union lookouts.



ALL, *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*, JULY 14, 1898; CULVER PICTURES

more there was a dead silence. Heinde addressed the crowd, announcing that his men were taking over the works and advising the strikers to disperse. The reply was a chorus of jeers and a shower of stones which fell around the Pinkertons like hail. They hesitated. "Don't step off the boat," someone from the shore said distinctly.

Three strikers ran forward; two grabbed the end of the gangplank while the third deliberately lay down upon it, as if to dare the enemy to cross his body. Led by Heinde and followed by the other volunteers, seven Pinkertons stepped on the plank. As Heinde was trying to shove the prone striker aside, the man pulled a revolver and shot him through the thigh. The heavy slug knocked him over backward. A torrent of gunfire swept the men on the plank. Heinde was hit again, this time in the shoulder. A guard named Klein was killed instantly by a bullet through the head, four of the others were wounded, and only Nordrum found himself untouched. A swarm of Pinkertons rushed topside, joining those already there. Firing point-blank into the crowd, they could hardly miss; and with stunning celerity over thirty Homestead men went down. The first casualty was Martin Murray, a rougher, who fell wounded into a pile of ashes. Joseph Sotak came to his aid and was killed by a bullet in the mouth. Somewhat farther up the hill a worker named Streigle, firing at the barges, was shot through the throat and died instantly. His body, lying in a clearing, was riddled with bullets from the barges.

There was no letup in the massed firing from the shore, and it was augmented by scattered gun play from the opposite bank. *Little Bill* got more than her share. One bullet struck a crewman named John McCurry and wounded him seriously in the groin. Everybody hit the deck, including William Rodgers, who tried to steer the tug from an almost prone position. She began going around in small circles. On the barges all the Pinkertons dived below, dragging most of their wounded comrades and the body of Klein with them. Now the firing stopped. The engagement had lasted no more than three minutes, and already several men were dead and many more wounded.

The strikers retreated in confusion up the bank, and scattered. They began throwing up barricades of steel and pig-iron scrap, while Hugh O'Donnell, a dynamo of activity, beside himself with anxiety and realizing that he had no influence over his men at this stage—especially the impetuous and semihysterical Slavs—herded all the noncombatants away from the firing line. The women, in the words of one historian, "screaming in twenty-two languages and dialects, then grabbed their kids and took to the near hills, the better

to see their men shot down." The dead and wounded Homestead men (a few of whom were not strikers but had come to the scene as interested observers) were carried to their houses or to doctors' offices. At the same time, Rodgers managed to get the *Little Bill* alongside the *Iron Mountain*. He took Klein's body and fourteen wounded men aboard. One of them was Captain Heinde, who said to him, "I don't feel like lying here and bleeding to death." Superintendent Potter, carrying both a rifle and his pistol and somewhat overwrought, begged Nordrum to attempt another landing. Nordrum refused. He was not keen on the idea personally and he doubted if he could coax any sizable number of men to accompany him; anyway (he told Potter) Captain Heinde was in charge.

They dashed across to the *Little Bill*, where the wounded were huddled in and around the cabin. Heinde was in pain and bleeding profusely, and other men were in an equally bad way. Nordrum crouched next to the Pinkerton commander and told him he had vetoed Potter's demand for another rally. "Suit yourself, use your own judgment," murmured Heinde.

Rodgers, impatient over the delay, wanted to leave for Pittsburgh at once with Potter, Gray, and the rest of his wretched cargo. He promised to come back as soon as possible. Nordrum returned to the offshore scow, and the lines to the tug were cast off. As soon as the *Little Bill* got under way she was raked by another flurry of bullets and buckshot; and again Rodgers, at the wheel, tried to steer while lying on his stomach. The effort was hopeless, and at length he simply let the little tug drift. The current slowly brought her away from the shore and moved her downstream, and when she was a mile and a half away from the landing Rodgers came to his feet, applied power, and headed for the city. En route another Pinkerton man died.

It was almost full daylight now, and gradually the fog was being burnt off by the slanting rays of a newborn sun. From shattered windows atop the barges the Pinkertons watched in despair as the *Little Bill*, with maddening lassitude, crept away. When would she return? Below decks the temperature was rising; it was going to be a scorcher. Like sitting ducks, the two hulks lay stranded. On shore the Homestead men were accumulating sticks of dynamite and hauling a small cannon into position about halfway up the hill south of the river. The opening skirmish was over, leaving both antagonists in a dilemma. The Pinkertons were trapped. Another landing in force was out of the question, and even if the tug should come back, it was difficult to imagine her fastening lines to both scows under heavy fire—the attempt would be suicidal.

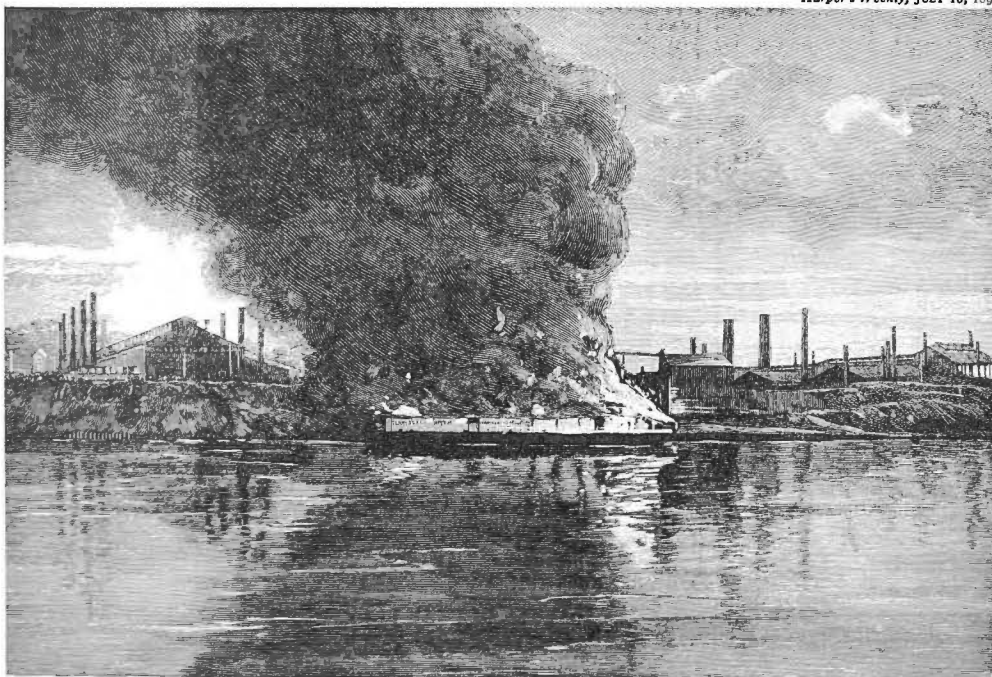
The strikers, on the other hand, were baffled by the problem of forcing the enemy out of the barges so

that they could be killed or beaten, or at least captured. For half an hour, while the Homestead men pondered, continued their lethal preparations, and consolidated their defense, not a shot was fired. O'Donnell called out for the Pinkerton commander. When Nordrum emerged, O'Donnell asked if he were "man enough" to come ashore for a conference. Nordrum walked the plank and was asked by O'Donnell how the affair might be settled. "I am not in command here," replied the Pinkerton. "You will have to come and see other people." He suggested a talk with Potter and Gray. O'Donnell, who was angling for a total surrender of the men in the barges, was apologetic; he admitted that there were many hotheads among his people who would not consider allowing the engagement to end in a draw. Nordrum made one more try at influencing the throng. "Men, we are Pinkerton detectives," he shouted. "We were sent here to take possession of this property and to guard it for the company. . . . If you men don't withdraw, we will mow every one of you down." Receiving no response, he turned abruptly and walked back to the *Monongahela*. Courage, not tact, was Nordrum's forte.

Shortly before eight, some of the regular detectives made a final effort, astonishingly enough, to get ashore. Four were shot down in a flash. The others wounded several more strikers before retiring. For two hours ragged firing continued, while most of the Pinkertons hid under tables and behind mattresses and piles of life jackets. Regular detectives and Grand Army of the Republic veterans tried to keep them cool, but a few managed to dive into the river and swim toward the other shore. As time went on, about a dozen made their escape in this fashion. Meanwhile an exodus was taking place from the inshore barge. One at a time, the Chicago men rushed onto the offshore *Iron Mountain*, until by late morning the *Monongahela* was almost empty. Firing from the shore became more selective. The workers tried to pick off individual men who exposed themselves, and concentrated on the offshore scow. More Pinkertons were wounded, and pools of blood began to collect below.

"Big Bill" Weihe, the union leader, hurried to the scene from Pittsburgh, and found matters so plainly out of control that he decided, for the time being, not to address the strikers. From the county courthouse

Harper's Weekly, JULY 16, 1892



Smoke billows skyward as the Homestead mob accomplishes what it tried to do all day: the barges are burned to the water line.

in Pittsburgh Sheriff McCleary wired Governor Pattison in Harrisburg: "Situation at Homestead is very grave. My deputies were driven from the ground and watchmen sent by mill owners attacked. Shots were exchanged and some men killed and wounded. Unless prompt measures are taken to prevent it, further bloodshed and great destruction of property may be expected. The striking workmen and their friends on the ground number at least 5,000 and the civil authorities are utterly unable to cope with them. Wish you would send representative at once."

Pattison responded laconically: "Local authorities must exhaust every means at their command for the preservation of peace."

The battle, a rather one-sided affair now, continued. From Pittsburgh more arms and ammunition reached the strikers, who moved toward the shore line as though to close in for the kill. They were reinforced by armed nonstrikers from Braddock and Duquesne. A swarm of skiffs harassed the *Iron Mountain*, and fired at her incessantly from point-blank range. Sticks of dynamite weighing about half a pound were tossed at the barge. They exploded on or near the target without creating any appreciable damage at first. Carrying a basket of dynamite sticks, one huge workman ran toward the river, followed by about twenty men. They threw the sticks simultaneously, and most of them landed on the *Iron Mountain*, which almost leaped out of the water. Boards and metal plating whipped through the air. Two sticks which hit near the bow tore open substantial holes through which Pinkertons could clearly be seen. Riflemen got to work on them. Several wounded Pinkertons were still lying on deck, and when other guards tried to pull them below they also were fired upon. Two more were shot during this flurry.

Every time a Pinkerton was seen to be hit, a shout issued from the dense mass of people packing the slopes on both sides of the river, hundreds or thousands of whom had hastened there from Pittsburgh and various suburbs to watch the fun. They were treated to a rare sight, and their mood was gay, as though they were at a carnival. The dynamiting was best of all, but it dwindled as time passed, for the strikers were running out of the "stuff," as they called it; it was dangerous to operate so close to the shore line and several of them had been wounded; furthermore, despite its spectacular noise and occasional effect, dynamite was too slow. The barges were still fairly intact—it would take a week to sink them with explosives. Another way would have to be found.

When a guard shoved a white flag of surrender through a porthole, it was shot to ribbons. By noon,

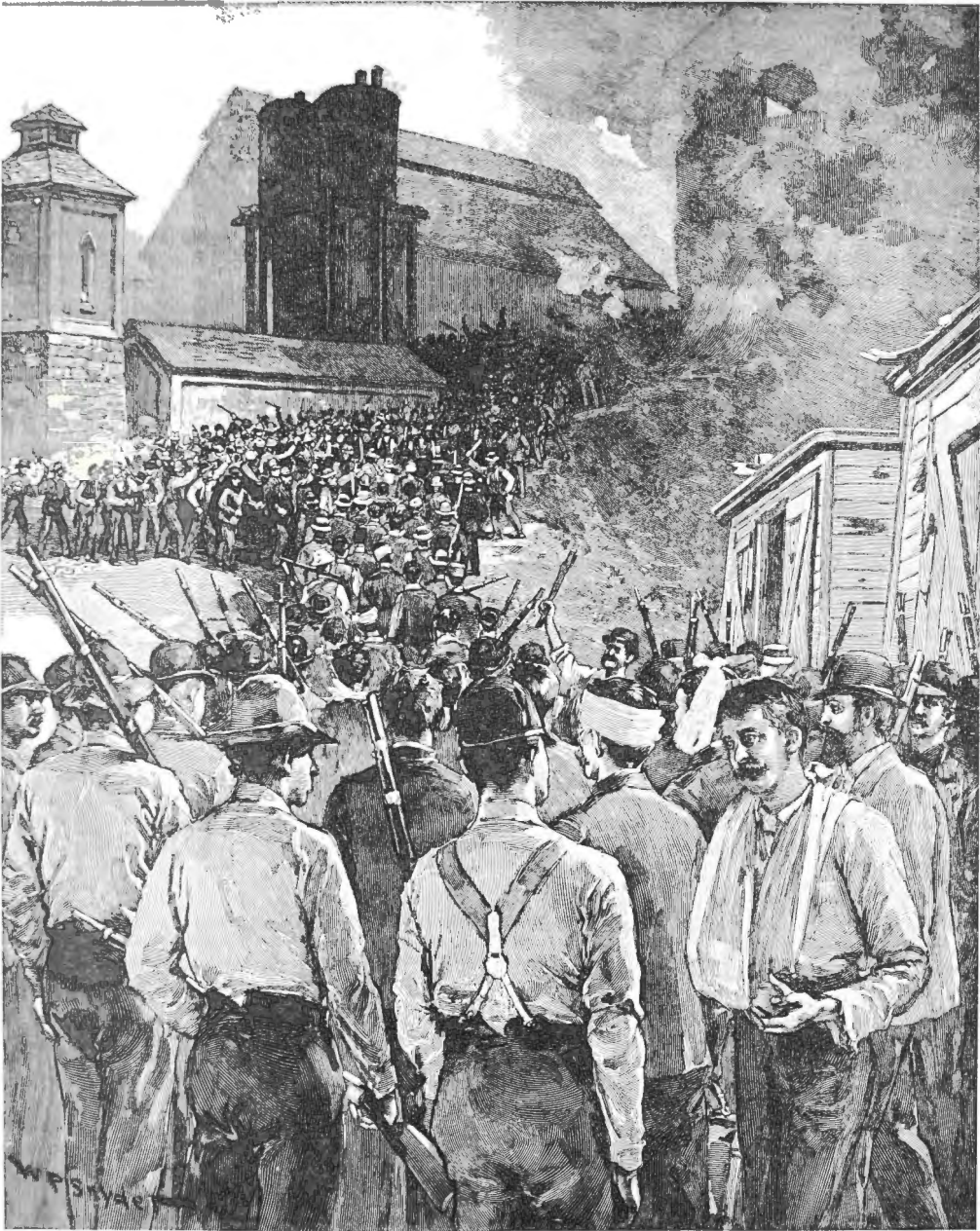
hundreds of additional workers were armed, and had erected clusters of steel and coal forts almost at the water's edge. The Pinkertons huddled together, complaining bitterly and waiting for the *Little Bill*, or evening, or a miracle. Another guard leaped into the river. No shots were fired at him, but it was believed that he drowned before reaching the north bank.

The heat within the barge was brutal, but whenever a man gasping for air showed himself at a porthole or hatchway he was greeted by bullets. From the G.A.R. Hall in Braddock, across the river, strikers hauled out a brass cannon dating back to Antietam—a twenty-pounder used since then for holiday celebrations—and mounted it on the hill behind a camouflage of bushes. The first shot tore a hole in the roof of the outer barge. Meanwhile, the smaller cannon was firing from Homestead. Except for the first direct hit, these weapons proved ineffective. Every subsequent shot went long; and when a striker named Silas Wain, sitting innocently on a pile of beams, was beheaded by a stray cannon ball, the Braddock gun was abandoned. A formula for getting at the Pinkertons still eluded the men of Homestead.

Another telegram sped from the Sheriff to the Governor: "The works at Homestead are in possession of an armed mob . . . The boat . . . was fired on from the shore and pilot compelled to abandon pilot house. I have no means at my command to meet emergency; a large armed force will be required . . . You are, therefore, urged to act at once." The Governor, caught between two fires and stalling for time, inquired: "How many deputies have you sworn in and what measures have you taken to enforce order and protect property?" McCleary, who had sworn in nobody and taken no measures of any kind, at last left his courthouse for Homestead.

The strikers' next move was to pour hundreds of gallons of oil, pumped by a hand engine attached to an oil tank, into the river upstream from the barges. Repeated efforts were made to set it afire. This scheme failed also; the wind was wrong, the oil was a lubricating type which burned feebly, if at all, and even when it came into contact with the scows they remained unscathed.

The strikers loaded a raft with oil and greasy scraps, set everything aflame, and let it drift toward the enemy. There was a low moan of fear from the *Iron Mountain* when the Pinkertons saw it coming. An officer aboard stated that he would blow out the brains of anyone who jumped ship. Another said, "If you surrender you will be shot down like dogs; the best thing is to stay here." The raft passed the barge at a snail's pace without touching it, and continued on its fiery but harmless way.



Furious workers assault the captured Pinkertons as union men, armed with rifles, try to escort them unharmed from the scows.

Some of the more enterprising Pinkertons hacked out holes in the sides of the barges; these, coupled with the portholes and other cavities caused by cannon and dynamite, gave them plenty of openings through which they could fire. They cut loose again sporadically and caused a few more casualties. An old Amalgamated member and Civil War veteran named George Rutter was shot in the thigh, and another worker, John Morris, was also badly hit. (Both later died.) Only a few Pinkerton regulars were continuing the battle. The rest lounged about, silent and inert and sweltering. A few sipped tepid coffee. Directly overhead, the July sun beat down on the roof and converted the interior into a hothouse. Except for an active handful of riflemen, the remainder—almost three hundred able-bodied men—had set aside their weapons.

The sight of them made John Kennedy's blood boil. A Pinkerton regular, he could not fathom their docility, their apparent unwillingness even to defend themselves. He cried out, "What in the name of God did you men come here for; now is the time to make a strike!" He received the usual muttered answer: they had come for guard duty, not to fight.

Their lethargy was disturbed by the strikers, whose ingenuity seemed to know no bounds and who were still intent on setting fire to the barges. This time their weapon was a small rail car, resting at the top of a long incline which led, coincidentally, on a direct line toward the *Monongahela*. It was loaded with barrels of oil which were set aflame, and released from its switch. In horror the Pinkertons watched it gather speed and hurtle toward them. When it reached the end of the line it soared feebly through the air and crashed to earth, far short of its target.

One of the strikers next conceived the plan of enveloping the barges in natural gas from a large main adjacent to the pumping station. Fourth of July rockets were then fired into the gas, and a small explosion actually took place, but it did no damage except, perhaps, to the nerves of the trapped men. The workers were running out of ideas. There were those like Hugh Ross and Jack Clifford, both of whom had been in the thick of the fighting all morning, who advocated boarding the barges and finishing the job with no more nonsense. Conceivably such an assault might have succeeded, but the carnage would have been severe, and very few had any stomach for it. The idea was never seriously considered.

A lull set in, broken by the occasional dry, echoing crack of a rifle. Hot and bored, the huge audience blanketing the Braddock and Homestead hills awaited developments. Men on the firing lines behind breastworks were served lunch by friends and women of the town, while at union headquarters on Eighth Avenue

the entire strike committee, a concerned group of men, assembled and deliberated. Shortly after midday they were aroused by a new cacophony of gunfire and thousands of voices shouting with joy and excitement. The detested *Little Bill*, flying the Stars and Stripes from bow and stern, was returning to the fray.

Eight strikers were now dead or dying, scores were wounded, and the men of Homestead were seeking an eye for an eye, or more. Hugh O'Donnell had not yet made any attempt to curb them. Occasionally, along with a few local newspapermen, he had climbed up on the new converting mill for a better view. The streets of the town were full of anxious women begging for news of their men. One of them, an English girl named Mary Jones, had fainted and was now delirious; Silas Wain, the man killed by a stray cannon shot, had been her fiancé.

The heat and stench below decks on the *Iron Mountain* were intolerable by early afternoon, and water was running low. Even some hardened Pinkerton regulars were willing to throw in their cards, if they could do so and survive. Few shots were fired from the barge after midday, although it continued to be peppered by strikers hidden behind barricades. Several guards received light flesh wounds from ricochets, but the major damage was already done. Having reached Homestead (where he was ignored), Sheriff McCleary rushed back to Pittsburgh and fired off a new telegram to Harrisburg along familiar lines: "The guards have not been able to land, and the works are in possession of the mob, who are armed with rifles and pistols and are reported to have one cannon. The guards remain on the barges near landing. . . . The civil authorities here are powerless to meet the situation. An armed and disciplined force is needed at once to prevent further loss of life. I therefore urge immediate action on your part."

To this plain request for militia support, Governor Pattison, a patient gentleman, responded as he had before: "How many deputies have you sworn in and what measures have you taken to enforce order and protect property? The county authorities must exhaust every means to preserve peace."

There was no reply from McCleary. The Governor wired again in phrases more irate: "Your telegram indicates that you have not made any attempt to execute the law to enforce order, and I must insist upon you calling upon all citizens for an adequate number of deputies." But the recruitment of deputies was out of the question, and the only current problem that really mattered was how to extricate the Pinkertons.

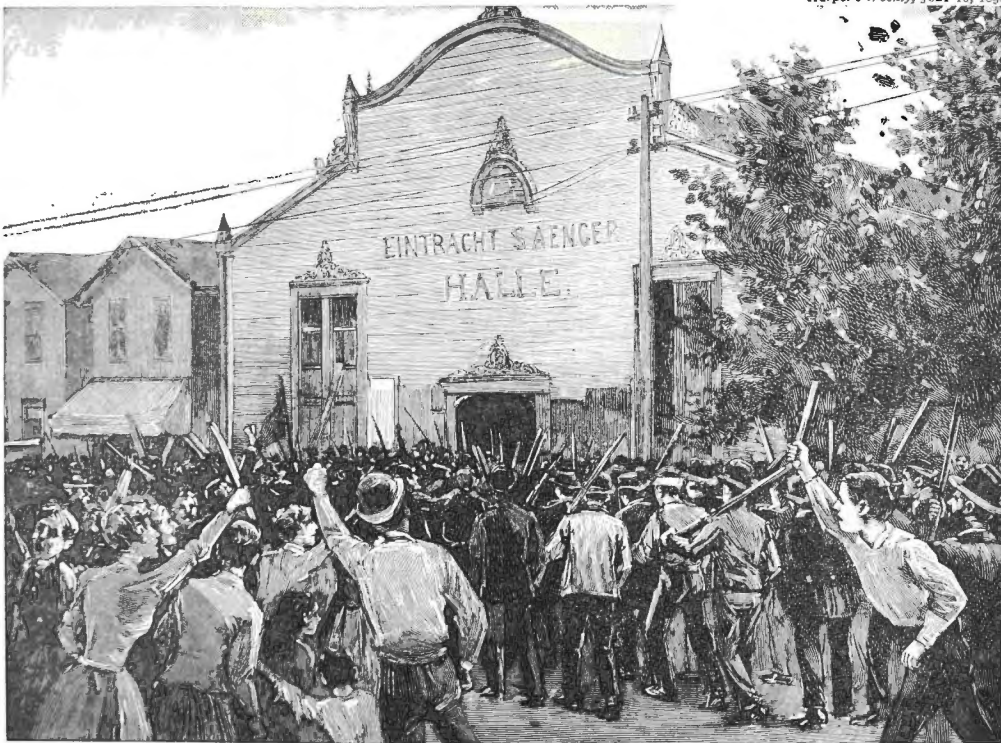
Rodgers craved only a few moments to bring the *Little Bill* alongside the port bow of the barge, attach

a single line, cut her loose from the deserted *Monongahela*, and get under way. If he had hoped that the mob, possessed by "fiendish delight" (to employ his later description), would nevertheless abstain from desecrating a vessel showing two American flags, he was wrong. Some five hundred small arms, plus the little cannon on the Homestead side of the river—which, as usual, missed repeatedly—opened up on the tug the moment she came within range.

Two crew members were wounded at once. It was clear that nobody in the pilothouse could expose himself to such a swarm of bullets from both flanks and remain alive. The earlier episode repeated itself. Rodgers, Potter, Gray, the two wounded employees, and four others on board dropped to the deck and let the *Little Bill*, a splendid target, turn in slow circles. Rodgers, remarked one writer, "lay down and steered by dead—or at least dazed—reckoning" until the tug floated past Homestead and returned to Fort Perry, near Pittsburgh. Despairingly the Pinkertons within

the shattered scow stared after her: their last and best hope, gone forevermore. Cheered by this latest success, the strikers again concentrated on the outer barge. A Pinkerton picked this unfortunate moment to wave a white flag and was shot down. Another guard was caught in an open doorway and shot through the right arm; the main artery was severed and he died later that afternoon. He was, it seems, the last casualty of the formal engagement. A. L. Wells, a medical student from Chicago and a volunteer guard on the expedition, was caring for the wounded Pinkertons as best he could.

The strikers' advisory committee continued its conference in a turmoil. Superficially the situation seemed favorable: it was known that the Governor had refused, thus far, to turn out the Pennsylvania guard. Sheriff McCleary had thrown in the sponge. The *Little Bill* was *hors de combat*. Already, only about ten hours after the battle had begun, news of it had crossed the nation. Messages of sympathy from other Amalga-



The battered Pinkertons finally reach temporary shelter in a local theatre—ironically called the Harmony Singing Hall.

mated members were pouring in from as far away as Texas. Yet somehow the Pinkertons had to be dealt with. Some conservatives uneasily suggested allowing the *Iron Mountain* to be floated down the river and out of harm's way. They were hooted down as defeatists and even traitors. But what *was* to be done with the enemy? O'Donnell insisted that they should be allowed to surrender. His suggestion was unconditionally rejected; but, as the afternoon wore on, the idea of accepting the Pinkertons' capitulation gradually took hold—at least at union headquarters.

O'Donnell walked to the shore line, where the shooting had all but stopped and the workmen were amusing themselves by throwing Roman candles, skyrockets, and other fireworks at the barges. In plain view of the Pinkertons, he addressed part of the throng with a plea for peace. Reactions were generally unfavorable. Majority sentiment was still for destroying the enemy by some brilliant method not yet concocted. O'Donnell was answered by cries of "No quarter!" "Not one must escape alive!" Nobody paid much attention to him—discipline had collapsed. He gave up and awaited the arrival of other union officials, mainly Bill Weihe, Vice President G. N. McEvoy, and President-elect William Garland.

It was three o'clock, and within the barge sentiment for surrender was mounting. A captain of detectives named Cooper asked the men to hold out until six, when he expected (for reasons unknown) another company attempt to haul the *Iron Mountain* free. Sullenly the Pinkertons assented, while another miserable hour passed. Those suffering from gunshot wounds could not hold out indefinitely. The *Little Bill* had already failed twice, and surely no one expected Captain Rodgers to make another try. As for salvation by the sheriff of Allegheny County, that was even more hopeless. Yet no more white flags were put out. Even Nordrum, watching the shore for any sign of truce or trouble, had relapsed into apathy and appears to have turned over his command to Cooper. It was up to the strikers to break the stalemate.

An impromptu meeting within the mill grounds, attended by about a thousand workers, came to nothing. The commotion was such that Weihe could not be heard. He stepped down and was followed by Garland, a heater who was scheduled to take command of the union in November. Mounting a boiler, Garland begged the strikers to disperse. "We have positive assurance," he yelled, "that these deputies will be sent away and all we want is the statement that you will not do any more firing." The reply was a babble of boos and imprecations—"Burn the boats!" "Kill the Pinkertons!" "No quarter for the murderers!" Garland

tried again. "For God's sake, be reasonable. These men have killed your comrades, but it can do no good to kill more of them." Thunderous disapproval silenced him.

McEvoy was next, and he began, "This day you have won a victory such as was never before known in the history of struggles between capital and labor. But if you do not let these men go, the militia will be sent here and you will lose all you have gained." The word "militia" had a sobering effect, but he was interrupted by a crash of dynamite from the river. No further attention was paid to him, and in disgust he allowed the meeting to break up.

The union officials and Hugh O'Donnell were in a quandary now being aggravated by other factors which had not been anticipated. A few anarchists had arrived from Pittsburgh and were mingling with the men, and the ranks had also been infiltrated by an assortment of hard-boiled outsiders looking for a fight. Many women, especially those whose men had been killed or wounded, were wild with hate. Hundreds of Slavs—who did not understand English and could not be reasoned with—were the most bloodthirsty of all. Half a day had slipped by, with time working against the advisory committee: the forces of law and order were certain to coagulate before long. It was essential to end the affair quickly; further destruction of the enemy would do more harm than good. The strike leaders walked among the workers and tried to reason with them individually. By five o'clock the peace faction was in fair control.

Waving an incongruously small American flag, O'Donnell once more harangued the throng, demanding a cease-fire and safe-conduct for the Pinkertons. His suggestion that he be allowed to fly a truce flag was scornfully refused—the enemy would have to make the overtures. "What will we do then?" he asked, and a striker replied, "We will hold them in the boats till the Sheriff comes, and we will then swear out warrants for every man on a charge of murder." The idea—a most unrealistic one—nevertheless received overwhelming support; more important, it indicated that both antagonists were now willing to stop the war.

The men trapped and stifling within the *Iron Mountain* had just voted, almost unanimously, to give themselves up. When a white handkerchief was dangled from a porthole, it was not fired upon. O'Donnell ran down the embankment, came aboard the outer barge, and was met on deck by Captain Cooper. "This is enough of the killing," said O'Donnell; "On what terms do you wish to capitulate?" Cooper asked for assurance that there would be no violence toward the Pinkertons, and also requested permission to box the Winchesters in order to carry them to the railway

depot. O'Donnell agreed and departed. The Pinkertons donned their blouses and slouch hats (ridiculous; but it seemed important to make a decent appearance), and nailed up the rifle crates.

One hundred armed strikers swarmed aboard the *Iron Mountain*. The situation was delicate, for the guards were still carrying pistols and a murderous battle at close range might easily have been precipitated. However, the disembarking was nonviolent. As each man emerged from below, his pistol was taken away and his blouse removed and tossed into the river. The Pinkertons submitted passively to this treatment and raised no objection even when their crates of rifles were seized. One by one they were shoved across the gangplank to congregate on the shore line. A few of the younger guards were weeping. The three hundred waited there, surrounded, while the strikers looted both barges. Cases of food were pried open and their contents passed out to women and children; mattresses, tools, cooking equipment—everything portable and of the least value—were confiscated and distributed.

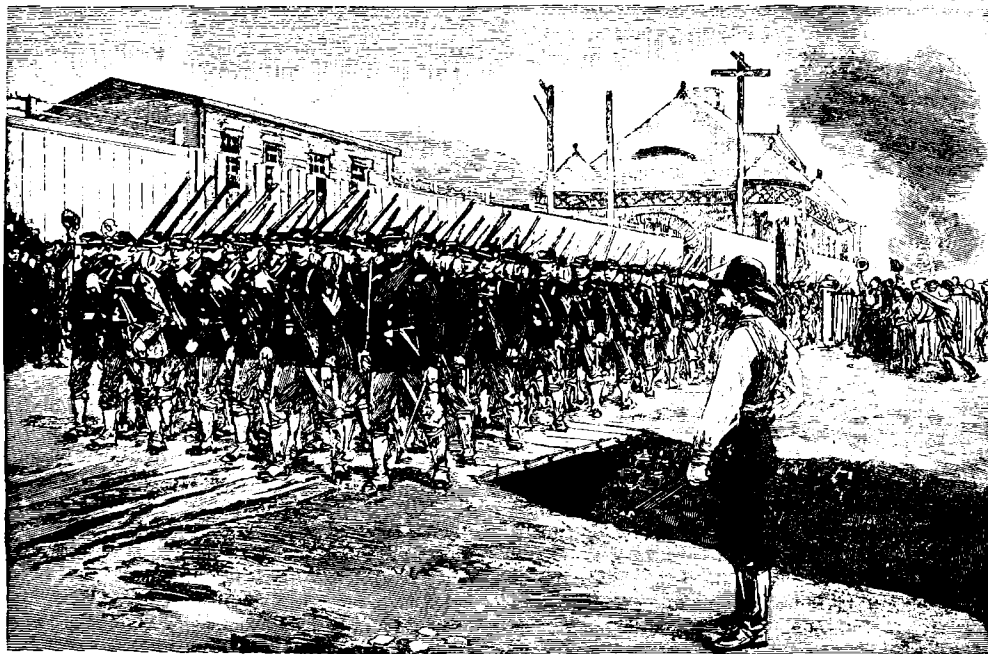
After dousing the barges with barrels of Mr. Carnegie's oil, the workers put the torch to them. Hot,

dry as dust, they blazed beautifully, the process being accelerated by light northerly breezes. The crowd cheered the great flames and billows of black smoke, and cheered again when the nearby company pump house also caught fire. With surprising speed the *Iron Mountain* and the *Monongahela* burned down to their waterlines, the pump house to the ground.

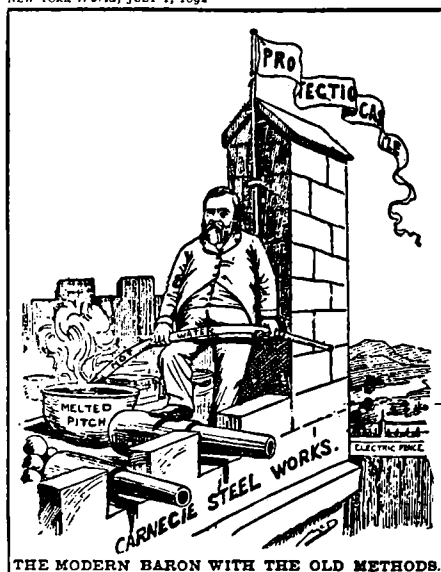
Temporarily these diversions had distracted the on-lookers, but now they turned their hard, collective attention upon the prisoners forlornly awaiting escort to the Homestead railroad depot. They were marched around the western edge of the plant toward deliverance, about half a mile away, fortunate that O'Donnell was an honorable man and that the crowd, at long last, was under control. They were sneered at, laughed at, sworn at, even threatened; but as they started up the long slope not a man had been touched.

Bedlam did not break loose until the first captives were halfway up the hill, when a few were slapped across the face. Next, clubs were used, and children pelted the prisoners with rocks. Then the women started in. One shoved an umbrella into a Pinkerton's eye and poked it out. When a guard dropped to his

Harper's Weekly, JULY 25, 1892



Some four thousand state militiamen took possession of Homestead on July 12 as striking workers watched somberly. A few hours later, however, after a display of military strength, the soldiers were cheered as they paraded through the town.



Andrew Carnegie, who was painfully distressed by the bloodshed at Homestead, found himself depicted in some newspapers as a feudal baron who would stop at nothing to hold his own against labor unions.

knees in tears and begged for mercy he was kicked sprawling; while trying to flee he was clubbed into unconsciousness. Blocked right and left by the mob, the Pinkertons were unable to break through and escape. One striker carefully slugged one captive after another behind the ear with a large stone wrapped in leather, tied to the end of a short rope. An elderly gray-haired Pinkerton man, already streaming blood, was shown no more mercy than the others; and while in general those suffering from bullet wounds were spared, a few received additional whacks for good measure.

Reluctantly, young John Holway started up the embankment, appalled at what was taking place ahead of him. Three strikers knocked him down. "You have killed two men this morning," said one; "I saw you!" As they shoved Holway up the hill, he was hit in the head by a stone. He decided to make a break for it. He bulled his way through the crowd and began to run, pursued by perhaps a hundred people. In his words: "I ran down a side street and ran through a yard. I ran about half a mile, I suppose, but was rather weak and had had nothing to eat or drink, and my legs gave out, could not run any further, and some man got hold of me by the back of my coat, and about 20 or 30 men came up and kicked me and pounded me with stones. I had no control of myself then. I

thought I was about going and commenced to scream, and there were 2 or 3 strikers with rifles rushed up then and kept off the crowd. . . ." Ironically, Holway does not appear to have fired a shot all day.

Sand was thrown into the eyes of some of the Pinkertons, temporarily blinding them. Most of the Slavs disdained weapons; they simply grabbed men around the neck and punched their faces with bare fists. Over forty victims, severely pounded and unable to move, were dragged toward the skating rink and its adjacent theatre, while the rest staggered on. A few were divested of their money and watches. One striker pumped a bullet into a guard named Connors and then clubbed him; another bashed in the head of a wounded man with the butt end of a musket. Both victims died that evening. One Pinkerton may have lost his mind as a result of his beating, for he killed himself with a pocketknife.

In tiny print two days later the New York *Tribune* meticulously listed the dead and wounded: "Peter S. Prash, kicked in the back and badly cut back of right ear . . . J. Emmet, New York, shot in the body in three places with buckshot, and struck on right ear with a club . . . Edward Milstead, Chicago, mouth terribly bruised and lacerated . . ."—the list went on for 118 lines. Hardly a man among the Pinkertons avoided injury. Hugh O'Donnell and other Amalgamated members were struck and bruised in attempting to protect the Pinkertons, but they were able to save many of them from further mistreatment.

Without food or water the Pinkertons were shoved into the town theatre, which was surrounded by armed strikers. Their job was to keep the prisoners in and the mob out. The Slavs, by and large, were in favor of murdering all the captives, a solution rejected as too extreme. Meanwhile members of the advisory committee were in earnest conversation with Sheriff McCleary at the county courthouse. It was important to hospitalize the more severe casualties, and the possibility of another violent outbreak still existed. Early in the evening they agreed that the Sheriff and twelve unarmed deputies would be allowed to escort the Pinkertons to the West Penn Hospital in Pittsburgh. McCleary, William Weihe, and Amalgamated attorney W. J. Brennen left for Homestead by train, after the Sheriff had failed to round up a single deputy.

The debate outside the theatre was still in lively progress. Assuming that all the Pinkertons were not to be slaughtered, which in particular should be selected for a mock trial and then hanged? How many others should be held as hostages? Eventually Weihe managed to stop all this nonsense, but it was after midnight when the Pinkertons were placed, not without difficulties and further unpleasantness, aboard a spe-

cial five-car train which carried them to Pittsburgh and out of history. As it huffed from the station, its battered occupants were given three sarcastic cheers.

It is difficult to estimate the casualties emanating from this episode, one of the most sanguinary in American labor annals. Sources differ; and men continued to die here and there for weeks to come. Bullets, beatings, drowning, and suicide brought the death toll to approximately nine strikers and seven Pinkertons. Some forty strikers and twenty Pinkertons were shot, and nearly all of the Pinkertons were injured in varying degrees while running the gantlet.

The workers had won the battle but not, by any means, the war. Events had forced Governor Pattison's hand, and with utmost reluctance he ordered the state militia to Homestead on July 11. Under its protection, imported strikebreakers seeped into the mill. Meanwhile, at every other Carnegie plant all employees had walked out on sympathy strikes. For weeks the entire company was idle, but in time the new men (the use of whom Mr. Carnegie had formerly deplored time and again, in print) pushed the production curve almost back to normal.

Stubbornly but with decreasing hope the strikers—a total of thirteen thousand now—held out. An unsuccessful attempt by a lone-wolf anarchist named Alexander Berkman to murder Frick harmed their cause badly. When the strike finally collapsed in November, thirty-five men were dead as a result of the July 6 battle and subsequent violence. The Amalgamated was smashed locally and, except on paper, nationally. Wages in all Carnegie mills were cut even more brutally than Frick had promised in June. The average slash (on a tonnage basis) came to about fifty per cent. For example, a heater's helper earning \$0.0485 per ton in February, 1892, was receiving

\$0.0222 per ton in February, 1894. The twelve-hour day was enforced with a vengeance, and all members of the union's advisory committee were black-listed for life throughout the iron and steel industry.

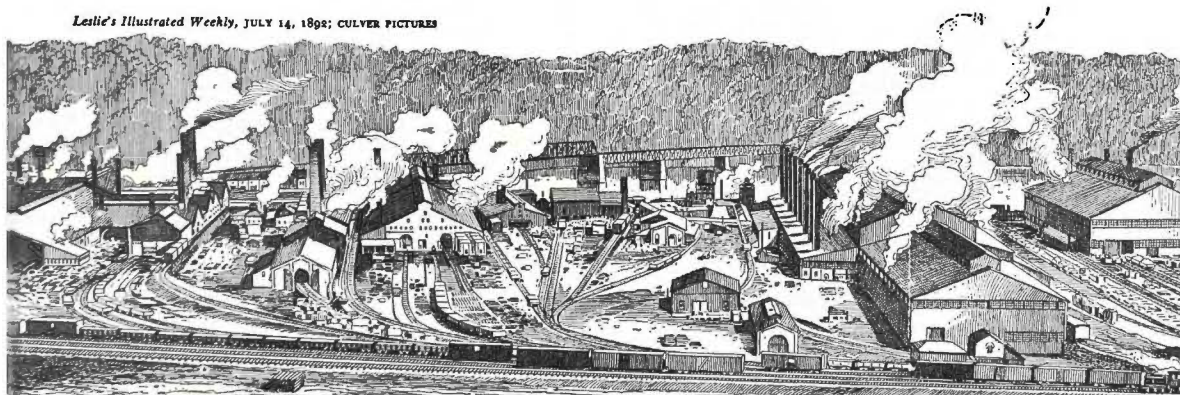
Many so-called anti-Pinkerton state laws, plus soul-searching within the agency itself, ended the role of "detectives" as armies-for-hire after Homestead, although individual agents continued to operate in a big way as spies among the steelworkers.

Company profits soared spectacularly, reaching \$40,000,000 net in the year 1900, as against \$4,300,000 in 1891 and (curiously) almost the same amount in 1892. In 1901 a supertrust, the United States Steel Corporation, was organized by J. P. Morgan, with the Carnegie grouping as its backbone. Steelworkers struck time and again after the Homestead debacle. They always lost. The nonunion era ended finally in 1936, when the Steel Workers Organization Committee—soon to be part of the C.I.O.—reorganized the workers. Following this victory, a tall, somber monument was erected at Eighth and West streets in Homestead. It still stands, and its inscription reads:

ERECTED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE
STEEL WORKERS ORGANIZATION
COMMITTEE LOCAL UNIONS IN MEMORY
OF THE IRON AND STEEL WORKERS
WHO WERE KILLED IN HOMESTEAD, PA.,
ON JULY 6, 1892, WHILE STRIKING
AGAINST THE CARNEGIE STEEL
COMPANY IN DEFENSE OF THEIR
AMERICAN RIGHTS

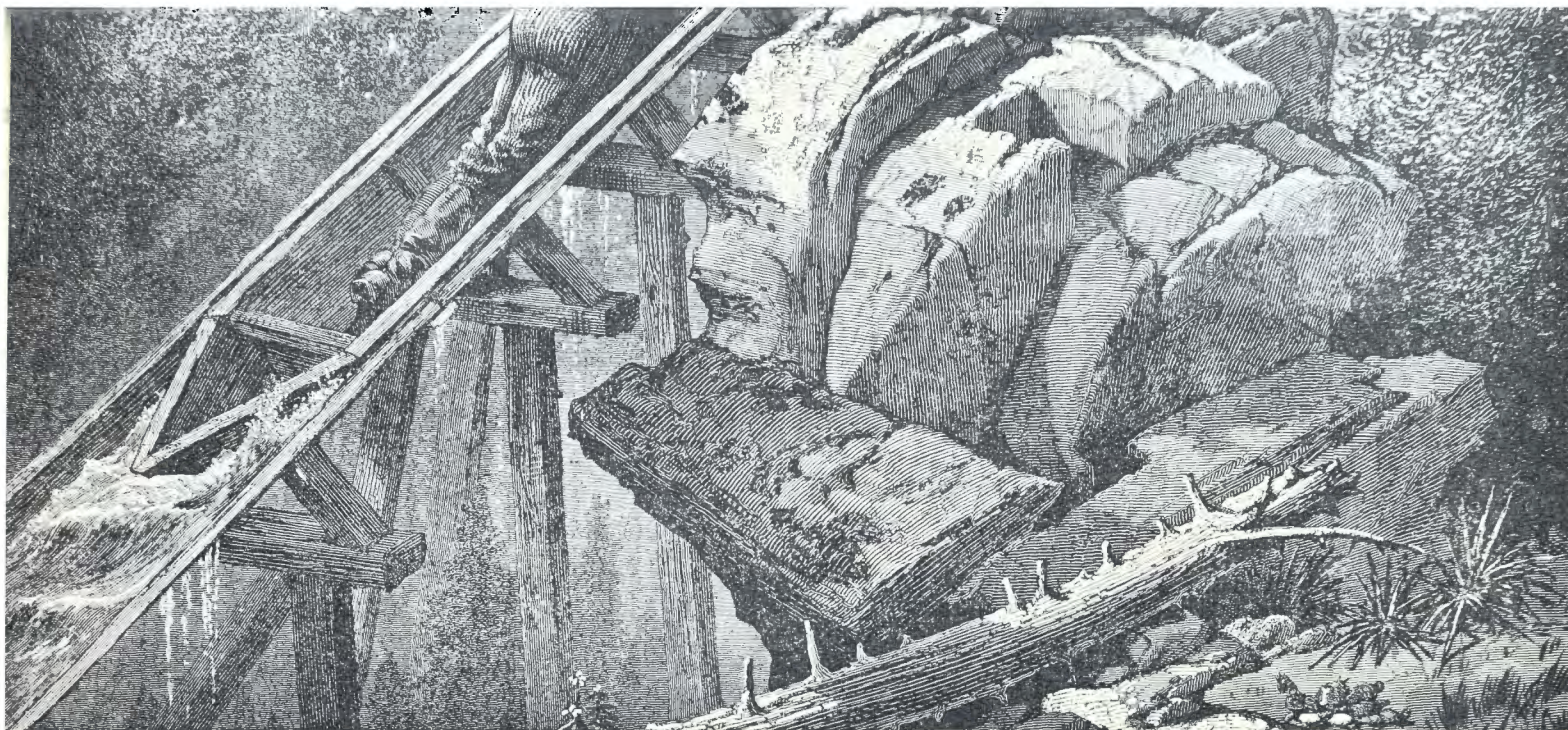
Mr. Wolf is the well-known author of In Flanders Fields (1958) and Little Brown Brother (1961). The above excerpt is from his new book, Lockout, published this month by Harper & Row.

Leslie's Illustrated Weekly, JULY 14, 1892; CULVER PICTURES



By November, 1892, the great strike was broken and the Carnegie mills were in full swing again—with nonunion labor.





Harper's Weekly, JUNE 2, 1877; CULVER PICTURES

A RIDE to REMEMBER

By JOHN CLARK HUNT

In 1875, H. J. Ramsdell, a correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, went to Virginia City, Nevada, to write about the gold and silver mines of the fabulous Comstock Lode, which had been discovered sixteen years before.

After inspecting the mines, Ramsdell was taken up on Mount Rose to see the sawmills that provided some of the millions of feet of lumber needed yearly around Virginia City for fuel, for construction, and, most importantly, for timbering mine shafts. His guides, who were also the owners of the mills, were James G. Fair, James C. Flood, and John B. Hereford. Fair and Flood, both



James G. Fair

forty-niners, later pioneers on the Comstock Lode, and now partners in the Bank of Nevada, were two of the richest men in the West.* Hereford was president and superintendent of the Pacific Wood, Lumber and Flume Company. There, high on the steep slope of the enormous mountain, Ramsdell was shown the V-shaped flume which had been constructed to float,

in a matter of minutes, the cut lumber to the Washoe Valley fifteen miles below. Fair and Flood explained that it would take 2,000 horses harnessed to freight wagons to haul the half-million board feet of lumber which shot down the flume during each ten-hour working day.

Suddenly Flood looked at Fair and winked, "Let's ride it down to the valley."

Fair nodded and grinned, "If our guest, Mr. Ramsdell, will join us."

Ramsdell was startled. He glanced at the rushing water. More than a mile below he could see where the flume crossed a canyon on a high trestle that looked about as sturdy as a spider web. His hosts must be joking.

"All right," Fair said, turning to Ramsdell, "we dare you to join us."

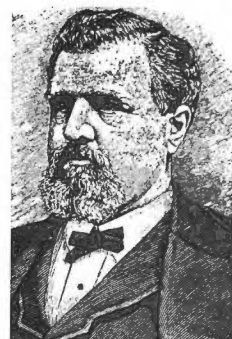
Obviously they were not joking. Ramsdell looked at the flume again. If men who were worth millions would risk their lives riding it, he thought, so would he.

"I accept your dare," he answered at last. What followed was one of the wildest rides ever recorded.

Two boats were ordered, each sixteen feet long, made of two-inch planks and shaped to fit the V of the flume. The prows were left open but the sterns were closed in order to create a barrier against which the flume's current could push and thus propel them. Seats were fastened across the tops.

Fair and Ramsdell were to take the first boat, but at the last minute Fair decided that they should have one man along who knew the flume. He called for a volunteer from among the mill hands who had gath-

* Two of Fair's daughters—Theresa, who married Hermann Oelrichs, and Virginia, who married William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.—became leaders of Newport society. Their father served as United States senator from Nevada from 1881 to 1887 and died in 1894. Flood later built enormous houses at Menlo Park, California, and San Francisco which he and his wife used as bastions from which they successfully stormed West Coast society. When Flood died in 1889, he was, like his friend Fair, a multimillionaire.



James C. Flood

ered to see them off, but no one stepped forward. Finally a red-faced carpenter who looked as though his courage had been heightened by the bottle agreed to accompany them.

Several strong men held the boat above the flume while Fair, Ramsdell, and the volunteer climbed aboard. The moment the boat was lowered into the current, it was off like a

shot. Flood and Hereford followed in a second boat.

"The grade of the flume at the mill was very heavy and the water rushed through it at railroad speed," Ramsdell later wrote. "To ride upon the cowcatcher of an engine down a steep grade is simply exhilarating, for you know there is a wide track, regularly laid upon a firm foundation, that there are wheels grooved and fitted to the track, that there are trusted men at the brakes, and better than all, you know that the power that impels the train can be rendered powerless in an instant by the driver's light touch upon the lever. But a flume has no element of safety. You cannot stop; you cannot lessen your speed; you have nothing to hold to; you have only to sit still, shut your eyes, say your prayers, take all the water that comes—filling your boat, wetting your feet, drenching you like a plunge through the surf—and wait for eternity. It is all there is to hope for after you are launched in a flume-boat.

"The red-faced carpenter sat in the front of our boat on the bottom as best he could. Mr. Fair sat on a seat behind him. I sat behind Mr. Fair and was of great service to him in keeping the water which broke over the end board from his back. A great deal of water also shipped in the open bow of our hog-trough, and I know that Mr. Fair's broad shoulders kept me from many a wetting on that memorable trip.

". . . I was perched upon a boat no wider than a chair, sometimes twenty feet in the air, but with the ever varying altitude of the flume, often seventy feet high. When the spray would enable me to look ahead I would see the trestle here and there for miles, so small and narrow and apparently so fragile, that I could only compare it to a chalk mark, upon which, high in the air, I was running at a rate unknown upon railroads.

"One circumstance did more to show me the terrible rapidity with which we were dashing down the flume than anything else. It was when the boat suddenly struck something at the bow—a nail, or a lodged stick

of wood, which ought not have been there. What was the result? The carpenter was sent whirling into the flume ten feet ahead. Fair was precipitated on his face, and I found a soft lodgement on Fair's back.

"It seemed to me that in a second's time, Fair, a powerful man, had the carpenter by the scruff of the neck and had pulled him into the boat. I did not know at this time that Fair had his fingers lacerated when caught between the boat and the flume.

"How our boat kept in the track is more than I know. The wind, the steamboat, the railroad train never went so fast. I have been where the wind blew at the rate of 80 miles per hour, and yet, my breath was not taken away. During the flume ride, in the bad places, it seemed as if I would suffocate. In one particularly bad place it was my desire to form some judgement of the speed we were making. If the truth must be spoken, I was really scared almost out of reason; but if I was on my way to eternity, I wanted to know exactly how fast I went; so I huddled close to Fair, and turned my eyes toward the hills. Every object I placed my eye on was gone before I could see clearly what it was. Mountains passed like visions and shadows. It was with difficulty that I could get my breath. I felt that I did not weigh a hundred pounds, although I knew that the scales turned at two hundred.

"Mr. Flood and Mr. Hereford, although they started

several minutes later than we had, were close upon us. . . . Their boat finally struck ours with a terrible crash. Mr. Flood was thrown upon his face and the waters flowed over him, leaving not a dry thread upon him. What happened to Hereford I do not know, except when we reached the terminus of the flume he was as wet as any of us.

"At the terminus there were these remarks: Fair said, 'We went at least a mile a minute.' Flood said, 'We went at the rate of 100 miles an hour.' My deliberate belief is that we went at a rate that annihilated time and space. Flood said, 'I would not make the trip again for the whole Consolidated Virginia Mine.' Fair said, 'I will never again place myself on an equality with timber and wood.' Hereford said, 'I am sorry I ever built the flume.' As for myself, I told the millionaires that I had accepted my last challenge.

"We had yet sixteen miles to drive to Virginia City. How we reached there I will never know. The next day neither Flood nor Fair were able to leave their beds. For myself, I had only strength enough left to say, 'I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF FLUMES.'"

Until his retirement last year, John Clark Hunt had spent over three decades in the West working for the U.S. Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management. He is currently writing a book on the early years of the Forest Service.

THE GAME OF GOFF, OR GOLF

GOLF, a celebrated Scotch game, almost peculiar to that country, is played with balls and clubs. The club tapers, terminating in the part that strikes the ball, which is faced with horn, and loaded with lead. But if this there are six sorts used by good players, viz. the common club, used when the ball lies on the ground; the scraper and half scraper, when in long grass; the spoon when in a hollow; the heavy iron club, when it lies deep among stones or mud; and the light iron ditto, when on the surface of chingle or sandy ground.

The balls are much smaller than those used at cricket, and much harder; they are made of horse leather, and stuffed with feathers in a peculiar manner, and then boiled.

The ground may be circular, triangular, or semicircular. The number of holes are not limited; that depends always on what the length of the ground will admit. The common distance between one hole and another is about a quarter of a mile, which begins and terminates every game; and he who gets his ball in by the fewest number of strokes is the victor.

Two, four, six, eight, or any number may play together; but what is called the good game never exceeds four; that number being allowed to afford best diversion, and not so liable to confusion as six, eight, ten, or twelve might be.

The more rising or uneven the ground is, it requires the greater nicety or skill in the players: on that account the preference is always given to it by proficients.

When playing with the wind, light balls are used: and heavy ones against it,

At the beginning of each game the ball is allowed to be elevated to whatever height the player chooses, for the convenience of striking; but not afterward.

This is done by means of sand or clay, called a *teeing*.

The balls which are played off at the beginning of the game cannot be changed until the next hole is won, even if they should happen to burst.

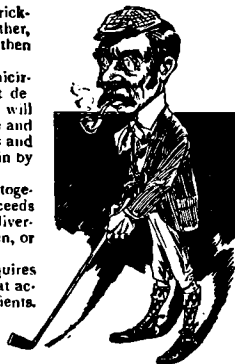
When it happens that a ball is lost, that hole is lost to the party.

If a ball should be stopped accidentally the player is allowed his stroke again.

Suppose four are to play the game, A and B against C and D: each party having a ball, they proceed thus:

A strikes off first, C next: and perhaps does not drive his ball above half the distance A did, on which account D, his partner, next strikes it, which is called *one more*, to get it as forward as that of their adversaries, or as much beyond it as possible; if this is done, then B strikes A's ball, which is called *playing the like*, or equal of their opponents. But if C and D, by their ball being in an awkward situation, should be unable, by playing *one more*, to get it as far as A's, they are to play in turn, two, three, or as many more until that is accomplished, before B strikes his partner's ball; which he calls *one to two*, or *one to three*, or as many strokes as they required to get to the same distance as A did by his once playing. The ball is struck alternately, if the parties are equal, or nearly so.

From Hoyle's Games, American edition, 1875





"Author! Author!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49



Sam Forrest, a member of the Cohan & Harris staff, who had staged many Broadway successes. Hopkins, however, made an invaluable contribution to the production. From the time I had begun work on the play, I had been worried about the mechanical problem of making the changes from the courtroom to the interior scenes and back again. I knew that it would take several minutes, at least, to strike and set the scenes: an interminable wait during which the attention of the audience could not possibly be maintained. The only solution that I could think of was to have the interior scenes played in darkness, with only the actors' voices carrying the story; but that was certainly far from satisfactory. The problem was solved by Hopkins. He had been to Europe, where he had studied the mechanics of the continental stages, then as now far in advance of ours. He proposed the use of two platforms, placed upstage and downstage on either side of the proscenium, whence they could readily be pivoted to fill the proscenium opening. On one platform, the courtroom scene was set permanently. While it was in play, there was ample time to change the scenes on the other platform, so that the transitions from scene to scene required only the swinging back of one platform and its replacement by the other, an operation that took less than a minute. This simple device, known as a jackknife stage, had never before been used in America.

The cast was selected by Forrest. I was not consulted. Had I been, I would have had nothing to contribute, for the only actors whose names I was familiar with were those whom I had seen perform from my seat in the gallery. The principal players were Frederick Perry, a popular leading man; Frederick Truesdell, a suave portrayeur of heavies; and Mary Ryan, who was Forrest's wife. None of them was a brilliant performer, but they were all competent enough to portray characters born of the exigencies of a melodramatic plot.

I sat through all the rehearsals, but my participation in the production was an occasional minor cut or a change in a line, made at Forrest's request. Watching Forrest in action was an extraordinary experience. He was a type that has almost disappeared from our theatre: a real Thespian, long-haired, sonorous, given to striking attitudes. He seemed to me a lineal descendant of Vincent Crummies. Like most directors who were once actors, he was not content with telling the members of the cast what to do; he found it necessary to get up on the stage and show them how. There was a ten-year-old in the play, and whenever Forrest gave her an object lesson in the enactment of her role Hopkins and I, safe in the rear of the dark auditorium,

shook with silent laughter. (Incidentally, when the play was subsequently performed by a Washington stock company, the part of the child was played by a young actress named Helen Hayes Brown—she later dropped the Brown from her name.) But Forrest's methods were effective. He had a good sense of movement and of tempo, and he kept the ball in the air.

I had almost no contact with the actors, and I am sure that they thought me unfriendly and standoffish. But my aloofness was due to timidity, and to the fear of seeming intrusive. It took me a while to learn that actors are among the most approachable of human beings, and that they like nothing better than having attention paid to them. Many producers, directors, and authors have contempt for actors, but I have found most of them to be warm-hearted, generous, and often good company.

The rehearsal of *On Trial* was not the only event that made July, 1914, memorable. Late in the month, war broke out in Europe: a conflict now known as World War I, though at the time the distinguishing Roman numeral was not required. A Socialist and an ardent pacifist, I was horrified by an outbreak of hostilities that Norman Angell had assured us, in *The Great Illusion*, could not possibly occur. But Europe in 1914 was unbelievably far away. Besides, like every intelligent student of world events, I knew that military operations on such a scale could not be long maintained, and that in a few months the whole thing would be over. So I focussed my attention upon my play, and let the world wag.

The New York opening was set for August 19, following a weekend tryout in Stamford, Connecticut. On the fourteenth, I went to Stamford, accompanied by my mother and a friend, Bertram Bloch, and put up at a hotel. Though Stamford is less than forty miles from New York, it was the first time I had ever crossed the Connecticut line. In fact, except for occasional trips to Baltimore to visit my mother's family and brief vacations in the Catskills, I had never been anywhere.

It was a big night in Stamford, not because of the opening of *On Trial*, but because it marked the inauguration of the Stamford Theatre, a new \$200,000 playhouse. (The repertory theatre at Lincoln Center will cost \$9,250,000.) The large theatre was packed. The proceedings began with a speech by a Mr. Robert Whitaker, who hailed this addition to the cultural life of Stamford. "In these hurly-burly days of 1914," he said, in part, "with war scares bothering us and business troubles pressing us, we had need of something to keep us from . . . the sanitariums."

He was followed by the Mayor, the Honorable William G. Austin, who spoke, not without pride, of the civic achievements that had attended his administration: "New public schools, a fine new Congregational church edifice, the completion of the new Stamford Hospital, the initiation of a plan for proper sewage disposal, the change of the post office to a more desirable location, a new home for our principal men's club, the Suburban Club, two new bank buildings, a new clubhouse for the Stamford Yacht Club, a new hotel and a new theatre." He introduced Mrs. Emily Wakeman Hartley, who had been mainly responsible for the erection of the theatre and who was to manage it. She was greeted enthusiastically.

To those of us who were concerned with the fate of the play, it all seemed to take quite a long time. From my seat in a stage box, I could see Cohan, Harris, and Hopkins pacing the rear of the auditorium. But at last the speeches came to an end and the audience settled down for the secondary business of the evening.

When the curtain rose, the crowded courtroom and the opening maneuvers of the murder trial quickly engaged the attention of the audience. But as the first witness, in widow's weeds, finished saying: "As I entered my home, the telephone in the library rang," the lights went out and the curtain came down. There were murmurs of disappointment; it was evident that something backstage had gone wrong: a cue missed, a switch accidentally pulled. Thirty seconds later the curtain rose upon the library scene, with the telephone ringing and the witness, now in an evening gown, entering to answer it. Amazement, excitement, prolonged applause! Hopkins' jackknife stage had scored a triumphant success. From that point on the play was "in." The audience not only eagerly followed the twists of the melodramatic story, but awaited the rapid alternation of the scenes.

During the second intermission, I went into the lobby. There was no danger of my being recognized, for no one knew of my existence. My producers were there, looking pleased. When Cohan saw me, he came over to me, put his hand on my shoulder, and said: "Kid, if you want to sell your rights in the play, I'll give you thirty thousand dollars for them." I looked at him in astonishment and disbelief, then hastily concluded that he could not be serious. I did not believe that anyone possessed thirty thousand dollars, or having it, would offer it for a beginning author's rights in an untried play. At my law office salary, it would have taken me forty years to earn thirty thousand dollars. I was sure that Cohan was having me on, hoping that my gullible acceptance would give him a good story with which to regale his cronies at the Friars Club. So, with a smile that must have been sickly, I

said that I would take my chances. Cohan nodded and walked away.

Next day, the *Stamford Morning News* ("The price of the Morning News is One Cent everywhere. Pay no more") did full justice to the opening, under a page one, seven-column banner head that read: "Atlantic Street Turned into a Broadway." Several subheads were followed by four solid columns of copy:

The Stamford Theatre was "On Trial" last night, before a jury composed of the Stamford public, and to say that the jury was unanimous in agreeing that the city of Stamford had a theatre of which they have abundant reason to be proud would be putting the case mildly . . . If there was a list of those present, it would include the business, professional and social directory of Stamford's citizenship. Everybody was there. Doctors, lawyers, merchants, artisans, mechanics, businessmen, in fact every representative that could be thought of. And the play was such that they enjoyed every minute of it. . . . The town looked like Broadway when the show was over. There was the lineup of automobiles, the dress suits of the men providing the background for the stunning dresses of the Stamford women.

The speeches of Mr. Whitaker, Mayor Austin, and Mrs. Hartley were quoted at considerable length. Nor was the play ignored: an entire laudatory paragraph was devoted to it. There were large and responsive audiences at the Saturday performances. All in all, it was an opening that gave satisfaction to everyone.

We were opening a new theatre in New York too. The Candler was owned by Cohan & Harris. (It later

Candler Theatre

New York's Newest and Most Complete Playhouse
CANDLER THEATRE CORPORATION, Lessee and Manager

FIRE NOTICE
Look around NOW and choose the nearest Exit to your seat. In case of fire walk (not run) to THAT Exit. Do not try to beat your neighbor to the street.
ROBERT ADAMSON, Fire Commissioner.

WHEN BEGINNING MONDAY MATINEE, OCTOBER 12, 1914.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinee Wednesday and Sunday at 2.30.

COHAN & HARRIS Present
(By arrangement with Arthur Hopkins)
A New Play, Entitled

ON TRIAL

By Elmer L. Reizenstein,
Staged by Sam Forrest.

The Participants.

THE DEFENDANT	FREDERICK PERRY
HIS DAUGHTER	CONSTANCE WOLFE
HIS WIFE	MARY RYAN
HER FATHER (DECEASED)	THOMAS FINLAY
THE DEAD MAN	FREDERICK TRUEDDELL
HIS WIDOW	HELENE LACKAYE
HIS SECRETARY	NANCY ROBERT
A NEUTRAGENT	J. WALLACE CLINTON
A HOTEL PROPRIETOR	LAWRENCE EDINGER
A PHYSICIAN	GEORGE BARR
A MAID	FLORENCE WALCOTT
A WAITER	JOHN ADAMS
THE JUDGE	FRANK FOUNG
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY	WILLIAM WALCOTT
THE DEFENDANT'S COUNSEL	GARDNER CRANE
THE CLERK	JOHN KLENDON
THE COURT STENOGRAPHER	J. M. BROOKS
THE COURT ATTENDANTS	CHARLES WALT JAMES HERBERT

PAGES CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE FOLLOWING.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

became the Sam H. Harris, and has long been one of the wretched "grind" movie houses defacing Forty-second Street between Seventh and Eighth avenues.)

August 19, 1914, was a sweltering night. For some reason, I thought it necessary to dress for the occasion. I had, of course, no dress suit of my own. But an uncle gave me one that he had outgrown, and I had it cut down to fit my skinny figure. Again I was in a stage box, crowded in with my parents, grandfather, two uncles, and an aunt. Air-conditioning was unknown; the theatre was stifling. In my heavy suit and boiled shirt, with no room for elbows or knees, I was more aware of my discomfort than of the evening's proceedings.

This time the theatre was opened without ceremonies. If the mayor was there he had the decency to keep the news about sewage disposal to himself. The performance closely followed the Stamford pattern. The audience was obviously interested in the courtroom scene. But the first blackout evoked groans of annoyance and of commiseration. Such a mishap at a New York opening could well be fatal. Half a minute later, the rising curtain and the new scene brought applause and exclamations of surprise and delight.

Throughout the performance the interest kept mounting. As one paper put it, next morning: "During the intermission, the sidewalk was crowded with men from the audience, smoking and talking. The carriage starter called: 'Curtain up, gentlemen.' Usually when this call is heard, the smokers saunter back leisurely to their seats. Last night, there was a rush to get back into the theatre, every man seeming to fear that he would miss the rise of the curtain." (It will be noted that reference is made only to men. Women did not smoke in public; nor did they leave their seats, where they sat sedately holding their large hats in their laps.)

At the end of the play, there was hearty applause, even cries of "Author!"—a practice now happily obsolete in New York, though it survives in London. Someone jerked me to my feet. I stood at the edge of the box, blinking, sweating, murmuring inaudibly—and it was over! Cohan & Harris' business manager took me to Churchill's, a popular after-theatre resort, where I had a chicken sandwich and a bottle of ginger ale; then I took the subway uptown and went to bed.

The press confirmed the verdict of the first-night audience. Today there are only six dailies of general circulation in New York. This concentration of power is a continuing nightmare for authors, actors, and producers. Unless a production has a large advance sale or a popular star, it can hardly survive adverse notices in the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*. In 1914, there was no such lethal concentration. There were fifteen English-language dailies in Manhattan, another

half dozen in Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Newark, as well as an influential German, Yiddish, and Italian press. That made for a diffusion and diversity of opinion that gave a play a fighting chance, especially since operating costs were a tenth of what they are today.

However, in the case of *On Trial*, there was hardly a dissenting voice. Here are a few brief excerpts from the general chorus of "raves": "A play which upsets all rules and precedents and is cheered by first night audience"; "Strong and gripping play"; "All that is melodramatic in the criminal courts is in this new play"; "The dramatic sensation of the season"; "A sensational success"; "The first 'retroactive' melodrama inspires an excited audience to arise in its seats and cheer the author"; "A remarkable example of dramatic construction"; "Has novelty, thrills and suspense"; "Thrills from start to finish; unique in stage effects." Though I did not altogether share the enthusiasm of some of the reviewers, I was not offended by their praise.

Since mid-August is not a popular theatregoing season in New York, the management had sought to protect itself against playing to empty houses by giving away most of the tickets for the second night. They offered me a hundred free seats. But my circle of acquaintances was small and I could use only a few. However, the favorable press instantly attracted crowds to the box office and with no seats available hundreds of people had to be turned away. Of course, there could have been no better advertisement for the play. Nothing is more provocative to theatregoers than the news that tickets are unobtainable.

The play ran in New York until the following July, for a total of 365 performances. In December, a second company opened in Chicago, where it ran for nearly five months. The following season there were three companies on tour. One of them was headed by Pauline Lord, who had succeeded Mary Ryan in New York. She became one of the finest actresses in the American theatre, particularly memorable for her performances in *Anna Christie*, *They Knew What They Wanted*, and *The Late Christopher Bean*. Eventually the play had numerous performances in stock and abroad. The motion picture rights were sold, and then resold when the talkies came in. Recently there was a television production in Italy. All in all, my earnings from the play have come to something like \$100,000. I did not make a mistake in rejecting Cohan's offer.

On Trial was, of course, only the first of many successful plays by Elmer Rice. Among others have been *The Adding Machine*, *Dream Girl*, and *Street Scene*, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1929. At present he is working on a new play—"not far enough along to be talked about."

POSTSCRIPTS TO HISTORY



To the Editors:

In your August, 1964, issue Gerald Carson ably tells the story of Charles Ogle's viciously false speech in the House of Representatives on April 14, 1840, and the major part it played in knocking Martin Van Buren out of the White House and electing William Henry Harrison, the "log-cabin-and-hard-cider" man of the people. As Carson makes clear, the nub of the hatchet job was the untrue picture of Van Buren as a voluptuary, living in the White House in sumptuous splendor and eating from gold plates with gold spoons.

Your editorial comment says that "the question did not come up in the Presidency of Van Buren's successor . . . since [Harrison] died within a month after taking office." But the question did come up, in a wry sequel that underlines a curious fact of American political life: that a matter inflated into a bulbous issue during a heated campaign may collapse like a pricked blister—or even turn inside out—after the election is over. The sequel also provides an interesting view of White House furnishings and what they cost a century and a quarter ago.

On February 23, 1841, shortly before Harrison's inauguration, John W. Allen of Ohio, a Harrison man, rose in the House of Representatives to move an appropriation of \$6,000, "in addition to the avails of sales of decayed furniture," to buy furnishings for the President's House. (It will be recalled that Ogle's attack on President Van Buren's extravagance had been by way of objecting to an appropriations item of \$3,665 for landscaping the grounds and repairing the furniture of the White House.)

At once a spirited discussion arose. Henry A. Wise of Virginia demanded an itemized statement "to see what this six thousand dollars is wanted for." Levi Lincoln of Massachusetts, a staunch Harrison Whig, rose to defend the appropriation; and Mr. Allen, after some delay, produced a letter from W. Noland, Commissioner of Public Buildings, stating that it would be necessary to spend an estimated \$5,359.50 to refurnish the President's House, chiefly the bed chambers. An itemized list, chamber by chamber, was appended, showing such typical entries as, "1 feather bed, \$45.50 . . . fire set, \$6.50 . . . 1 set chamber toilet ware, \$16.00." Most of the items sounded eminently practical, the most questionable being, perhaps, "Brussels carpet [for an anteroom], \$275.00," "1 mirror, \$75.00," and "Din-

ner set entire, \$500.00." When the list of proposed purchases had been read to the House, Mr. Wise desired to know whether the furniture already in the White House was not sufficient. For his part, he

would not vote a single dollar of the motion: General Harrison had not asked for it.

After further discussion, Julius C. Alford of Georgia offered a substitute motion: "That, for furniture for the President's House, the President-elect be authorized to sell the gold spoons and other such furniture as he may deem extravagant and unnecessary in the President's House, and purchase with the proceeds of the sale thereof, such furniture as he may deem proper and useful." This raised the question of whether there were, in fact, any gold spoons in the White House. Nobody seemed to know, and a study of the official inventory was called for. After an appropriate interim, a statement from the Commissioner of Public Buildings was read, certifying that all knives, forks, and spoons in the White House, according to an inventory taken by order of President Jackson in 1837, were "silver-gilt" rather than gold; and that "no gold or silver-gilt knives, or forks, or spoons, or plate of any description has been purchased for the President's House since Mr. Van Buren became the Chief Magistrate of the nation." To this was added a statement from a professional jeweller certifying that the White House dining utensils were indeed silver-gilt, that is, "covered with gold and burnished"; they were not solid gold. Mr. Alford thereupon modified his substitute motion about selling gold spoons, to make it read "silver-gilt spoons." It was voted down, sixty-six to sixty-one.

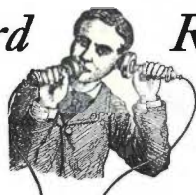
The question then reverted to Mr. Allen's motion to appropriate \$6,000 for White House furnishings. George M. Keim of Pennsylvania remarked, speaking as a member of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, that the committee had not recommended any purchases for General Harrison's household because, if anything had been more distinctly decided in the late contest than any other, it was the extravagance which had been practised in the President's House.

A vote was then taken on Mr. Allen's motion, calling for an appropriation of \$6,000 to buy furniture for incoming President William Henry Harrison. It carried, ayes ninety, noes fifty-one.

George I. Bushfield, Stanton, New Jersey

The Voice Heard Round the World

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55



fully recovered from his illness, he resumed his career as a teacher. He had been offered a fee of five hundred dollars by the Boston school board for a series of lectures on "Visible Speech"—a code of written symbols indicating the position and action of the vocal organs in the production of various sounds, which had been devised by his father as a valuable aid in teaching the deaf to speak. Apart from the money involved, the prospect appealed to Bell enormously for several reasons. He was anxious to return to active professional life, he enjoyed teaching, and he had always been profoundly interested in the problems of the deaf. His mother was deaf.

During the ensuing months Bell made up his mind to remain permanently in the United States, and in October, 1872, he opened a school of vocal physiology and the mechanics of speech in Boston, where he demonstrated his father's methods before teachers of the deaf. A year later he received an appointment as professor of vocal physiology at Boston University, and transferred his students there. Through his work with the deaf, Bell met two men who would prove tremendously important to him in the years that lay just ahead. One was Gardiner Greene Hubbard, a Boston lawyer and president of Clarke Institute for Deaf-Mutes in Northampton, Massachusetts; Hubbard's daughter Mabel had lost her hearing through an attack of scarlet fever when she was barely four years old. The other was Thomas Sanders, a prosperous leather merchant of Salem, whose five-year-old son George, born deaf, became one of Bell's private students. Grateful to Bell for his interest in their children, both men became his close friends and within a year of their first meeting, upon learning of his electrical experiments, offered to cover his expenses in return for a share in future patent rights.

Despite his crowded daily teaching schedule, Bell continued his experiments, working far into the night in an effort to perfect the harmonic telegraph. Sometime during the winter of 1873-74 he conceived the idea of improving his device by substituting flexible strips of metal—like organ reeds or flattened clock springs—for the tuning forks. As he envisaged the new apparatus, one end of each reed would be clamped firmly to one pole of an electromagnet; the other end, extended horizontally, would be free to vibrate over the other pole. Each reed would be provided with a tuning mechanism.

Lacking the time and mechanical skill to construct

the necessary parts, Bell sought help at Williams' workshop in Court Street. At that time the electrical industry was still in its infancy, and the Williams establishment with its thirty-odd employees ranked as one of the best-equipped shops in the country. Among its employees was Thomas A. Watson, and it was he who came to assist Bell in the modification of his harmonic telegraph. From their initial encounter grew a long and rewarding professional association.

In a memoir written years afterward, Watson recalled: "I made half a dozen pairs of the harmonic instruments for Bell. He was surprised, when he tried them, to find that they didn't work as well as he expected." The failures, however, were blessings in disguise. For, as Watson pointed out, "Had his harmonic telegraph been a well-behaved apparatus that always did what its parent wanted it to do, the speaking telephone might never have emerged from a certain marvellous conception that had even then been surging back of Bell's high forehead for two or three years."

That marvellous conception had slowly flowered through a synthesis of ideas and observations made in the course of his work on the harmonic telegraph. After he had given up on the tuning forks and had started to think in terms of organ reeds, he began to contemplate larger numbers of transmitting units. He knew from his musical experience that if he put his head inside a piano and sang or spoke, a number of strings would respond. Hence if he constructed a "harp transmitter" with enough strings or reeds to pick up every frequency of the human voice, their combined vibrations could be converted into a complex electric current that would vary in intensity with the varying sounds of the voice. And a receiver harp at the other end of the circuit would reproduce those sounds. Although Bell suspected that his theoretical harp transmitter was too big, too complicated, and probably too expensive to be practical, he nevertheless felt that the underlying principles were sound, and the conception persisted in his mind.

Meanwhile, his work with the deaf had taken him one day to the physics laboratory at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to inspect a remarkable new instrument called the phonautograph. This contrivance was a kind of speaking trumpet, closed at the far end by a stretched membrane. Attached to the membrane was a stylus. When words were spoken into the mouthpiece the membrane vibrated, causing the stylus to trace an oscillating wave pattern on a piece of smoked glass. Bell thought that the instrument might be useful in teaching articulation to the deaf by re-

vealing to them visually the relationship between the sounds they articulated, or tried to articulate, and the patterns traced by the stylus on the smoked glass.

Unfortunately the phonautograph did not work satisfactorily for Bell's purposes. He was struck, however, by a similarity between its mechanism and that of the human ear, and it occurred to him that the phonautograph might be improved were it modelled more closely upon the structure of the ear. Seeking more accurate anatomical information, he consulted a famous Boston ear specialist, Dr. Clarence J. Blake. Somewhat to Bell's surprise, Blake suggested that instead of constructing a phonautograph around a model of the ear, he should use an actual human ear, excised from some donor in the morgue. What was more, the Doctor would provide one. And he did, properly preserved and prepared for scientific study. The experiment proved highly successful. Bell constructed a new phonautograph, using the ear as a component, and found that its tracings of sound patterns on the smoked glass were vastly more accurate than those of the instrument at M.I.T. But what stirred Bell more deeply than this hope of a new device for teaching the deaf was the opening of a new avenue of thought provided by his glimpse into the secret corridors of the inner ear.

Bell carried his apparatus home with him to Brantford in July, 1874, and continued his experiments with it during his summer vacation. He continued to marvel over the mechanisms of the ear, and especially the ability of the tiny diaphragm—the ear drum—to move the relatively heavy bones of the ear. Then suddenly, on July 26, 1874, one of those amazing cross-circuits of thought that happen without premeditation produced a blinding scintillation in his mind. For several hours he had been brooding over the problems inherent in his harp transmitter, wondering if he could not find a less cumbersome device than one involving a whole choir of strings or reeds—and some simpler way to pick up the sounds of the human voice and generate a current that would vary in intensity as the air varied in density during the production of those sounds.

Years later Bell described the exact moment at which he suddenly perceived the solution he had sought: "I do not think that the membrane of the ear could have been half an inch in diameter and it appeared to be as thin as tissue paper. . . . It occurred to me that if such a thin and delicate membrane could move bones that were, relatively to it, very massive indeed, why should not a larger and stouter membrane be able to move a piece of steel in the manner I desired?"

Bell knew now he could discard all the capricious and multitudinous reeds in his harp transmitter. A single diaphragm could take their place. And a single

magnetized reed, attached to the center of the diaphragm and vibrating with the sound of the human voice, could generate a current that would vary in intensity precisely as the air varied in density during the production of that sound.

"At once the conception of a membrane speaking telephone became complete in my mind," Bell related, "for I saw that a similar instrument to that used as a transmitter could also be employed as a receiver."

The vision was there, clear and correct. But many problems of many kinds remained. A technical question that still loomed large concerned the matter of electrical induction. Both Michael Faraday in England and Joseph Henry in America had shown almost concurrently, a few decades earlier, that when a magnetized object is moved toward an electromagnet, a current is induced (generated) in the electromagnet's coil; and when it is moved away from the electromagnet a current of the opposite kind is induced. (See "Professor Henry and His Philosophical Toys" in the December, 1963, *AMERICAN HERITAGE*.) It was this principle that Bell had invoked. But he wondered now if the current induced by his magnetized reed, vibrating over an electromagnet's pole, would be strong enough to activate the receiver.

A problem of quite another variety now appeared. His financial backers in Boston, Hubbard and Sanders, were sponsoring his experiments in multiple telegraphy, and not his visionary notion of transmitting human speech by wire. Both men were convinced that success for all of them hinged on Bell's ability to perfect and patent the harmonic telegraph with all possible speed. Western Union was stringing lines across the entire continent; it was overwhelmed with more messages than it could transmit; and, most alarming of all, other inventors were aware of the principle of



the harmonic telegraph and were competing to win the race. Yet when Bell returned to Boston at summer's end his thoughts were still dominated by the revelations of July. Moreover, he and Watson appeared to be making little progress toward their objective of evolving a workable harmonic telegraph. It continued to balk their best efforts. Night after night they labored vainly to persuade transmitters and receivers to vibrate in monogamistic resonance with their respective mates—and with no others. It seemed that however carefully they adjusted the tuning mechanisms, the pulses that cascaded along the wire overlapped each other in turbulent disarray.

One evening, as they sat down on a bench for a brief recess, Bell decided to take Watson into his confidence and inform him of his summer speculations. As Watson recalled the conversation in later years,

Bell said to me, "Watson, I want to tell you of another idea I have which I think will surprise you!" I listened, I suspect, somewhat languidly, for I must have been working that day about sixteen hours, with only a short nutritive interval . . . but when he went on to say that he had an idea by which he believed it would be possible to talk by telegraph, my nervous system got such a shock that the tired feeling vanished. I have never forgotten his exact words; they have run in my mind ever since like a mathematical formula. "If," he said, "*I could make a current of electricity vary in intensity, precisely as the air varies in density during the production of a sound, I should be able to transmit speech telegraphically.*"

Bell then took a piece of paper and made a sketch of his telephone transmitter as he envisaged it. They discussed it for a while and then went back to their labors on the harmonic telegraph. As Watson remembered later, they agreed that "the chances of its working were too uncertain to impress his financial backers . . . who were insisting that the wisest thing for Bell to do was to perfect the harmonic telegraph; then he would have money and leisure enough to build air castles like the telephone."

Nevertheless Bell did muster up his courage a few days later. He approached Hubbard and Sanders and asked if they would care to sponsor his new conception. The answer was no. They saw no immediate need for such an instrument, while on the other hand there was a great demand for the harmonic telegraph and every urgent reason for bringing it to practical completion. Indeed, they exhorted Bell to hurry to Washington and register his specifications with the Patent Office.

Bell's trip to Washington in February, 1875, proved a fateful one, for while he was in the capital he called upon Joseph Henry, dean of American physicists, inventor of the electric motor, and secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. In later years Bell spoke of this in-

terview as a turning point in his career. For although the great physicist, then nearly eighty years old, listened with courteous interest while Bell described his harmonic telegraph, his interest turned to excitement when the young inventor went on to discuss his hopes of transmitting human speech over a wire. He told Bell that he had "the germ of a great invention" and urged him to forge ahead with his experiments. When Bell expressed fear that he lacked the electrical knowledge necessary to overcome the difficulties, Henry said laconically, "*Get it!*"

Four months elapsed between Bell's conversation with Henry and the moment of enlightenment that forever afterward Bell and Watson would remember as the crucial episode of their collaboration. Those final months were not easy ones. Watson wrote later:

But this spring of 1875 was the dark hour just before the dawn. . . . The date when the conception of the undulatory or speech-transmitting current took its perfect form in Bell's mind [was] the greatest day in the history of the telephone, but certainly June 2, 1875, must always rank next; for on that day the mocking fiend inhabiting that demonic telegraph apparatus . . . opened the curtain that hides from man great Nature's secrets and gave us a glimpse into that treasury of things not yet discovered. . . .*

In the course of their experiments on the harmonic telegraph, Bell had found the source of their difficulties. The trouble lay in their inability to tune transmitters and receivers into precise and perfect congruence. Since Bell had a musical ear (and Watson did not), it was he who undertook the finicky and seemingly endless job of adjusting the tuning screws. His method was to hold the vibrating spring, or reed, of a receiver close to his ear while the corresponding transmitter in the other room was sending its intermittent current through the electromagnet. He would then manipulate the tuning screw until the vibratory whine emitted by the spring of the receiver appeared to coincide with the whine coming—through the air—from the transmitter.

On the afternoon of June 2, 1875 [Watson continued], we were hard at work on the same old job, testing some modification of the instruments. Things were badly out of tune that afternoon in that hot garret, not only the instruments,

* Watson's literary style is hardly what one would expect from a man who left school at the age of thirteen. However, when he was forty, he entered M.I.T. and took courses in literature, geology, and biology—subjects which dominated his interest in later years. He left the American Bell Telephone Company in 1881 and spent a year in Europe. On his return he went into shipbuilding and founded the Fore River Ship and Engine Company in East Braintree, Massachusetts, which had a large share in building the U.S. fleet that fought the Spanish-American War. In 1904, aged fifty, he retired from business and spent the remaining years of his life in travel. He died in 1934.



The newly invented telephone was soon put to use by the U.S. Army—sometimes in unexpected ways. About 1878 officers at Fort Keogh, Montana Territory, let some members of a Sioux peace delegation talk to others by phone over a considerable distance. Their astonishment was great and left them in a fine mood for negotiation.

but, I fancy, my enthusiasm and my temper, though Bell was as energetic as ever. I had charge of the transmitters as usual, setting them squealing one after the other, while Bell was retuning the receiver springs one by one, pressing them against his ear as I have described.

One of the transmitter springs I was attending to stopped vibrating and I plucked it to start it again. It didn't start and I kept on plucking it, when suddenly I heard a shout from Bell in the next room, and then out he came with a rush, demanding, "What did you do then? Don't change anything. Let me see!"

Bell, at the other end of the line, had heard in his receiver a startling, unbelievable sound, a sound quite different from the familiar whine of the vibrating transmitter. Instead he had heard the distinctive metallic *twang-g!* of a plucked spring, a sound with tones and overtones, a sound that made his heart stand still.

Watson showed him what had happened. The contact screw had been set down so far that it had made permanent contact with the spring. Hence when Watson plucked the spring the circuit remained unbroken. And instead of producing an intermittent current, the spring had acted as a diaphragm and sent an induced, undulating current over the line. In Watson's words,

That strip of magnetized steel by its vibration over the pole of its magnet was generating that marvellous conception of Bell's—a current of electricity that varied in intensity precisely as the air was varying in density within hearing distance of that spring. That undulatory current had passed through the connecting wire to the distant receiver which,

fortunately, was a mechanism that could transform that current back into an extremely faint echo of the sound of the vibrating spring that had generated it.

What was still more fortunate, the right man had that mechanism at his ear during that fleeting moment, and instantly recognized the transcendent importance of that faint sound thus electrically transmitted. The shout I heard and his excited rush into my room were the result of that recognition.

The speaking telephone was born at that moment. Bell knew perfectly well that the mechanism that could transmit all the complex vibrations of one sound could do the same for any sound, even that of speech. . . . All the experimenting that followed that discovery, up to the time the telephone was put into practical use, was largely a matter of working out the details.

For several hours after the unforgettable *twang*, Bell and Watson repeated the experiment, changing places, changing the circuits, testing each pair of transmitters and receivers, and cross-checking each other's observations. On through the afternoon and into the night, "there was little done but plucking reeds and observing the effect"—this time the words are Bell's. But faintly as the signals came through, they were there and they were true. And Bell now knew that his invention could be made to work, for his major and most persistent fear had been resolved. As he expressed it some thirty years afterward, "These experiments at once removed the doubt that had been in my mind since the summer of 1874, that magneto-electric currents generated by the vibration of an armature in front of an electromagnet would be too feeble to produce audible effects that could be practically utilized."

Before they parted company for the night, Bell gave Watson instructions for making the first speaking telephone. The specifications were simply those of the membrane telephone which he had envisaged at his home in Brantford the summer before. Watson promised to have it ready the next day. Bell walked the streets for some time and when he returned to his lodgings found he could not sleep. Though elated, he felt guilty at having invented the telephone when his sponsors expected him to be hard at work on the harmonic telegraph. Before he went to bed he wrote a letter to Hubbard.

"Dear Mr. Hubbard," he began. "I have accidentally made a discovery of the very greatest importance. . . ."

On the next day, June 3, 1875, Watson constructed the first Bell telephone. As a mouthpiece, he arranged a small hollow cylinder, closed at one end by a tautly stretched parchment membrane. To the center of the membrane he attached the free end of a transmitter spring. It was a beautifully simple mechanism. When a person spoke into the mouthpiece, sound waves from his voice caused the membrane to vibrate. The mem-

brane then caused the attached transmitter spring to vibrate. And the transmitter spring, vibrating over one pole of its electromagnet, induced an undulatory current that varied in intensity as the air varied in density during the production of vocal sounds.

That evening Bell and Watson met at the shop, after the workmen had gone home, for the initial tests. Surmising that the signal would be faint at best, and that both he and Bell would doubtless be shouting at the top of their lungs, Watson had taken the precaution of running the wire—the world's first telephone line—from their fifth-floor garret down to the third floor, to lessen the chance of hearing each other directly through the air. On the first test the new telephone was placed on Watson's workbench, while Bell stationed himself at a receiver in the garret. Watson shouted; but Bell, straining his ears, could hear nothing. They then exchanged places, with Bell at the transmitter below and Watson upstairs. This time the results were more encouraging.

"I could unmistakably hear the tones of his voice," Watson recalled later, "and almost catch a word now and then. I rushed downstairs and told him what I had heard. . . . It was enough to show him that he was on the right track, and before he left that night he gave me directions for several improvements in the telephones I was to have ready for the next trial."

Watson attributed the one-way transmission that night not to any defect in the system but to Bell's life-long training in elocution: "The reason why I heard Bell in that first trial of the telephone and he did not hear me, was the vast superiority of his strong vibratory tones over any sound my undeveloped voice was then able to utter." He then added dryly, "My sense of hearing, however, has always been unusually acute, and that might have helped to determine this result."

In any event, the business of what Watson had called "working out the details" continued to be a somewhat sticky one. The experiments went on all summer as Bell and Watson juggled components in an attempt to improve reception. They could hear each other's voices, but only rarely could they distinguish fragments of sentences, isolated phrases, or scattered words. Day after fruitless day they found themselves at a loss as to what to try next. Bell's problems, moreover, were aggravated by other factors. He was deeply involved in drafting specifications and claims for patent rights, foreign and domestic, on both the harmonic telegraph and the telephone *; hence much of his time was con-

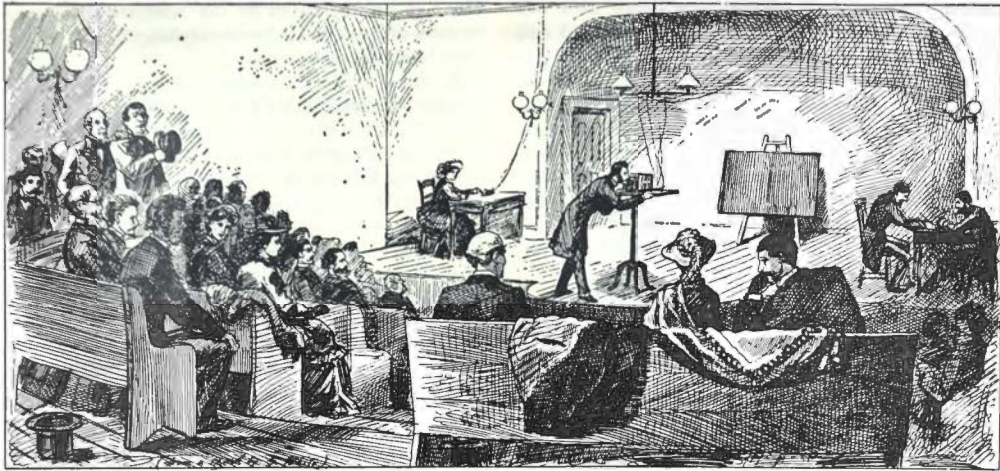
* Bell's basic U.S. Patent No. 174,465 covering the telephone—"The method of, and apparatus for, transmitting vocal or other sounds telegraphically, as herein described, by causing electrical undulations, similar in form to the vibrations of the air accompanying the said vocal or other sounds, substantially as set forth"—was granted on March 7, 1876.

sumed in paper work. Then too, his health took a turn for the worse during the hot summer months. And finally, he was beset by financial difficulties. In his zeal to perfect the telephone he had abandoned all his teaching engagements, and now his funds were running low. While his sponsors had agreed to cover his laboratory expenses, no provision had been made for personal expenses. Bell was reluctant to request further assistance, for although both men now saw the potential of the telephone, Sanders had already invested large sums in Bell's work without return, and Bell's relationship with Hubbard was even more sensitive. For he hoped, when he became more solvent, to marry Hubbard's daughter, Mabel.

Seeing no other solution to his predicament, Bell returned briefly to his work with the deaf, lecturing to student teachers and building up a new clientele of private pupils. Toward the end of 1875 his circumstances improved. He was able to move his apparatus from the Williams shop, where it had been eyed by increasing numbers of inquisitive strangers, to private quarters of his own in 5 Exeter Place, Boston. There, through the winter and early spring, Bell continued his experiments and evolved a new and modified transmitter, abetted by a variable battery current. On the night of March 10, 1876, just nine months after Bell's harmonic telegraph receiver gave out its promising *twang*, his telephone pronounced its first complete and intelligible sentence. Watson, who had continued to assist Bell faithfully, constructing his apparatus and working with him night after night no less assiduously than at the workshop in Court Street, was on the receiving end this time, and he recorded the event:

It made such an impression upon me that I wrote that first sentence in a book I have always preserved. The occasion had not been arranged and rehearsed as I suspect the sending of the first message over the Morse telegraph had been years before, for instead of that noble first telegraphic message—"What hath God wrought?"—the first message of the telephone was: "Mr. Watson, come here, I want you." Perhaps if Mr. Bell had realized that he was about to make a bit of history, he would have been prepared with a more sounding and interesting sentence.

Thereafter events moved swiftly. In June, 1876, Bell exhibited his apparatus at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, where he won prizes for both the telephone and his harmonic telegraph. Among the judges were Joseph Henry; the Emperor Dom Pedro of Brazil, who exclaimed, "My God, it talks"; and Sir William Thomson (Baron Kelvin), who later called the telephone "the most wonderful thing [he had seen] in America." There followed a series of demonstrations in both the United States and Canada, with lectures by Bell and gradually lengthening lines of communi-



In a celebrated demonstration in 1877, Bell combined an explanatory lecture on the theory of the telephone with an impressive performance: he spoke to his assistant, Watson, over a line running from the lecture hall in Salem, Massachusetts, to Bell's laboratory in Boston. Reporters in both places took notes, while a distinguished audience watched in Salem; the scene above shows that end of the line. Below: In another experiment, one of Bell's assistants sits beside a telephone in Bell's Boston "experimenting room," apparently playing a kind of organ. The idea that music could be reproduced faithfully over the telephone obviously excited early interest.



BOTH, NEW YORK Daily Graphic, MARCH 6, 1877; NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY

cation. The demonstration circuits began with two miles of wire between Bell's home in Brantford and the neighboring town of Mount Pleasant; by the spring of 1877 a line had been set up from New Brunswick, New Jersey, to New York City, a distance of more than thirty miles. (The wires were leased, for these occasions, from Western Union.) The reactions of audiences ranged from incredulity, through enthusiasm, to skepticism. Some saw in the telephone only an ingenious novelty. Shortly after the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, the New York *Tribune* commented editorially in this vein:

Of what use is such an invention? Well, there may be occasions of state when it is necessary for officials who are far apart to talk with each other, without the interferences of an operator. Or some lover may wish to pop the question directly into the ear of a lady and hear for himself her reply, though miles away; it is not for us to guess how courtships will be conducted in the twentieth century. It is said that the human voice has been conveyed by this contrivance over a circuit of sixty miles. Music can be readily transmitted. Think of serenading by telegraph!

During this period, when Bell was beginning to win great acclaim but still languished in financial distress, Gardiner Hubbard decided to execute a coup. He approached the Western Union Company and offered to sell them all the Bell patents for a lump sum of \$100,000. He added that Bell would be willing to put on a private demonstration for officers of the company. The president of Western Union spurned the offer of a demonstration and refused the patents, explaining that they "could not make use of an electrical toy." Commenting wryly on this rude rejection, Watson, who was now devoting his full time to the telephone in return for an interest in the Bell patents, observed: "It was an especially hard blow to me, for . . . I had had visions of a sumptuous office in the Western Union Building in New York, which I was expecting to occupy as Superintendent of the Telephone Department of the great telegraph company. However, we recovered even from that. . . . Two years later the Western Union would gladly have bought those patents for \$25,000,000."

Undismayed, Bell and Watson continued with their experiments. They made telephones with every modification and combination of components that they could imagine. They tested all kinds of materials, all kinds of diaphragms, and all kinds of magnets. In the end, after hundreds of experiments, they dispensed with the membrane diaphragm in favor of a thin iron one. They found too that telephones with permanent magnets working without any battery gave better results at a distance than telephones containing electromagnets operated by a battery current. Thus two out-

standing characteristics of the later telephone—permanent magnets and metallic diaphragms—had already been added in that early day.

In July, 1877, Bell married Mabel Hubbard and shortly thereafter sailed with his bride to England to introduce the telephone there. He delivered many lectures and gave many demonstrations, most notably one for Queen Victoria at Osborne on the Isle of Wight. But Bell's trip was most memorable for an amazingly prophetic document which he composed on the night of March 15, 1878, at his rented house in Kensington. It was in the form of a prospectus designed to awaken the interest of English investors in the Electric Telephone Company. In view of the fact that the telephone was still in its infancy, the vision embodied in these paragraphs discloses a depth and scope of imagination that matched Bell's inventive genius.

At the present time we have a perfect network of gas-pipes and water-pipes throughout our larger cities. We have main pipes laid under the streets communicating by side pipes with the various dwellings, enabling the members to draw their supplies of gas and water from a common source.

In a similar manner, it is conceivable that cables of Telephone wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, counting houses, ships, manufactories, etc., etc., uniting them through the main cable with a central office where the wires could be connected as desired, establishing direct communication between any two places in the city. Such a plan as this, though impracticable at the present moment, will, I firmly believe, be the outcome of the introduction of the Telephone to the public. Not only so, but I believe that in the future wires will unite the head offices of the Telephone Company in different cities and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place.

Thus in the spring of 1878 Bell foresaw clearly how his invention would alter the whole tapestry of human existence. He knew exactly what he had brought into being, and he entertained not the slightest doubt that before very long every home and place of business would possess a telephone, and that through its sorcery the human voice, transcending all barriers of time and distance, would be heard around the world. It is noteworthy too that Bell's prospectus of 1878 introduced some terminology that has remained a basic and permanent part of the lexicon of the telephone. From his concept of a "central office" came the salutation "Hello, Central," which, until the advent of the dial system, was uttered by more people every hour of every day than any other phrase in the English tongue.

By the time Bell and his wife returned to the United States at the end of 1878 the telephone was well on its way to becoming a big business. Never before had a

revolutionary invention entered into commercial use so swiftly. The first central switchboard had been established in Boston (with boys as operators, until some inspired but forgotten genius discovered that girls were more polite). The first private line had been strung between Williams' electrical workshop in Court Street and his home in Somerville, Massachusetts. Thereafter, with amazing rapidity wires wove steel tracteries across the New England landscape and telephone poles sprouted like autumn weeds. Businessmen, lawyers, doctors, quickly discovered that, quite apart from efficiency and convenience, there was an element of status in owning a telephone. The first directory appeared in New Haven, with a list of fifty subscribers—among them the police department and the post office. And in Boston, Bell's canny business managers, Hubbard and Sanders, supervised the manufacture and rental of telephone instruments, and girded up their loins for the first of an interminable series of legal battles in which the Bell associates would have to defend their basic patents against an army of predators. For it was becoming clear to electrical and telegraph companies that Bell Patent No. 174,465 was a valuable one. As events subsequently showed, it turned out to be the most valuable patent ever issued in the history of the U.S. Patent Office. By December of 1879, stock in the New England Telephone Company was selling at \$995 a share.

Meanwhile Watson—chief technician in Bell's absence—found himself confronted with the problem of devising a method of summoning people to the telephone. For some reason Bell had not thought of a bell.

It began to dawn on us [Watson recalled] that people engaged in getting their living in the ordinary walks of life couldn't be expected to keep the telephone at their ear all the time waiting for a call, especially as it weighed ten pounds then and was as big as a small packing case, so it devolved on me to get up some sort of a call signal. Williams, on his line, used to call by thumping the diaphragm through the mouthpiece with the butt of a lead pencil. If there was someone close to the telephone at the other end, and it was very still, this worked pretty well, but it seriously damaged the vitals of the machine and therefore I decided it wasn't really practical for the general public; besides, we might have to supply a pencil with every telephone . . .

Then I rigged a little hammer inside the box with a button on the outside. When the button was thumped the hammer would hit the side of the diaphragm where it could not be damaged, the usual electrical transformation took place, and a much more modest but still unmistakable thump would issue from the telephone at the other end. . . .

But the exacting public wanted something better, and I devised the Watson "Buzzer"—the only practical use we ever made of the harmonic telegraph relics. Many of these were sent out. It was a vast improvement on the Watson



A Thomas Nast cartoon of 1886 made it clear that Bell's claims to the invention of the telephone, while they eventually triumphed, did not shake off contestants for many years.

"Thumper," but it still didn't take the popular fancy. It made a sound quite like the horseradish-grater automobile signal . . . and aroused just the same feeling of resentment. It brought me only a fleeting fame for I soon superseded it by a magneto-electric call bell that solved the problem, and was destined to make a long-suffering public turn cranks for the next fifteen years or so, as it never had before or ever will hereafter.

Watson solved another problem at this time which proved important in the future development of the telephone system. In his first version of the magneto call bell he had incorporated a manual switch that had to be thrown one way by hand when the telephone was being used, and then thrown back by hand when the call was terminated in order to put the bell back in circuit again.

But, Watson soon discovered, "the average man or woman wouldn't do this more than half the time, and I was obliged to try a series of devices, which culminated in that remarkable achievement of the human brain—the automatic switch—that only demanded of the public that it should hang up the telephone after it got through talking. This the public learned to do quite well after a few years of practice."

For the next three years after Bell's return from England, both he and Watson were compelled to spend most of their time either testifying in court or preparing to testify. Again and again Watson found himself building reproductions of the original telephone instrument in order to prove to judges and juries that it

actually had worked right from the start. The litigation went on for decades, and in time virtually every big electrical and telegraph company in the United States mobilized its technical and legal resources in all-out battles to break the bulwarks of Patent No. 174,465. When Western Union tardily recognized the potential of Bell's invention, just two years after they had haughtily spurned Hubbard's offer to sell it to them for \$100,000, they engaged Thomas Edison and Elisha Gray to evolve instruments that would work as well as the Bell telephone and yet evade the restrictions of the basic patent. Edison did, indeed, evolve a carbon-button transmitter that proved superior to Bell's magneto transmitter, as Watson rather ruefully admitted afterward.

"Our transmitter was doing much to develop the American voice and lungs," he observed, "making them powerful but not melodious. This was the telephone epoch when, they used to say, all the farmers waiting in a country grocery would rush out and hold their horses when they saw anyone preparing to use the telephone."

The basic principles involved in Patent No. 174,465 were, however, unique, inimitable, and not subject to disguise or variation. The patent withstood all assaults, and one by one the various adversaries were struck down by the courts—and on several occasions by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Both Bell and Watson separated themselves from the telephone company in the same year, 1881, and turned their restless minds to other interests. By now both young men were financially secure for life; they were, indeed, rich, and they were bored by such matters as law suits and corporate expansion. "Bell was a pure scientist," Watson explained. "Making money out of his idea never seemed to concern him particularly." When the Bell Telephone Company of Canada was incorporated, Bell gave three quarters of his interest to his father and generously dispensed smaller fractions to many others who had helped him. To his wife he gave his entire holdings in the American company as a wedding gift, along with complete control of his financial affairs. Once, while at home in Brantford on vacation, he was asked to return to the States to testify in another patent suit. Throwing up his hands in exasperation, he declared that he would rather surrender all interest in the telephone and devote the rest of his life to teaching the deaf than participate in one more piece of litigation.

As for Watson, he resigned his position as General Inspector of the New England Telephone Company, partly because the incessant pressures of the embattled and swiftly expanding firm had given him chronic in-

omnia, and partly because "the telephone business had become, I thought, merely a matter of routine, with nothing more to do except pay dividends and fight infringers." In this latter assumption, events were to prove him incorrect. For the telephone system, from the day it was born, was a living organism that immediately began a process of expansion and technical development that has accelerated with each passing year. The process involved vastly more than the bare necessities of festooning additional miles of wires or manufacturing thousands of new phones. Other original minds, other gifted technicians, took up where Bell and Watson left off. By 1900, less than a quarter century after Bell filed his original patent, more than three thousand patents had been filed in Washington by the second generation of Bell inventors.

Bell's creation of the telephone overshadowed later achievements that by themselves would have insured a degree of immortality to a lesser man. He made important advances toward the development of the photoelectric cell, the phonograph, the iron lung, and the desalination of ocean water. Working with the aviation pioneer S. P. Langley, he contributed valuably to aeronautical theory, in which he was intensely interested; on a practical level, he was the co-inventor of the aileron as a device to control the lateral balance of an airplane.

Yet through all his years of international fame and glory, until his death in 1922, Bell never lost his interest in the problems of the deaf. With \$300,000 of his own money he founded the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, and he developed a lifetime friendship with Helen Keller, whom he first knew in 1886 as a six-year-old still almost completely mute. He was always tenderly considerate of his deaf wife, and repeatedly, from the time of his first triumphs in Boston, he declared that he would rather be remembered by posterity as one who had helped the deaf than as the inventor of the telephone.

*Mr. Barnett, a journalist for many years, won a National Book Award citation with *The Universe* and Dr. Einstein in 1950; his latest book is *The Treasure of Our Tongue* (Knopf, 1964). "The Voice Heard Round the World" will be the opening chapter of *The Conquest of Silence*, to be published by Harper & Row late in 1965.*

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The Man Whose Praise We Sing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

out fear of the foeman's fire—when art and science smiled o'er hill and dale, enriched by the blood of freemen slain—when LIBERTY, with a home of her own, invited the oppressed of the earth to her embrace, extending to the penury-stricken the horn which needed only his industry to become one of plenty—then and not until then did our hero, grown to man's estate, return again to reside in the vicinity of Johnstown."

Wow!

Nick had another brief period of military life during the War of 1812. Though he was then past fifty, he enlisted again as a fifer. He was promoted to fife major, whence came the title of "Major" which he bore the rest of his life. He took part in the fighting around Plattsburg when the British invasion was repulsed there, but aside from that interlude, he spent his post-Revolutionary life in the Johnstown area.

Soon after returning home from the Revolutionary War, Nick took himself a wife. The lady, one Anna Mason, had been an early sweetheart of Nick's. Simms tells us that she "was a maiden very fair to look upon. Nature had given her charming proportions; a stature seemly, gracefully jutting out where swellings were most becoming, and bewitchingly tapering where diminution is sought in female form. Her skin was clear and fair, and her hair and eyes black, the latter shaded by raven lashes under control of muscle, that gave the organs of love a most melting expression." With allurements such as these it is not surprising that she was so much sought after that while Nick was away at the war she married another man. But the young husband was killed in the war and Anna was again free when Nick returned. He courted her, and "although her affection had been chastened by the blight of sorrow, her young heart was still susceptible of an ardent offering to one who had inspired the first budding of love there." Their marriage lasted more than forty years and produced four sons and two daughters.

When Nick settled down in Johnstown, he was for three years a deputy sheriff, from time to time held various town offices, and for a while was a captain of militia. But the bulk of his productive life he spent as a farmer and trapper. These occupations are compatible since they take place in alternate seasons. There was, of course, nothing unique or even unusual about that; thousands of others living on or near the frontier did exactly the same thing. Stoner's prominence depended not so much on his skill in woodcraft as on his contentious nature.

Nick's natural hunting grounds were the Adirondack Mountains, the traditional domain of the Iroquois In-

dians. Allied with England in the Revolution, the Iroquois afterward had to abandon their ancestral home in the Mohawk Valley and establish themselves in Canada. But Iroquois still hunted and trapped in the Adirondacks, and this often brought them into conflict with Nick and other Mohawk Valley whites. In fact, Nick may be pardoned a certain animosity toward them, for his father had been killed and scalped in an Indian raid during the war. Many other whites had lost relatives in the same bloody way, and the antipathy between the races smouldered for a long time. But as the memory of the war faded, a spirit of tolerance grew up, and whites, including Nick Stoner, often hunted with Indian partners. But these were good Indians—a good Indian apparently being defined as one whose interest was the same as one's own.

If an Indian's interest crossed that of Nick's—if a red man poached on what Nick considered his territory, above all, if Nick so much as suspected one of molesting his traps—he gave him short shrift. Simms recounts no fewer than three occasions on which Stoner shot and killed Indians while on trapping expeditions. Even by Simms' account, which is essentially Stoner's at second hand, on only one of these occasions was he in any personal danger. Mostly they were just altercations in which Stoner was the first to run out of words and reach for his gun.



This drawing of a stony-faced Stoner, "as accoutred for the forest," originally appeared in Jephtha R. Simms' Trappers of New York.

The most dastardly episode is given in some detail. Nick was hunting with a white partner, a comparative greenhorn. Examining one of their traps, they found that it had been sprung and its catch removed. The greenhorn suggested that it might have been done by a bear, but Nick examined the ground carefully and scornfully inquired how long it had been since bears began wearing moccasins. He found a hiding place near the trap, and, with loaded gun, waited in ambush. At last an Indian appeared and approached the trap, crossing a nearby river on a fallen tree. Nick had no evidence at all that this was the thief; indeed, no evidence that the thief was an Indian, for white men, including Stoner, also wore moccasins. Yet, when the Indian reached the middle of the river Nick fired, toppling his victim dead into the stream. He had plugged him, Nick said, to "let the succotash out and the eels in"—another example of the celebrated Stoner humor.

It is futile at this distance in time, and with so little evidence, to search for hidden motives. Yet a modern reader finds himself wondering what connection there may have been between the fact that Stoner was very free with accusations that his traps had been robbed, and the fact that stories often circulated that Stoner's own great success as a trapper was not entirely due to his woodcraft. When such stories came to his own ears, he cheerfully denied them.

Nick's most notable bit of Indian fighting took place not in the Adirondacks but in the wilds of a Johnstown tavern. In this scene he makes a strong bid for a place in the very front rank of all-time tavern hooligans. His work has such style, persistence, and bounce that one wonders how Hollywood has come to overlook such an inspiring example for the young. Here is a synopsis of Simms' preliminary script.

One fine day Nick, in his capacity as deputy sheriff, drops in at De Fonclaiere's Tavern, making his rounds like the hero of any western. A party of seven Canadian Indians who are in Johnstown trading happen to be drinking in the tavern kitchen. Nick joins them and adds some of their booze to a load he has taken on previously. Thus stimulated, he addresses an Indian of light complexion and twits him about the color of his skin and what this implies about his parentage. The Indian addressed does not object, but another Indian takes vigorous exception. Stoner, "who never would take an insult from an Indian with impunity," feels obliged to clout the offending redskin.

At this point things become confused. There is enough scuffling, shoving, and roughhouse to turn the kitchen into a shambles. Finally Stoner picks up the Indian and attempts to throw him into the blazing fireplace. His aim is bad and the Indian falls short of

the primary target and into a kettle of scalding hot gravy.

During the melee, however, M. de Fonclaiere, the proprietor, has done what all lovers of law and order have long been hoping to see someone do in one of these affairs—he rushes off to a justice of the peace to get a writ. The writ is denied on the grounds that "Captain Stoner is apt to be deranged with the changes of the moon." Poor M. de Fonclaiere cries, "O! le diable, vat shall I does then? me ruined sartain!" (All of Simms' dialect characters, whether French, German, Negro, or Indian, sound very much alike, and are usually treated humorously, no matter what their predicaments.)

Meanwhile, back at the tavern, Nick has completed the wrecking of the kitchen and, presumably after some reinforcing shots of firewater, starts for the barroom. To get there he must pass through a hall, and in the hall he stumbles over an Indian called Captain John, lying there "in a state of beastly drunkenness." Captain John is wearing, as many in those days do, an earring. Grasping the ornament in his hand and placing a foot on the Indian's neck for leverage, Nick rips off the earring.

Staggering on to the barroom, Nick enters just in time to hear (by his account) an Indian boasting that he is the one who scalped Nick's father. Overcome with grief, rage, and firewater, Nick rushes again to the fray. Perhaps not wishing to soil his hands by touching his father's supposed murderer, and having no weapon with him, he grasps the first instrument of destruction he can find—an andiron from the roaring fireplace. This he hurls at the offending redskin, catching him in the neck with the hottest part of it.

At that point, cooler and more sober heads intervene and the Indians are induced to take their wounded companions away. A doctor examines the one burned with the andiron and gives it as his opinion that it is very doubtful whether he will live.

In the next reel, after Nick sobers up he is put in jail. This is not, as Simms makes clear, through any animosity toward him, but because the townspeople feel that if nothing is done about the affair the Indians may return and take revenge indiscriminately upon the community. But after a few days the town regains its collective nerve and takes a more manly if less legal course. A crowd of local freedom buffs rallies round and springs Nick from jail—a sort of reverse lynching. After jollifying a good bit and thwarting the efforts of the jailer to reclaim his prisoner, they send Nick home to the bosom of his family. After this happy fade-out, Simms tells us, "the prowess and fearless acts of the Johnstown warrior gave him no little celebrity along the water-courses of Canada; and many a red



In another drawing from Simms, Nick attacks—with a red-hot andiron—the Indian who allegedly murdered his father. Nick's aim was good: the hapless redskin got it in the neck.

papoose was taught in swaddles to lisp with dread the name of Stoner."

There you have "old Nicholas Stoner . . . the man whose praise we sing." Is this the stuff of which heroes are made? How came this murderous brawler to be a folk legend?

The answer to the first question, unfortunate though it may be, is apparently *yes*. The frontier was never a place for niminy-piminy folk. Frontiersmen had to be tough to survive. Tough people tend to be crude. And that is the picture of them we get from Simms—a people whose "risible faculties" are stimulated by other people's misfortunes, who fight off boredom with the bottle, who quickly resort to violence to accomplish their ends; a people not greatly more civilized than the aborigines they supplanted. They think no lofty thoughts about subduing a wilderness but are concerned primarily with making a living the best way they can. It is not surprising to find Nick Stoner a prominent citizen among such as these.

They were practical folk. When his first wife died, the aging Nick entered into what Simms calls a "voluntary marriage" with Mrs. Polly Phye. It seems that Mr. Phye had decamped some years previously and no one knew whether he was alive or dead. Fearing to be charged with bigamy should her husband return and

find her married to another, Mrs. Phye preferred the informal arrangement. This rather bothers Simms, but he says, "Let the stickler for a rigid adherence at all times to established laws without reference to their operation, imagine this case wholly their [sic] own, before they [sic] feel prepared to condemn the course of this couple, or brand their conduct with the title of crime." That seems fair enough. Finally, after the death of Mrs. Phye-Stoner, Nick married a third time, another widow, some thirty years his junior. She survived him.

The answer to the second question—how a brawler like Nick entered into local hagiography—is a bit more complicated, but perfectly comprehensible upon deliberation. In his early years Nick was but one of numerous prominent woodsmen; such fame as he had was perhaps tinged with notoriety on account of his excessive homicidal tendency. But he did not die early. He did not die until 1853. In the meantime his compeers had passed on and his notoriety had dimmed, and Nick, past ninety, survived, an ambulatory anachronism, a relic from another world. The Revolution had ended seventy years before; yet there was Nick, a soldier who had served honorably, if without distinction, in that contest. Likewise, though men still hunted for sport, the day of the professional hunter and trapper was long gone in the Mohawk Valley; long before 1850 an Indian in those parts would have been as rare as an Indian there today. Nick, still wandering about in his coonskin cap, was the last leaf upon the dead tree of the frontier. The contemporaries of his last years saw in him the archetype of the noble frontiersman and made him into a living legend, a legend his compatriots have kept alive to this day.

But what are *we* to make of him, we who have a concern for getting history straight? Shall we pull him from his pedestal and cast him, debunked, into darkness? Not at all. For, to begin with, he is not ours to dethrone; he belongs to Fulton County, and no amount of setting the record straight will dim his luster there.

And then we must be mindful of a signal service which Nick Stoner has unwittingly performed. His longevity, so vital to his apotheosis, is undoubtedly what invited the Simms biography. And the biography, for all its sometimes silly faults, gives us, even though unconsciously, a very good picture of a hardy breed of man. Nick's warts are large, but his kind subdued a continent.

"History has always been a principal interest of mine," says Mr. Leach, "and I have more or less concentrated on colonial America." A retired businessman, he is now a resident of Nutley, New Jersey.

TALE OF A TABLE

By MARY A. BENJAMIN



THE fabric of history is often woven of surprising threads: the chance meeting, the extravagant whimsey of fate. No better illustration of this can be found than the string of events surrounding the table in Wilmer McLean's parlor upon which Ulysses S. Grant drew up the terms that brought the Civil War to a close.

When the war began, McLean was a pacifist with Southern sympathies who owned a 1,400-acre plantation near Manassas Junction, Virginia. His land was cut by a creek, then unknown, now famous—Bull Run. It was here, on Sunday, July 21, 1861, that the first important battle of the Civil War was fought, making of the McLean house a hospital for the dying and a morgue for the dead. When his plantation was overrun again a year later in the Second Battle of Bull Run, McLean decided that he had had enough and prepared to move his family to a place "where the sound of battle would never reach them." He chose a tiny village in the hills of south-central Virginia. The village was Appomattox Court House. There he bought a large red-brick house with a white wooden porch across the front, the best house in the immediate vicinity.

It was here, in April of 1865, that the McLeans again found themselves surrounded by the clash of arms as Grant's Army of the Potomac dealt the deathblow to Lee's Army of Northern Virginia.

When on Sunday, April 9, General Lee ordered his military secretary, Colonel Charles Marshall, to go into Appomattox Court House and find a building suitable for his meeting with Grant, McLean was the first white civilian Marshall met. At first McLean recommended a house other than his own, but Marshall decided that only McLean's was a setting worthy of the historic conference. Thus the man who had seen from his own windows the first massive bloodletting of the war was to have the war end in his own parlor.

But the whim of fate did not end there. Among those present when the surrender was signed was General E. O. C. Ord, a distinguished Union veteran who

longed for peace so that he could return to his wife Molly and his young children. Just how strange Ord's presence in McLean's parlor was is revealed in a recently discovered biographical sketch of the General written by his granddaughter, Mrs. Lucy Ord Dunlop, who based it on anecdotes related by Ord to his family. The first half of the story probably took place early in 1865. Mrs. Dunlop writes:

"... For a time and until the spring should really come, the armies of both sides at Petersburg and Richmond were generally inactive, held so by the fearfully muddy and impassable roads. It was cold and mean, food was short everywhere. One rainy, windy night a young Confederate soldier, grown desperate from privation and homesickness, decided to drop out of the damned army and go home. The fact that he had to wallow on foot around a whole hostile army corps did not submerge his intention. He ploughed on through the impenetrable blackness until he was exhausted, when, lured by a flickering light in a shack, he slipped in to warm himself by the fire. Startled by a 'Halt, who goes there?' he started to run for it but was grabbed by a sentinel and taken for questioning to the General. Shivering in rags, hungry and shaking from fatigue





The McLean parlor, with Lee and Grant seated while Grant draws up the surrender terms on the table McLean later presented to General Ord. Colonel Marshall, who selected the site of the meeting, lounges behind Lee; Ord stands at the window behind Grant.

and terror, the boy told the General . . . that he did not know anything and did not want to find out anything. He lived a little way to the south in Virginia and, as he was sick and felt there was no longer any good in his staying away, he just wanted to get home.

"The fierce looking General wanted so badly to get home! They were talking the same language. 'Get him a blanket, there!' he roared. 'Give him some food. See him through our lines and put him on his road home. God! what a war to ruin boys like this! Good night, son, and don't come back.' And the General, with the cold rain falling incessantly on his tent, sat back and mused over Molly and the comforts of his own home and forgot the tired lad . . ."

The narrative goes on to tell of General Ord's part in the closing days of the war and then moves to that memorable Palm Sunday in the McLean parlor:

" . . . Great men generally act with simplicity. At the most prominent residence of the village of Appomattox Court House, Grant met Lee. . . . General Grant, disheveled and dirty, seated himself at a parlor table and in the presence of several Union officers, amongst whom were Ord, General Lee, and one Confederate officer, he scrawled on a yellow piece of paper the short but generous terms. Ord, consistent to the end, had suggested that the Southern officers be allowed to retain their side arms and private mounts. Then the Hero of the South, perfectly groomed as always, accepted the terms of the surrender. Lee then, with great dignity and sorrow, withdrew. Grant followed Lee outside and silently raised his hat as Lee departed.

"The importance of the occasion suddenly burst upon the minds of the tired officers. They all wished to have some memento of the event and began offering Mr. McLean money for his few furnishings. Of course the table upon which Grant drew up the terms of the surrender was most desired. Handsome offers were

made for it. Ord thought of his large family back home and of his small [army] pay and knew that he could not hope to bid [on] so valuable an object. But much to his amazement and the chagrin of the other officers, McLean said that he desired to make a gift of the table to General Ord. Why Ord? All wanted to know. Why, especially, Ord? Because, the owner of the coveted table explained, the starving lad that General Ord, a few months before in a moment of homesickness, had

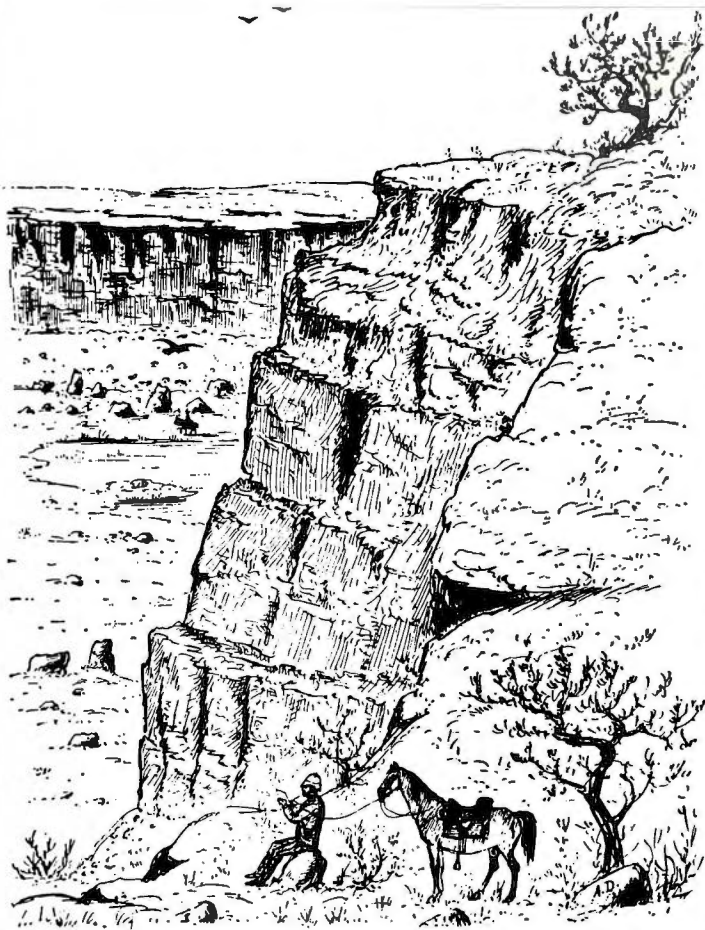


A wartime sketch of Appomattox Court House, showing the McLean house on the far right

seen safely through his lines, was the son of Mr. McLean, who thanked God that the opportunity had been given him to express his gratitude and make some return for his great obligation. Ord replied that he was a poor man but that he realized that McLean was probably worse off than he, so he insisted on paying him all that he had in his wallet, forty dollars. The table, a marble topped, Victorian piece, stood always from that time on in General Ord's parlor. . . ."

After General Ord's death, the table eventually came into the possession of the Chicago Historical Society, where it remains to the present day.

Mary A. Benjamin, a well-known autograph and manuscript dealer, is head of Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, of New York City.



*A glimpse of the Grande Coulee
Great Plain of Columbia River Washington Territory*

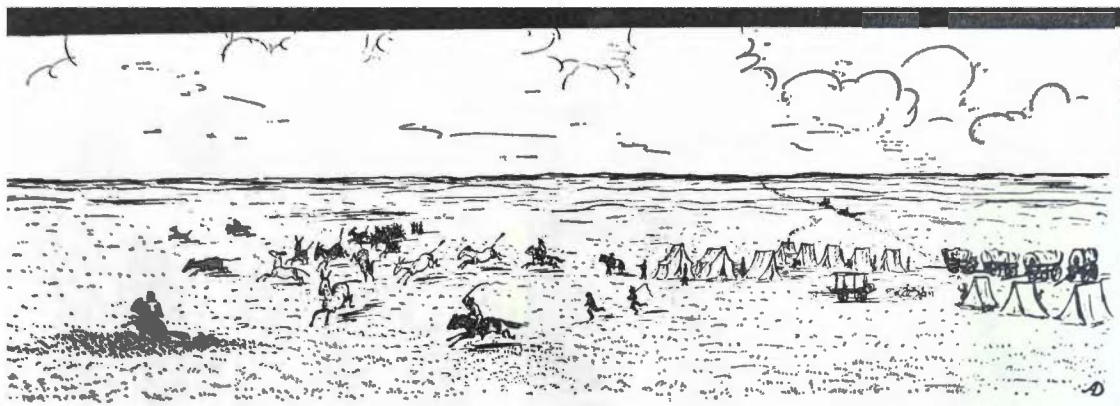
On a government surveying party in the Pacific Northwest eighty-five years ago, nothing was more valuable than a sense of humor. Topographer Alfred Downing had one that happily showed in his sketches

Mosquitoes, Mules, and Men

By BRUCE LE ROY

Alfred Downing, a United States government topographer in the 1870's and 80's, was a soldier-artist in the fine tradition of those usually attached to surveying expeditions in the American West in the second half of the nineteenth century. From John Mix Stanley, who in 1853 accompanied the Pacific Railroad surveys, to Thomas Moran and Henry Wood Elliott of the great Hayden surveys of the Yellowstone and the Grand Tetons in the 1870's, artists attached to scientific expeditions produced some of our finest pictorial records of western history.

Downing is a modest but genuine member of this illustrious company. What he lacked in artistic talent he made up for in a quality rare among western artists: a sense of humor. To him, his images of the opening



U.S. NORTHERN BOUNDARY SURVEY.
Prairie west of Riviere des Lacs - Dakota T'y. Stampede of Mules - Sept. 1873.

2



Ready for business

July 2nd 1874.
Fort Hope Trail

3



Sketch of Propeller "Belle of Chelan"
Steaming up the Intra

4

West, of the rigors and hardships of the rugged trails, the misery and squalor of the Indian camps, searing suns and freezing blasts, were all illustrative of the great human comedy.

The U.S. Northern Boundary Survey of 1873-74 gave Downing his first important field experience. Then, as a lieutenant of Army Engineers, he accompanied the U.S. Geographical Surveys West of the 100th Meridian, in 1877. He went with several exploring parties out of the Department of the Columbia from 1881 to 1883, and in the latter year, under Lieutenant George W. Goethals (who later built the Panama Canal), he surveyed the trail from Colville, Washington Territory, to Fort Hope, British Columbia. For each trip, he sketched at least a partial record.

Downing's "self-portrait" (1), which shows him sketching the Grand Coulee of the Columbia, is about as serious as any drawing he ever did. Yet even here there seems to be a hint of humor: the artist perches on a boulder, head protected from the sun by a jaunty pith helmet, while his horse, tethered to his arm, stands patiently by.

Surveying parties have to travel, and the sundry forms of transportation never failed to catch Downing's interest. While on the U.S. Northern Boundary Survey in 1873, he sketched a "stampede of mules" (2) in Dakota Territory. The intractable animals run off in every possible direction, and their recovery by the pursuing surveyors seems to be in considerable doubt. A more peaceful scene, recorded ten years later on the



*Lieut. R. B. Irvine + Topographical Assistant A. Downing
exploring The Cañon of Raft-River (west Fork)
IDAHO TERRITORY
July, 3^d 1877*

5



*The descent from the Cascade Mountains
to the Head of Lake Chelan. Aug 20th 1882*

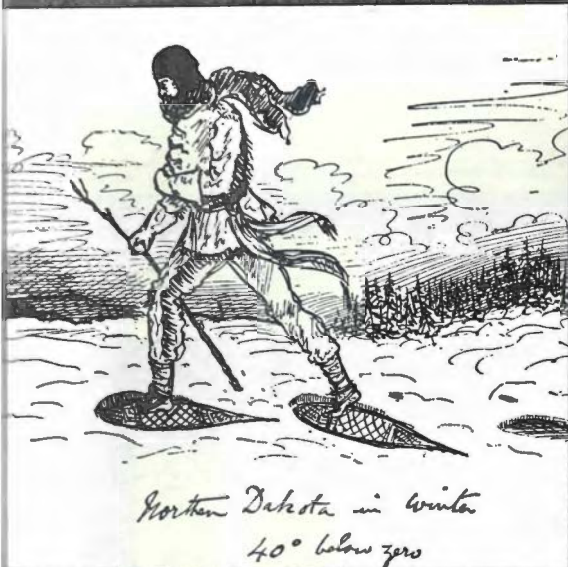
6

Fort Hope Trail, shows the artist and another member of the party enjoying a cup of coffee beside their campfire (3); but Downing's caption adds a wry note: "Ready for business at 3.30 a.m." His sketch of the tiny steamer by means of which they negotiated Lake Chelan, Washington Territory, (4) suggests that at least some men in the group made the most of the limited circumstances: two of them sit at their ease, smoking with all the aplomb of J. P. Morgan on the deck of his famous yacht.

The army mule, long renowned in song and story, was a natural object for repeated attention from a man with Downing's sense of the comic. Surveying parties might come and go, but the behavior of this exasperating beast remained erratically constant from

one expedition to another. Somewhat surprisingly, Downing lived to sketch from memory a moment in 1877 on the scary edge of the Raft River canyon, Idaho Territory (5). His mule stands implacably fixed atop a boulder that itself is precariously balanced, while the topographer, encumbered by his transit, attempts to lure the animal from its pedestal. Five years later, Downing depicted himself clutching ineffectually at a scrub of a pine on a precipitous slope of the Cascade Mountains, while his mule, feet locked in a parallel arrangement that would be the envy of any two Olympic skiers, descends the mountain without ever taking a step (6).

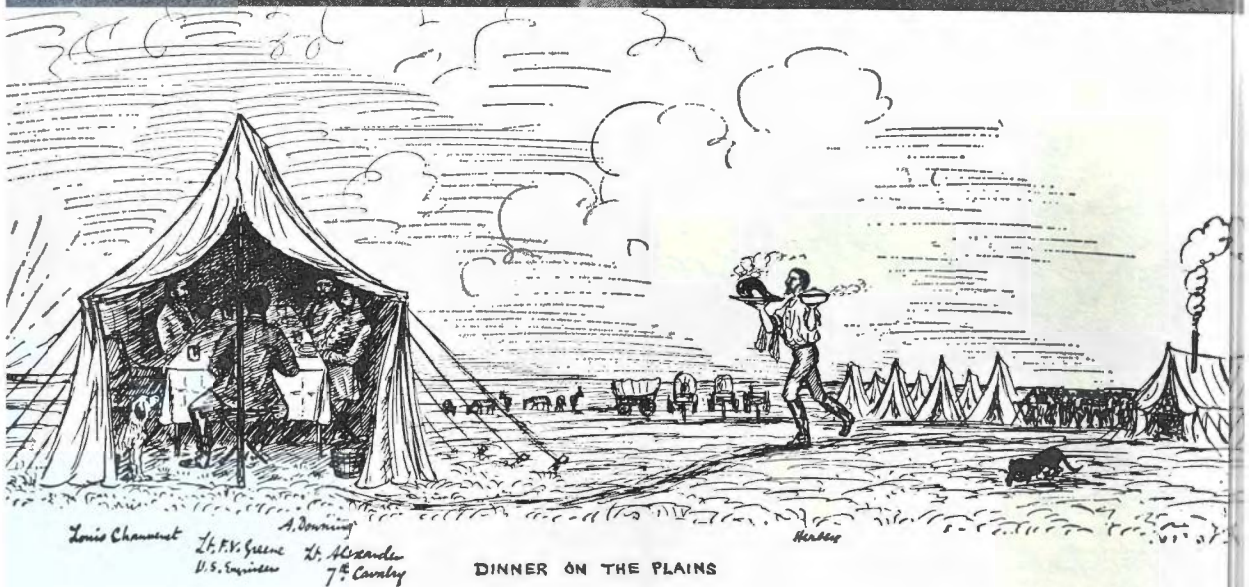
In the long run, however, the mules were dependable, and it would appear that Downing's one truly



narrow escape had nothing to do with them. In the official *Report of an Examination of the Upper Columbia River and the Territory in its Vicinity in September and October, 1881*, Lieutenant Thomas W. Symons, the chief engineer of the party, had this to say: "We left Chelan at 7:30, after saying goodbye to our Indian friends, and with a good swift current went gliding rapidly along. . . . Passing through an occasional ripple, we came soon to some quite strong rapids, caused by a collection of rocks near the left bank. These I have called 'Downing's Rapids,' from my assistant, Mr. Alfred Downing, who, during the previous year while encamped at the Chelan Crossing, got adrift in a small boat and went through this portion of the river at night, and was wrecked in Rock Island Rapids,

and barely escaped with his life." Downing remembered the experience in a series of three sketches (not reproduced here), the last of which shows him dicker- ing with an Indian, after he has made it ashore, to take him to the opposite side of the river. Downing holds out his watch to the Indian, saying: "Watch all same as chick-a-min"—that is, money. The Indian replies: "Wake cum-tux," roughly translatable as: "Not much good, I think."

Ordinarily, Downing's struggles with the elements were less spectacular, consisting largely of an endless fight with the weather. Two sketches (7, 8), for example, indicate the lack of meteorological moderation in northern Dakota: "40° below zero" (winter), and "100° in the shade" (summer). The cloudlike phenomena



around the heads of man and mule in the latter picture are mosquitoes.

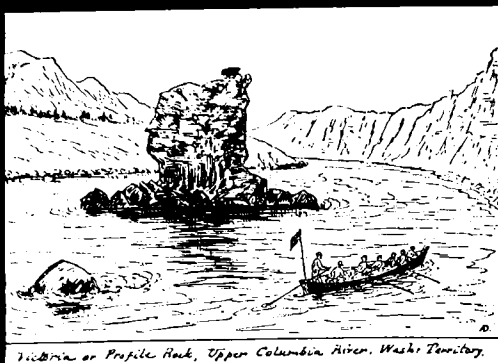
Sometimes Downing recorded, with his usual ironic touch, the efforts of the surveying parties to bring a few amenities to the rough life of the unsettled West. In a large drawing captioned "Dinner on the Plains" (9) he shows a camp cook crossing from the cook tent to the officers' mess tent, carrying a platter of meat and a dish of potatoes with the éclat of a waiter at the Ritz. The guest on this occasion was a Lieutenant Alexander of the 7th Cavalry—the regiment which a few years later was to enter the pages of history under General George Armstrong Custer at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Though he had a scientist's eye for accurate detail,

Downing was not beyond emphasizing natural features that appealed to him for humorous reasons—an adumbration of his later career as a cartoonist for western magazines and newspapers. Thus the face he represents in "Victoria or Profile Rock, Upper Columbia River, Wash. Territory" (10) perhaps resembles the visage so familiar on British and Canadian coins a bit more than the geological facts actually warrant.

"Sterling on the Skagit (a town in embryo)" (11) makes quite clear what the nucleus of civilization was likely to be amid the lumber camps of the Northwest: a saloon is the only edifice in view. (In this case, however, the town was short-lived: today Sterling exists only as a name on local maps of the area.)

Finally, "Unexpected arrival of Fresh Pork at Van-



Profile Rock, Upper Columbia River, Wash. Territory.

10



Sterling, on the Skagit
(a town in embryo)

11



Unexpected arrival of Fresh Pork at Vancouver Barracks July 10th 1880
(fine exercise for the Troops)

12

couver Barracks" (12), in which a parcel of fat pigs eludes soldiers more or less tripping over their taste buds, reveals Downing the cartoonist almost pure and simple. "Fine exercise for the Troops," he says in a parenthetical caption.

Taken together, Downing's works give a wide view of the American wilderness of Washington, Idaho, Montana, and the Dakotas in the days of the "second opening" of the West. While they are not great art by any means, they are always faithful to the true atmosphere of the early Northwest, almost always humorous, and never romantic or sentimental. This is nowhere better seen than in Downing's Indian portraits. The tragic stance of a proud race in the enveloping dusk of the westward movement is not there,

but the Indian as a fellow human being, "warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer" as the white man, is much in evidence.

Alfred Downing's sketchbook, containing 144 original sketches and water colors done on four major western expeditions, has only recently come to light. It is now in the collection of the Washington State Historical Society in Tacoma, the gift of Inez M. Downing, the topographer's granddaughter.

Formerly in the educational department of Houghton Mifflin, Mr. Le Roy is now Director of the Washington State Historical Society. He is preparing a book, entitled *In Search of History*, which will include a chapter on Alfred Downing.



READING, WRITING, AND HISTORY

By BRUCE CATTON

Undertaking to examine "the decisive effect of individual human character on history," the British writer Correlli Barnett reaches a glum conclusion. In his excellent book, *The Swordbearers*, he studies four famous leaders of the First World War—Colonel-General Helmuth von Moltke, Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, General Philippe Pétain, and General Erich Ludendorff—and his moral seems to be that these men were thrown into crises that were simply too big for them. Their impact on history came largely because of their own inability to measure up to an overwhelming challenge.

It was not altogether their fault. They had to direct the enormous instruments of mass power which modern Europe had developed, and these instruments were all but uncontrollable. Immense technological proficiency was in the hands of a society that was politically and socially obsolescent. These men could not rise above the level of that society, and in the end they destroyed what they were trying to save. Leadership of an extraordinary kind was demanded of them, and unfortunately they were just average leaders.

Moltke, for instance, had to execute the famous Schlieffen Plan, which was supposed to bring Germany a quick, decisive victory over France. (Whatever else World War I might have done, its effect would certainly have been infinitely different if it had ended in two months.) Moltke was probably the wrong man for the job; far from being the blood-and-iron war lord of Prussian military tradition, he was sensitive, subject to paralysis simply because he saw his innumerable problems in too great detail.

But the job itself was wrong. Once Germany's magnificently prepared armies went into France, they got beyond the reach of headquarters. Communications broke down, and presently each army was acting on its own. They were fighting a twentieth-century war under the conditions of Napoleon's day; trained to render implicit obedience to detailed orders from the high command, they got off into a confusing melee where fragmentary orders based on imperfect knowledge reached them too late to be of any use. When they moved across Germany these armies went by train, with every detail of supply and transportation elaborately arranged; when they moved across France they went on foot, services of supply collapsed, the soldiers themselves were marched out of their shoes, and in the end they lost the Battle of the Marne from a combination of utter exhaustion and the lack of coherent direction. Moltke was the victim not so much of his own inadequacies as of an impossible situation.

Pétain was another sensitive soldier, who found himself given supreme command in France in 1917 just at the moment when the French Army was beginning to mutiny. Heaven knows it had reason enough for a mutinous state of mind, and Pétain served his country ably by devoting himself simply to keeping the army in existence, saving its manpower, and waiting for the rising tide of Allied power to save the day. The trouble here was that he was confirmed in a defeatist psychology. He kept France from falling out of the war then, but a generation later, called on once again to serve in a time of catastrophe, he could be nothing more than the architect of defeat.

Ludendorff defeated himself, as Mr. Barnett sees it. An expert tactician, he mastered the secret of winning tactical successes, brought the German war machine close to victory in 1918, lost sight of his strategic goals in his obsession with purely tactical achievements, found at last that he had used up the strength that was needed to turn these achievements into final triumph, and then gave way to panic. He had none of Moltke's or Pétain's brooding sensitivity, but his toughness was brittle and it broke under strain. Once he realized that Germany's strength was ebbing and that Allied power was immeasurably increasing, and that his own powerful offensive was not going to bring a quick decision, he threw in his hand. The immediate cause of Germany's surrender in November, 1918, was not the legendary "stab in the back" inflicted by defeatist elements at home, but the abject collapse of the will of General Ludendorff.

Of the commanders whom Mr. Barnett studies here, the most interesting by all odds is Admiral Jellicoe. Not only was he a much more appealing character than these others; he seems also to have been more intelligent, and his great handicap was the fact that he realized all too well—as few other men did at the time—that the famous British Navy which was his to command was actually (in Mr. Barnett's expressive phrase) a "flawed cutlass." It simply was not as good as it was supposed to be, and that knowledge kept Jellicoe from taking advantage of the opportunity that opened to him at Jutland.

The British Navy was the victim of its own imposing tradition. For a century it had not fought, except for minor "police actions" here and there, and Mr. Barnett sums it up with cruel frankness: "The navy was no longer a deadly functional instrument of policy; it was an exclusive yacht club." It was a spit-and-polish organization, most of whose officers blandly as-

ahead. In matériel and in training, the Germans had better torpedoes and knew more about how to use them, and at the time the war began, Jellicoe privately confessed that "it is highly dangerous to consider that our ships as a whole are superior or even equal fighting machines."

This unhappy belief shaped everything Jellicoe did. He adopted a highly conservative course, both in strategy and in tactics; he would force no action to a conclusion, he would take no chances with German submarines or torpedo attacks, he would play it safe all the way. With his flawed cutlass he would not try to strike a blow so heavy that the cutlass might break.

At Jutland the German High Seas Fleet was at his mercy. That is, he had put the much larger British fleet between the Germans and their home base, under circumstances which offered him a dazzling victory that would have had far-reaching effects. With the High Seas Fleet removed from the water, Britain could have patrolled the North Sea so closely that the desperate German submarine war, which came a year later, could not have been tried; as Mr. Barnett sees it, the war might well have been shortened by a year or so. In the hazy twilight of a North Sea spring evening, Jellicoe had his fleet where it could force a showdown; yet he could not quite do it, partly because he knew that it might be very risky and partly because, as Churchill remarked, Jellicoe was the one man on either side who could have lost the entire war in one day. Jellicoe played Jutland for a standoff. He accepted a draw, knowing that this way he would not lose anything that could not eventually be regained. His reasoning was flawless—except that the war did go on for two more years, and the British Empire itself suffered because of it. As Mr. Barnett remarks, "the last military chance of avoiding a long war and utter mutual exhaustion had gone."

All of this is usually laid at Jellicoe's door, but Mr. Barnett thinks it goes deeper. He insists: "Jutland proves that the spectacular collapse of British power and British industrial vigour after 1945 was not a sudden disaster due, as comforting legend has it, to the sale of overseas investments in 1914-18 and 1939-45, but the final acute phase of seventy years of decline. For the principal armed service of a country . . . is an extension, a reflection, of that country's whole society, and especially of its dominating groups. . . ."

"Two things caused the decadence of British maritime power: the long peaceful supremacy after Trafalgar and the capture of the navy by that hierarchy of birth and class that controlled so many of Britain's national institutions. . . . The navy reflected social rather than functional values, preoccupation with tradition rather than technology."

The Swordbearers: Supreme Command in the First World War, by Correlli Barnett. William Morrow and Company. 392 pp. \$7.50.

sumed that no other navy was comparable to it, and over the years it had gone badly to seed. To be sure, Sir John Fisher came in as First Sea Lord in 1904 and gave it a merciless shaking-up, and when he left, Winston Churchill arrived and carried the process further, but the time had not been long enough. As one of Fisher's protégés, Jellicoe knew that most of the defects had not been remedied.

Many of the Navy's finest ships were poorly designed, engineering was faulty, protection was defective, ordnance development had lagged, and in the science of gunnery the new German Navy was far

It does not do to blame Jellicoe. Let the author sum it up:

"Jutland was one of the critical battles of history; it marked the opening of that final phase of British world power and maritime supremacy that was to end in 1945, with the British battle fleet no more than 'Task Force 77' in the United States Pacific Fleet, and Britain herself reduced to financial dependency. Yet it was partly owing to Jellicoe's personal skill as an admiral that the final collapse of British sea power was delayed until 1945 and after."

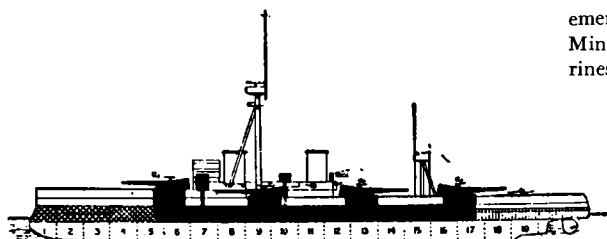
One of the great problems men like Jellicoe faced was that they were commanders depending in the last analysis on the machines they controlled; and the magnificent dreadnought, the ponderous battleship on which both navies relied at Jutland, turns out on analysis to have been one of the oddest, most sadly flawed mechanisms ever devised by man. It was a terribly expensive, cumbersome, and awe-inspiring instrument of war that was actually obsolescent when it was born and that was never able to do the things its inventors thought it could do because of a simple but rather frightening truth: to any purely mechanistic invention, a mechanistic answer will be devised before the invention itself can develop its potentialities.

An absorbing study of this strange instrument of naval warfare is available in Richard Hough's *Dread-*

nought: A History of the Modern Battleship, which traces the development of this man-made dinosaur from birth to death. The story after all is fairly short. The dreadnought—that is, the all-big-gun battleship, heavily armored in the belief that it would be unsinkable, and heavily armed in the hope that it could sink all of its foes—had a life of just half a century: a few years more than the life of the monitor, or the steam-driven ram, and a great deal less than the life of the galley.

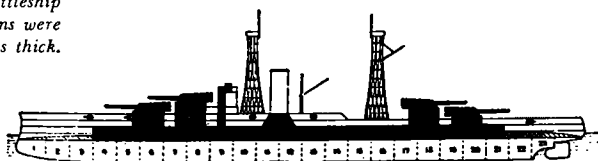
The dreadnought came into existence in 1906 as the culmination of naval men's attempts to devise an impregnable platform for irresistible guns. It was a battleship unlike all previous battleships in that all of its main guns were *big*: H.M.S. *Dreadnought* mounted ten 12-inch guns, with a battery of light guns to ward off enemy torpedo craft; it was armored so that no guns any smaller than its own could hurt it materially. Once it was launched, every naval power on earth hastened to copy it. It sent all earlier battleships to the scrap heap, and within six years the navies of the world had forty-seven ships of this type in commission, with sixty-three more under construction.

The only trouble with all of this, as Mr. Hough remarks, was that the dreadnought was simply a gun platform, and the gun itself was going out of date. The big gun, of 12- or 14- or 16-inch caliber, was meant to be a ship-killer, and under ordinary circumstances that is what it was; unhappily, better ship-killers were being brought out. The torpedo was beginning to emerge as the one weapon no ship could cope with. Mines, torpedo boats, destroyers, long-range submarines, airplanes—even before the 1914 war started there

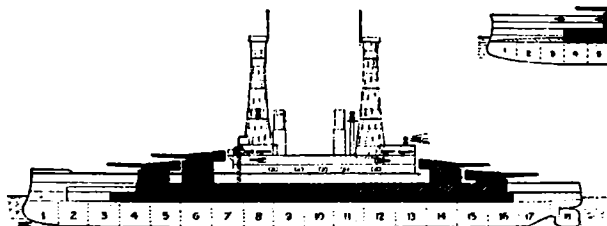


Above: Great Britain's *Dreadnought*, launched in 1906, was so revolutionary in design that her name became synonymous with her type: a heavily armed and armored battleship nevertheless capable of high speed. Her ten big guns were 12-inches, her armor plate (shaded) up to 11 inches thick.

Below: By the time of World War I, dreadnoughts were twice as big as they had been a decade earlier. Yet America's *Arizona*, at 31,400 tons and carrying twelve 14-inch guns, could steam at over twenty-one knots. Unfortunately, she was caught standing still at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and quickly sank.



Left: The American dreadnoughts *South Carolina* and *Michigan*, though not built until 1906-9, were actually designed and approved before the British prototype. A congressman, disgusted at their colorless names compared to *Dreadnought*, sarcastically proposed that one of them be called *Skeered o' Nothin'*.



were perceptive naval officers (including a number of smart juniors in the British service) who were beginning to feel that these fearfully expensive battleships were rapidly becoming obsolete because much less expensive craft could destroy them.

The real basis for Jellicoe's crippling caution at Jutland was his realization of this fact. He had enough of a numerical advantage over the German fleet to stand

Dreadnought: A History of the Modern Battleship, by Richard Hough, with an introduction by C. S. Forester. The Macmillan Company. 268 pp. Illustrated. \$14.95.

up against it in head-on combat, even though his foes did have a superiority, ship for ship, but he did not dare expose his irreplaceable fleet to the mines and torpedoes which the Germans might use against him. The fact that he greatly overestimated the ability of a retreating battle fleet to sow mines in its wake and also overestimated the effectiveness of torpedo attacks in that particular stage of naval development does not mean that he was wrong. He recognized one point clearly enough: it did not take a battleship to destroy a battleship. Mr. Hough points out that in all the First World War, "not one Dreadnought battleship was to be sunk by the guns of another."

Furthermore, the big-gun ship was infernally cumbersome. At Jutland, Jellicoe was in command of a fleet that extended over seven miles when it was drawn up in line of battle. It was simply too big, too long, too much the prey of faulty communications (like Moltke's army in France) to be wielded as an effective instru-

ment. It was irresistible, in a way, but it was also extremely vulnerable. All of the nation's hopes were riding on it: inevitably, the admirals had to feel that "behind every calculation, every decision, every signal, every turn of the helm was the deeply held conviction that the disaster of defeat must always be greater than the rewards of victory." The ships, the squadrons, and the fleet must be preserved, even if the price of preserving them was victory itself. The chief function of the dreadnought, in the last analysis, was to stay afloat.

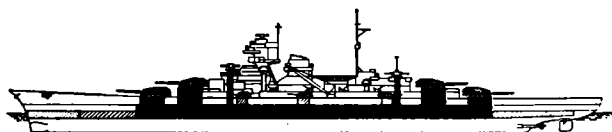
The battleship, in short, did not pay its way in World War I. In the next war it did, in a way, because by this time it had subsided to a subordinate role. It was extremely useful as an instrument for bombarding shore fortifications and as a guardian for airplane carriers, but it was no longer dominant. Mr. Hough points out, properly enough, that "where command of the air helped to grant command of the ocean's surface, the battleship performed usefully; scarcely ever in the role for which it was once devised, but very often to good purpose. When command of the air was lost—as, say, at Pearl Harbor to the Japanese and at Leyte Gulf to the Americans—then the battleship succumbed."

All of this, to be sure, is matter of common knowledge. The point is that the dreadnought was devised as an unlimited weapon, and was unable to be that even in its early days because newer weapons were available. Perhaps Jellicoe's greatest problem—the one neither he nor anyone else could have solved—was simply the fact that the dreadnought battleship, the most ponderous weapon man had ever invented, was just not up to the kind of victory he was supposed to win.

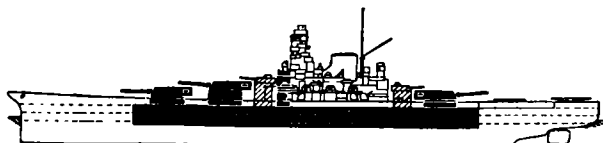
Below: The World War II dreadnoughts of the Iowa class were the biggest and most heavily protected ever built by the United States. Displacing 45,000 tons and carrying nine 16-inch guns in addition to a multitude of anti-aircraft weapons, they could keep pace with aircraft carriers at over thirty knots.



Right: The biggest dreadnought of all time was Japan's Yamato, which displaced 68,200 tons and carried nine 18-inch guns. Yet this dinosaur among battleships was no match for the new sea weapons of World War II. Early in 1945 she blew up under a storm of bombs and torpedoes from United States Navy aircraft.



Above: Nazi Germany's formidable Bismarck, which vaunted eight 15-inch guns and displaced 41,700 tons, was finally sunk in the Atlantic by ships and planes of the British fleet after the greatest sea hunt in history. She proved to be unsinkable by gunfire alone, and was finished off by torpedoes on May 27, 1941.



DRAWINGS © Jane's Fighting Ships; REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION



An Approach to Mr. Everest

America was settled and developed by people who, in the face of crisis, were prepared to forgo etiquette and confront reality with their gloves off. Ladies, as in the Old World, were habitually more inclined to observe the conventions than men; yet now and then, in our early days, one of them took the shortest possible course between where she was and where she wanted to be. On July 15, 1837, in Chatham Four Corners, New York, Miss Emily Moore made up her mind that Mr. Frederic Everest was the man for her. Since the likelihood of their meeting under ordinary circumstances seemed slim, she sat down and wrote the accompanying letter (now in the collection of Mr. Philip Jones of Shelton, Connecticut, and printed here with its quaint errors intact). The end of the story is unknown: whether Emily conquered Everest is veiled in the mists of history. But we cannot help suspecting that a girl with that much courage somehow, sometime, got what she wanted.

Mr. Everest:

You will doubtless be surprised to receive a letter from a stranger and a lady, too! but if you recollect when the declaration of independence was read to us at our last anniversary one of the observations was "That all mankind were born with certain inalienable rights bestowed upon them by a beneficent Creator that among these were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." It is this right that I claim and it is these privileges that I plead in writing this letter; for is not our life in danger when a corroding care saps its firmest foundations? and can we be said to enjoy liberty when we know our affections to be bound to an object, with whom it is impossible to have an interview? and I need not add that I am in the pursuit of happiness.

The first time I saw you, Mr. Everest, I was sensible of your fine possessing appearance but never was I convinced beyond a doubt that my happiness depended upon an acquaintance with you as when I last saw you.

I know of no reason why you should be the instrument of casting a dark shade over my future life, but I will urge no motive for your coming, but leave it with your generous nature to determine after saying that a lady of respectable family and connexions in life is unhappy on your account and desires that you would come down and make her a friendly visit. I have friends, I do not doubt, but would be happy to recommend me to you but I do not wish them to know the situation of my mind. I shall now, Mr. Everest, put it in your power by exposing this letter to do me a great injury; but I will have no apprehensions on this point, for I believe I have addressed an honorable man upon an honorable subject . . . if you knew the effort it has cost my nature to make this communication to you, Mr. Everest, you would not say you had made an easy conquest; if you are unwilling to visit at our house until you know more of our characters please make enquiries of Mr. William Bailey.

It is not difficult to find us, we are a mile and a half North east from Flaglers public house. If you recollect when you were going there about a mile this side on the Stockbridge road there was a large yellow house with an elm tree by the side of it. There is a road there that turns to the north that will bring you to my father's, Reuben Moore's. It is the first yellow house a little off of the road in a pine grove. I shall expect your visit with pleasure intermingled with the greatest anxiety. It is now Tuesday, will you not come down this week.

There is one remark I would make before I close, I wish to have interview with you, Mr. Everest, though you had sworn never to marry or that you were engaged to be another's, not that I think I would change your purposes but that I might have the happiness of knowing personally him who has held my affections so long. Adieu Sir,
Emily C. Moore